

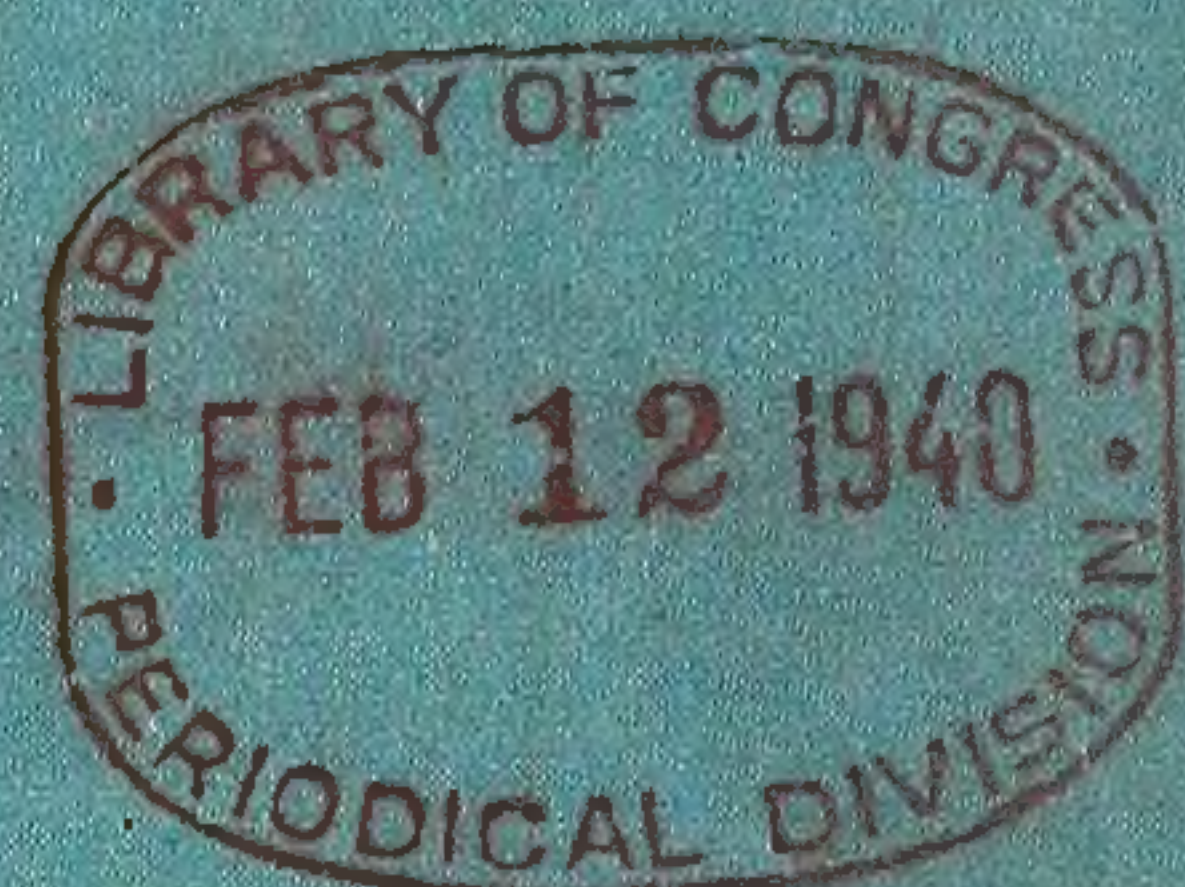
The Smart Screen Magazine

# SCREENLAND

March

NOW  
**10¢**

Printed in England



ALICE FAYE

CONFESSIONS  
OF AN  
EX-MOVIE  
QUEEN

WHY  
CHARLES  
BOYER  
CAME  
BACK

HENRY TRACY'S HOME LIFE - WITH NEW, EXCLUSIVE PICTURES  
Their Boss Tells On 2 Smart Girls: Deanna Durbin, Helen Parrish



*A Doctor Tells*  
**THE INTIMATE SECRETS  
OF A PRIVATE NURSE**

The first authentic, "inside" revelation of the cloistered, code-bound world of woman's most intimate profession—probing deeply and dramatically the souls of those bitter women who know men too well, yet must somehow find love in the midst of terror, toil and disillusionment.

**THE WORLD-  
FAMOUS AUTHOR  
OF "THE CITADEL"**

Bares the Heartache  
and Despair of Women  
the World Calls Callous  
in a story even more search-  
ing and absorbing than his  
first great success—made  
trebly vivid and exciting by  
three brilliant stars.



CAROLE  
**Lombard**  
BRIAN  
**Aherne**  
ANNE  
**Shirley**

**"VIGIL IN THE NIGHT"**

From the Brilliant New Novel by **A. J. CRONIN**

With **JULIEN MITCHELL • ROB'T COOTE**  
**BRENDA FORBES • PETER CUSHING**  
Produced and Directed by **GEORGE STEVENS**

**PANDRO S. BERMAN** In Charge of Production  
Screen Play by **Fred Guiol • P. J. Wolfson • Rowland Leigh**

**RKO RADIO PICTURE**







• Very young and very feminine—a crisp navy taffeta pinafore frock with white organdy guimpe.

## Her Pinafore Frock said "Linger" but her Lovely Smile added "For Keeps"!



**Your smile is your own priceless "exclusive"—  
Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!**

**A**DRESS straight out of Vogue or a hat from Harper's glamorous pages can give a girl the proper start. But there's nothing like a lovely smile to complete the journey—straight into a man's heart.

For not even a "sixth sense" in style can win for the girl who lets her smile become dull and lifeless...who doesn't take proper care of her teeth and gums...who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Take a leaf out of her book—and profit from it! For your smile is *you*—lose it and you lose one of your most appealing charms!

### **Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"**

If your tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink"—see your dentist! It may mean nothing seri-

ous—but find out. Very likely, his verdict will be that your gums need exercise—need the chewing that soft foods deny them. Like many dentists, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to help the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that wonderful tang, exclusive with Ipana and massage. It is pleasant proof of circulation awakening in the gum tissues—stimulating gums—helping to make them firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana today. See what Ipana and massage can do to add more lustre, more charm to your smile!



# IPANA TOOTH PASTE



# FRED ASTAIRE ELEANOR POWELL

IN  
"BROADWAY  
MELODY  
OF 1940"

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DANCERS IN THE  
WORLD'S GREATEST MUSICAL SHOW!

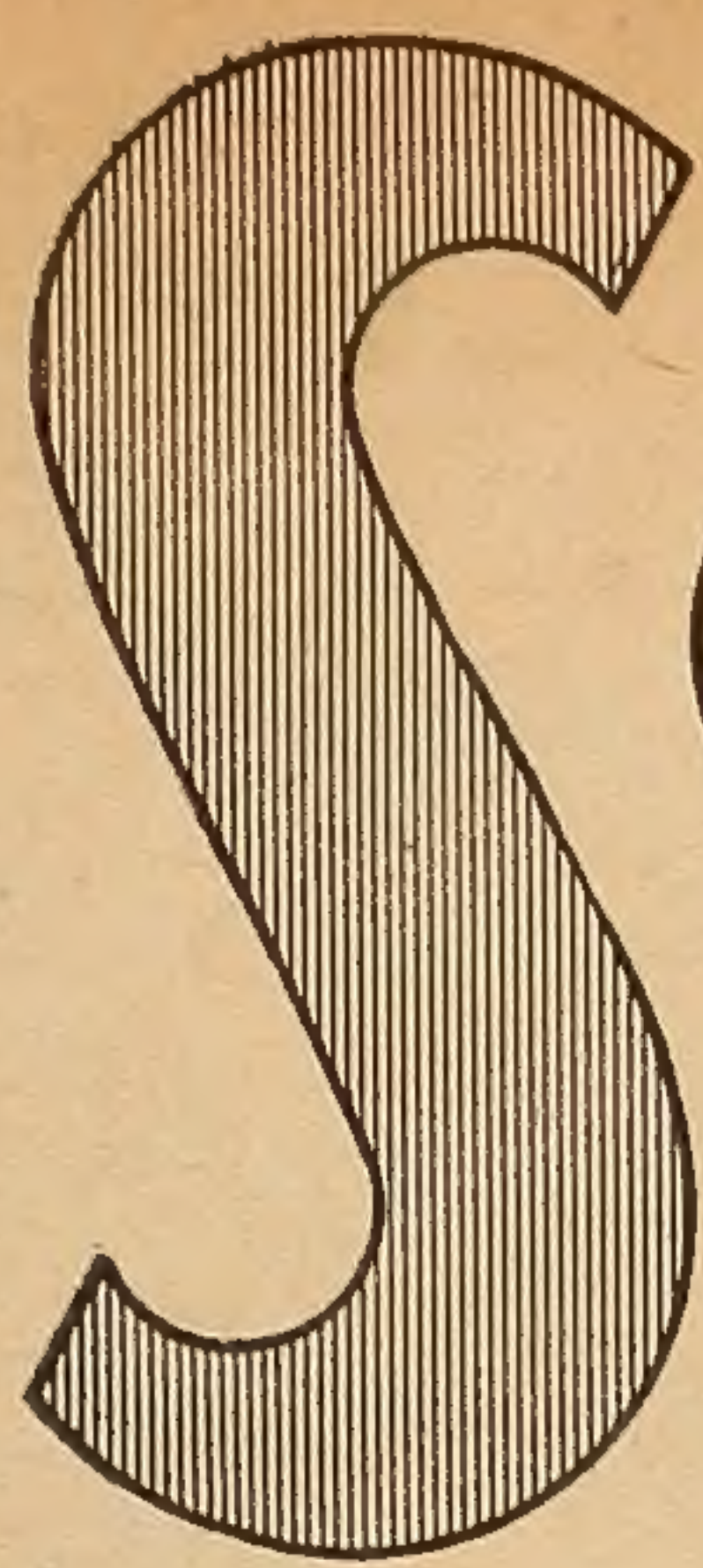


with  
GEORGE MURPHY · FRANK MORGAN  
IAN HUNTER · FLORENCE RICE  
LYNNE CARVER

Screen Play by Leon Gordon and George  
Oppenheimer · Lyrics and Music by Cole Porter  
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG  
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS  
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

SCREENLAND





The Smart Screen Magazine

# SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

## READ

Exciting Fiction Story

of Big New Picture:

### "SAFARI"

starring

### Madeleine Carroll

and

### Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

in Next Issue!

High adventure in exotic lands, with a beautiful woman the prize—"Safari" is one of the truly important pictures of the new screen season, and in the next, the April issue of The Smart Screen Magazine, we offer you the complete story of the film—a thrilling novelette which you will want to read before you see the colorful movie.

DON'T MISS THE APRIL ISSUE,  
ON SALE MARCH 1st

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

March, 1940

Vol. XXXX, No. 5

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Alice Faye Cover Portrait by Gene Kornman

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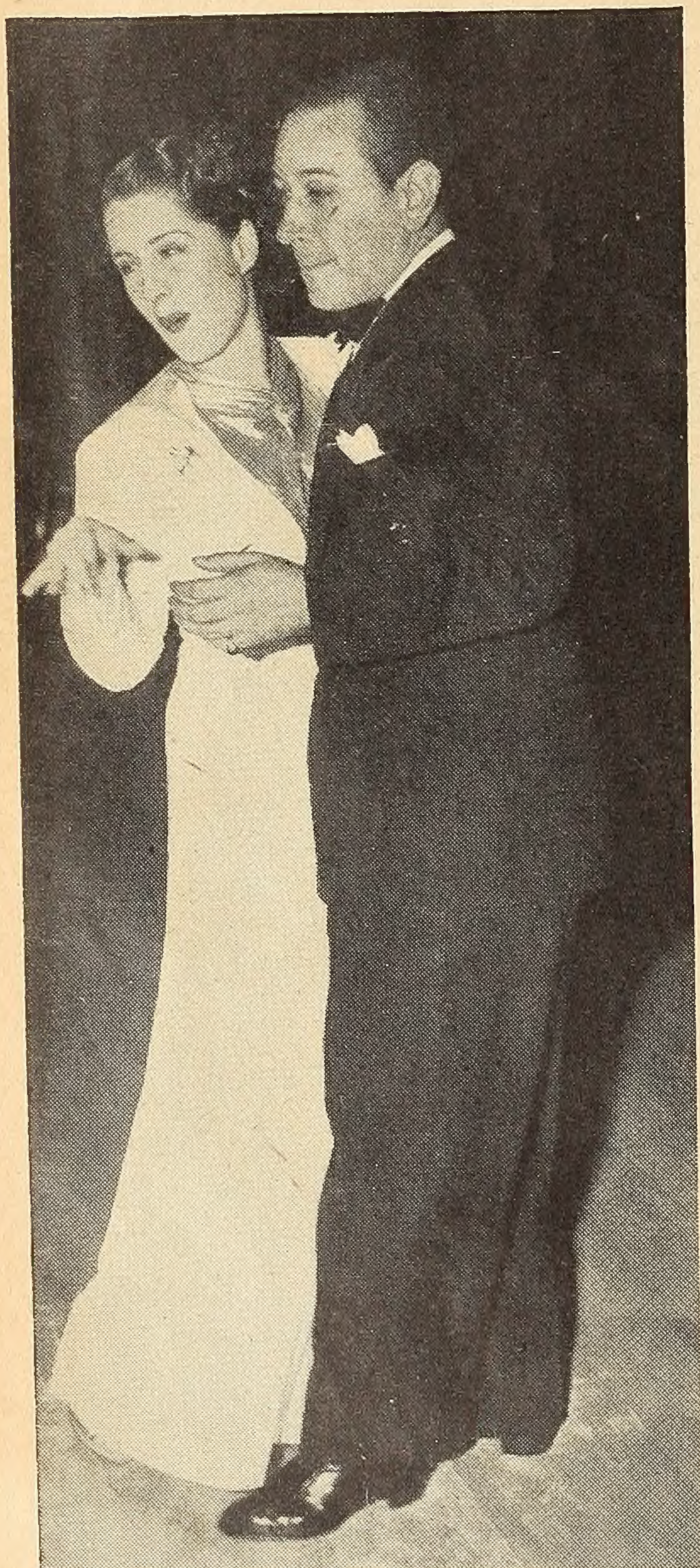
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# Hot

## From Hollywood

The latest news fresh from Hollywood, where new things are happening every minute



Len Weissman

Are Norma Shearer and George Raft rumba-ing into marital romance? That's what Hollywood is wondering. You see them together here, there, and everywhere. The scene above took place at the famous Hollywood Coconut Grove.



Look who's back on the screen! None other than that dashing damsel from Mexico, Dolores Del Rio. Dolores was so popular in South America that the screen companies fought to get her to return to films. She comes back as a Russian gal, of all things! Above, with Wallace Beery and John Howard in a scene from her comeback picture, "Arouse and Beware," based on the novel about the Civil War.

LINDA DARNELL has faced her first real sacrifice for her career and she didn't care for the experience. As soon as she gets a vacation of any length of time, she's hieing herself to South America to see her high school heartbeat, Jaime Jorba. There had been elaborate plans for Jaime to come to see her in Hollywood recently. The reunion was to be quite an event. Jaime got all the way to Texas by way of Mexico, and then felt too ill to travel farther. As much as Linda wanted to fly to Texas her work wouldn't let her. She never got a glimpse of her romantic interest because she was kept in Hollywood until after his visiting permit in this country had expired. Linda is really heart-broken and she vows she will do the traveling for the next planned reunion.

JOAN CRAWFORD always solves any mystery in which she's involved. Her curiosity forces her to. But there is one mystery Joan has never been able to fathom. Who is Marla? For at least five years, on her birthday, and on Christmas, she has received a gift from this unknown friend. She always gets a communication of some kind from this mysterious person before she leaves on a trip wishing her well on her journey, and welcoming her back home when she returns. The gift Joan received for her last birthday was handmade by her admirer, and was in petit point. No matter what the gift, how big or small, the good wishes that come with it are always the same. The letters and packages are simply postmarked "Hollywood." After all this show of admiration Joan has never been able to find out who her friend is. Do you know?

AT Slapsy Maxie's café a clever impersonator gives a very telling take-off of Nelson Eddy singing a love ballad to Jeanette MacDonald. His trick rolls the customers in the aisles every night. The most amused customer the other night was Nelson himself. He was so tickled that he has brought both his mother and wife to see the act three times since.

ALL during the last six months, ever since the Werner Janssens moved to Hollywood, there have been rumors that we would again see Ann Harding on the screen. But that is as problematical to real insiders as the return of Mary Pickford. Ann has submerged herself to her husband's position as a conductor and composer. She is completely the wife and mother now. Her only advent into the public eye, here, has been in helping interest all of Hollywood in her husband's recent all Sibelius benefit concert for Finnish relief. She impressed people in Hollywood so very much that the rumors are again hot. Now, Ann is supposed to play the lead opposite Basil Rathbone in a picture called "Destiny" for Paramount. I hope that it is true.

JOHN PAYNE has the most unusual sideline business of any actor in Hollywood. He owns a bridge club that teaches you in 12 easy lessons not to trump your partner's ace. . . . Anita Louise, on a personal appearance tour with her harp, will let no one touch it but herself. They say it's a sight to see her wrestling with that couple hundred pounds of gilt and strings.

WHAT will Hollywood think of next just for a string of laughs! This time it was a corset show at the Somerset House. The corsets, of course, held the center of attention but to present them in truly enviable style the showing had a world famous master of ceremonies, an equally well known producer, and a cast of models that only Hollywood could turn out. The laugh fest was Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch's brain-child, but the turn of genius that made it a wow was having Louis Bromfield, as master of ceremonies, tell the history of each garment, describe its fabric and its ability to do what a corset should. His inimitable discourse on the gay '90 numbers had everyone rolling on the floor, including Kay Francis who added priceless anecdotes on how those steel and whalebone armor-plates had to be laced. I wonder how Kay happens to know so much about corsets.



**ONLY RUDYARD KIPLING COULD  
WRITE SUCH A ROMANCE...**

**ONLY RONALD COLMAN COULD  
PLAY SUCH A ROLE!**



"Laugh, you little fool,  
laugh...for I'm giving  
you something you've  
never had before...  
A soul...on canvas!"

**T**o those who believe in romance, Paramount dedicates this glorious film re-creation of Kipling's never-to-be-forgotten story of Dick Heldar, artist, adventurer, gentleman unafraid. For this is romance, the romance of far places, Abu-Hamed, Khartoum, Port Said, London, and of the men who fought for glory beneath the desert sun... but more than that... the romance of that strange wilderness which is the heart of man.

Ronald Colman's Scottie, Mr. Binkie,  
a severe critic, a loyal friend.

# Ronald Colman

in RUDYARD KIPLING'S

## "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

A Paramount Picture with

**WALTER HUSTON**

Ida Lupino • Muriel Angelus • Dudley Digges

Produced and Directed by **WILLIAM A. WELLMAN**

Screen Play by Robert Carson

Based on the Novel by Rudyard Kipling





# SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

"Gone With the Wind" is the great picture of its time, as "Birth of a Nation" was great in its day. It runs for 3 hours and 45 minutes. It has an all-star cast and thousands of extras. It is all in brilliant Technicolor, with some scenes of breathtaking beauty. It's always stirring and often thrilling. But you can't describe this Selznick epic. You must see it in order to believe it.



Three-star pictures are rare. In "Gone With the Wind" three performances are such absolute perfection in portrayal that all three must be given our award. Vivien Leigh reincarnates Margaret Mitchell's headstrong heroine. Gable lends enormous gusto to his rôle of RHETT. Olivia de Havilland contributes the tender notes of poignant beauty and self-sacrifice as kind-hearted MELANIE.

For scenes from "Gone With the Wind" please turn to page 16

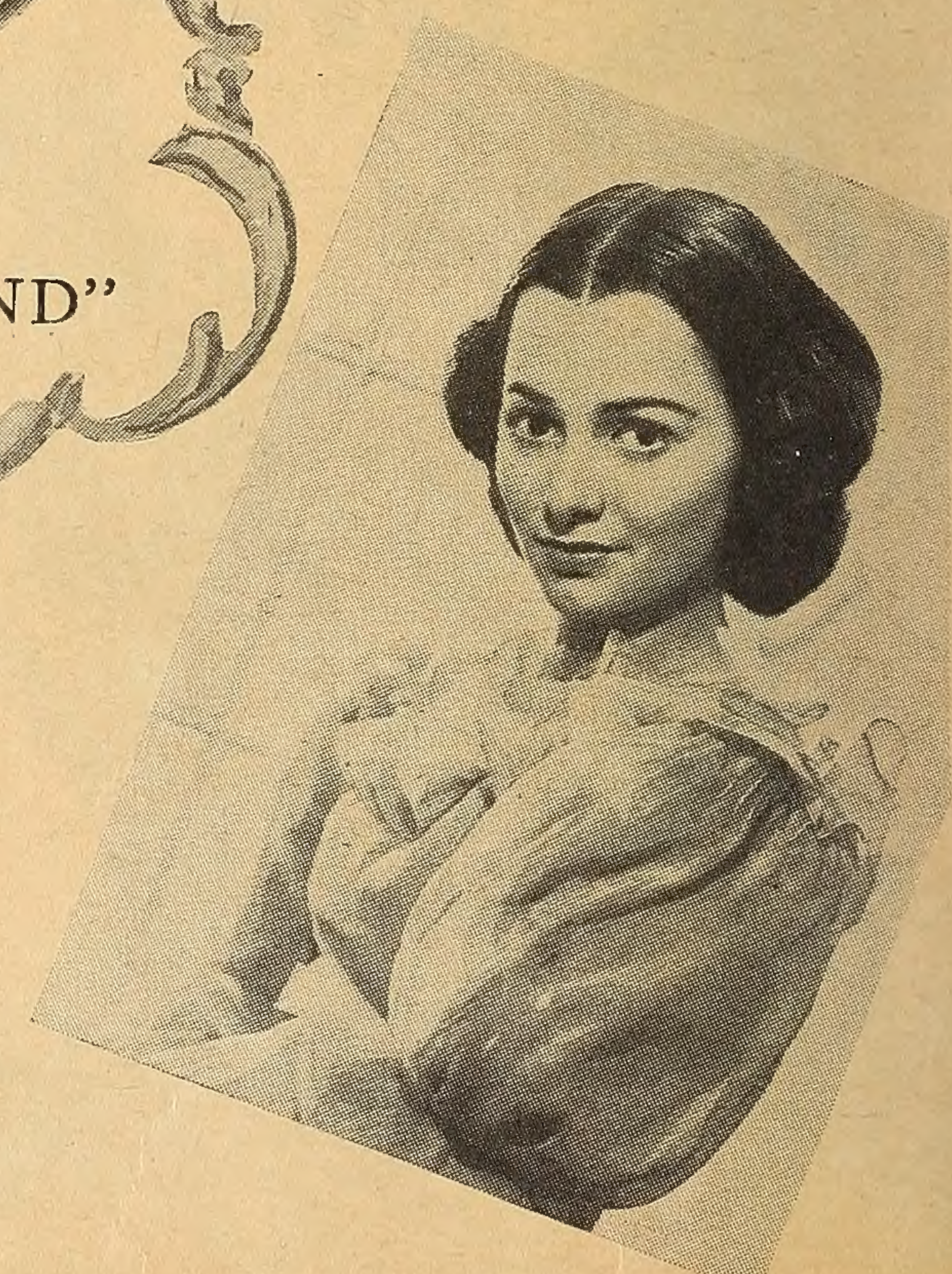
## To the Stars of "GONE WITH THE WIND"



First, to Vivien Leigh, vivid *Scarlett O'Hara* to the life.

Second, to Clark Gable, dynamic perfection as *Rhett Butler*.

Third, to Olivia de Havilland, lovely as the gentle *Melanie*.





# LORETTA YOUNG

shows you  
how to take an  
**ACTIVE-LATHER  
FACIAL—**

1

**LUX SOAP** IS A  
WONDERFUL  
BEAUTY CARE!  
FIRST PAT ITS  
**ACTIVE LATHER**  
LIGHTLY INTO  
YOUR SKIN

**Use cosmetics all you  
like—but don't risk  
Cosmetic Skin**

Try Loretta Young's **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** for 30 days! Clever women everywhere find this wise, gentle care really *works*—helps guard against the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that mean **Cosmetic Skin**. Use Lux Toilet Soap during the day for a quick freshener, and at night to give skin the protection of *perfect* cleansing—protection it needs to stay lovely. Begin your **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** now! For extra economy, buy 3 cakes.

2

NEXT RINSE WITH  
WARM WATER,  
THEN COOL. YOUR  
SKIN IS LEFT  
**REALLY CLEAN**

3

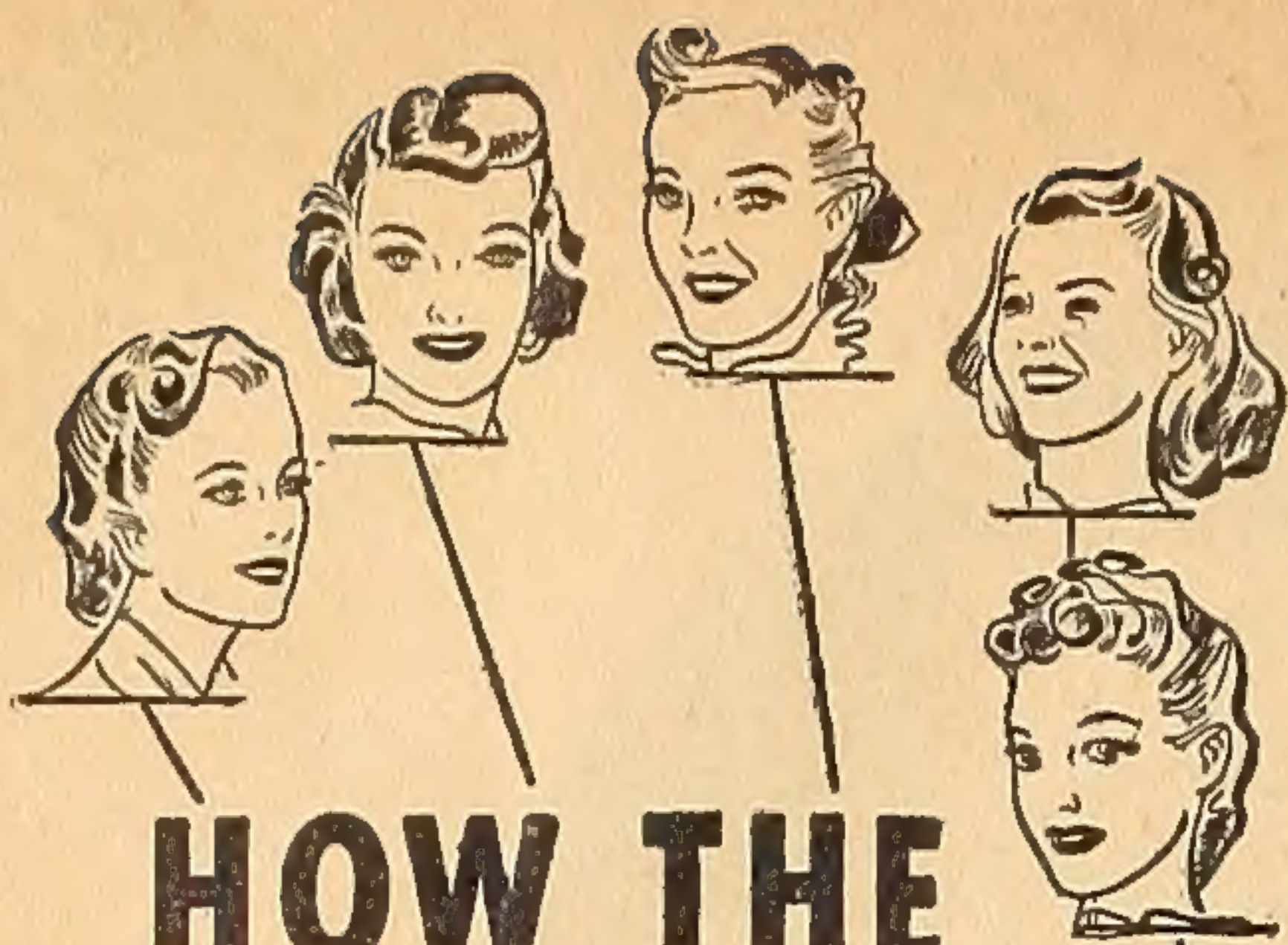
NOW DRY THE FACE  
WITH QUICK LIGHT  
PATS. IT FEELS  
SOFTER, SMOOTHER.  
SEE HOW **FRESH** IT  
LOOKS!

**YOU** want to have smooth,  
soft skin. So don't fail to  
remove dust, dirt, stale cosmetics  
thoroughly—don't risk **Cosmetic  
Skin**. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

**9 out of 10 Screen Stars  
use Lux Toilet Soap**







## HOW THE TELEPHONES ARE RINGING

—to tell of Tampax!



**NO WONDER** Tampax is traveling fast and Tampax users are growing. In addition to the new converts to Tampax, many part-time users have now become whole-time users, in view of the new *Super Tampax* size, 50% more absorbent than Regular Tampax.

**NO BELTS  
NO PINS  
NO PADS  
NO ODOR**

Perfected by a physician, Tampax is worn internally for monthly sanitary protection. The wearer is not conscious of it, but can keep up her regular activities without fear of any chafing, wrinkling or showing of a "line." No odor can form; no disposal problems.

Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, hygienically sealed in individual containers, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! Comfortable, efficient, compact to carry in your purse.

Three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. At drug stores and notion counters: Introductory size 20¢; but large economy package saves up to 25%.

Accepted for Advertising by  
the Journal of the American  
Medical Association.

Read about  
the 3 sizes—  
REGULAR · SUPER  
JUNIOR



TAMPAX INCORPORATED S.U.-30-A  
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

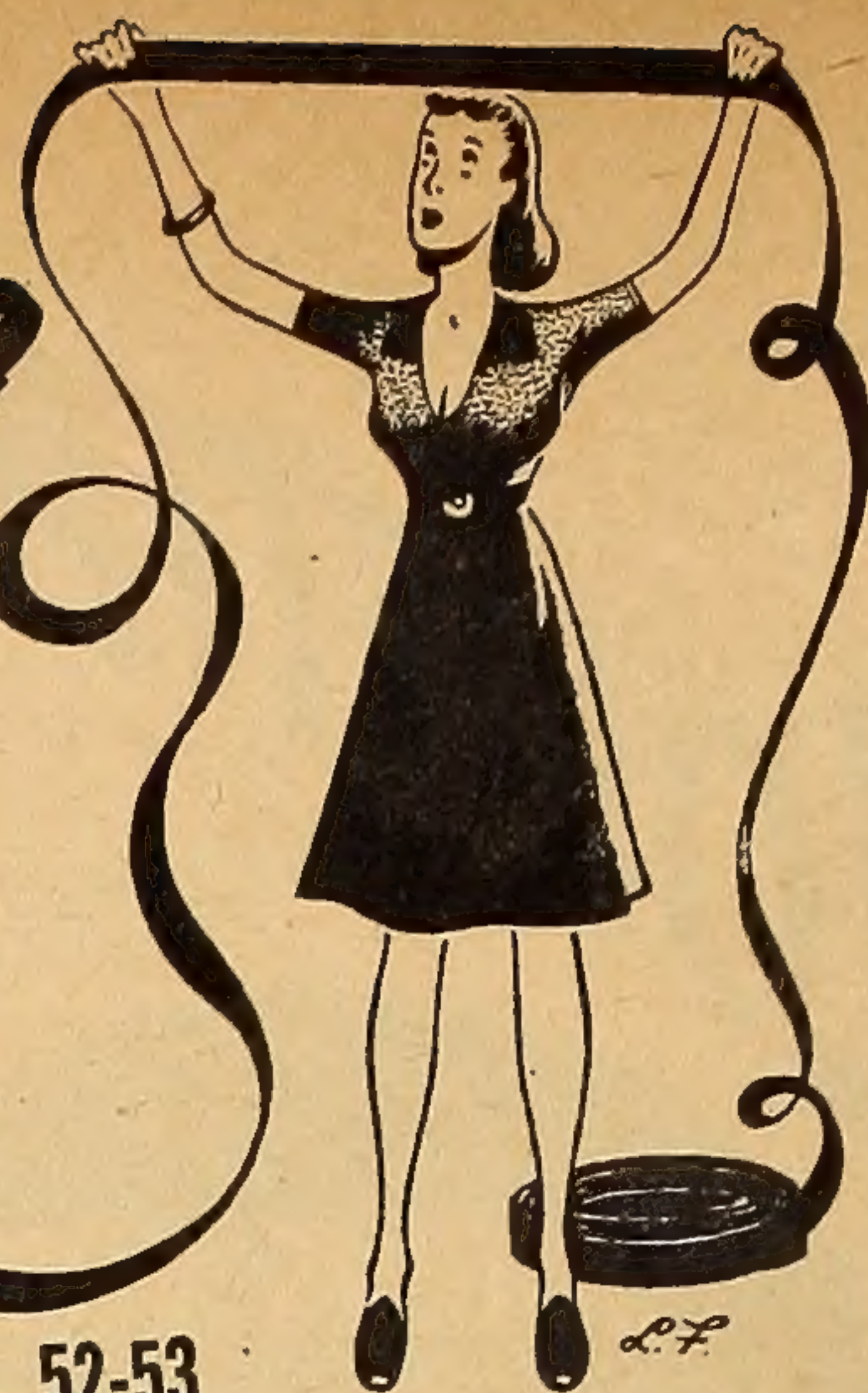
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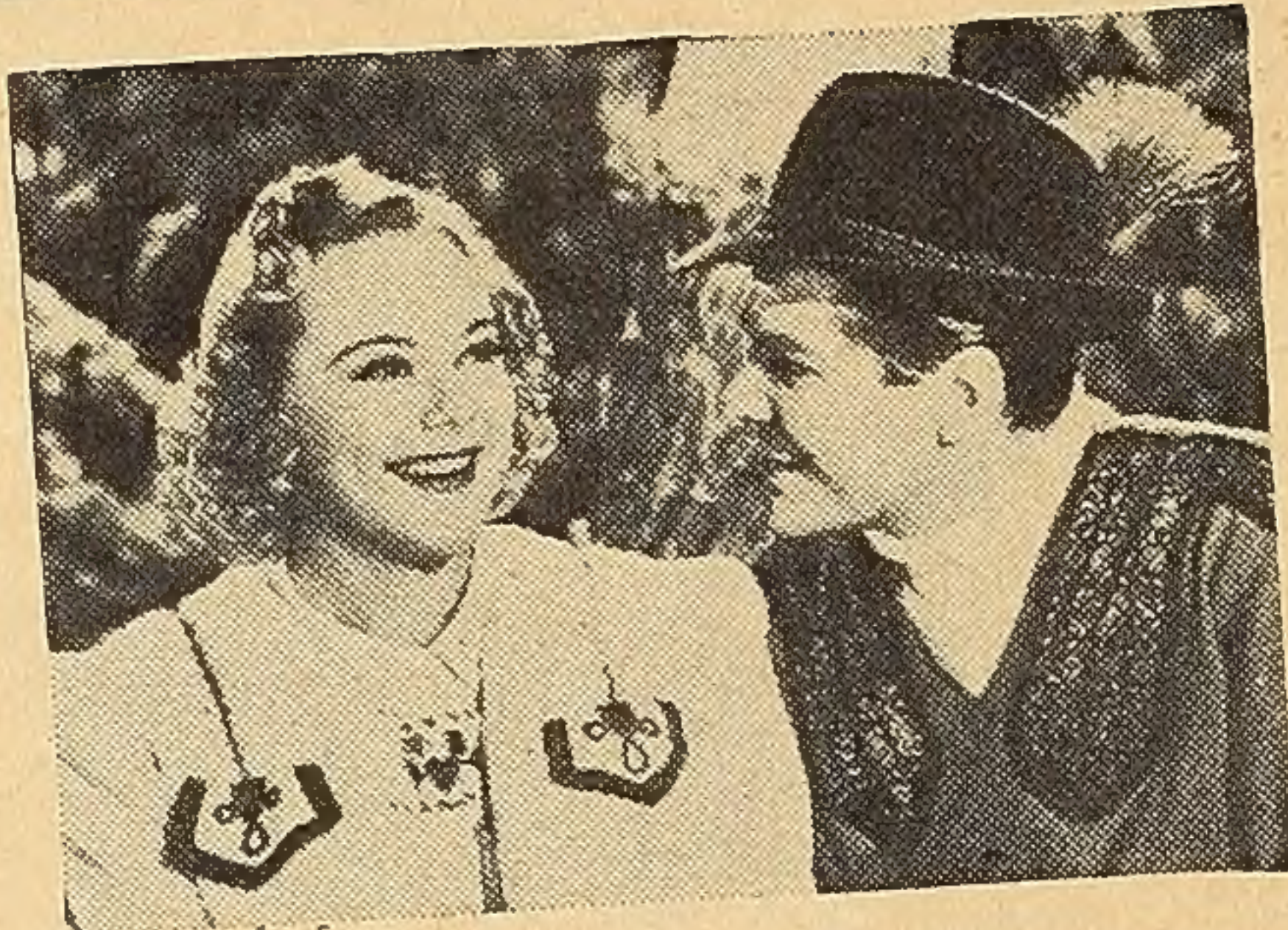
# Tagging the Talkies



Delight Evans Reviews on Pages 52-53



**Remember?—M-G-M**  
What a difference the right rôle makes! Although "Remember?" is an amusing picture, it certainly doesn't give Greer Garson a chance to display quite as much charm as she revealed in "Good-bye, Mr. Chips." In this one, she's a light comedienne, and Robert Taylor also has a comedy rôle as a man who falls in love with his best friend's fiancée. But guess who steals the picture? Billie Burke, as one of those charming, dim-wit matrons.



**Everything Happens at Night—**  
20th Century-Fox

This has everything—gaiety, charm, clever dialogue, beautiful photography, and something that no Sonja Henie picture has had in a long time—a real plot. Ray Milland and Robert Cummings give excellent performances as rival newspaper men who go to Switzerland in pursuit of the same story. Sonja skis with wonderful ease; but for the first time she does more acting than skating, and is great.



**Charlie McCarthy, Detective—Universal**

Without Charlie McCarthy, this would be a routine murder and mystery story about a crooked publisher who is allied with a gangster. But why talk of what it would be without Charlie? With Charlie, as the "slap-happy sleuth," it's a riot of song, laughter, and mad situations. You'll like Mortimer Snerd's particular brand of idiocy, too. Another inspired bit of casting: Edgar (Slow-Burn) Kennedy as the dumb inspector.



**Nick Carter, Master Detective—M-G-M**

Your pappy and maybe you, yourself, used to read those thrilling Nick Carter detective stories. But you never read this one, in which the famous detective is brought up-to-date by smooth, ingratiating Walter Pidgeon, who is called in by the head of an airplane factory to find out how secret plans are being stolen out of the factory. Rita Johnson is passable as the heroine, but we put our money on Donald Meek as the bee man. Exciting.



**Thou Shalt Not Kill—Republic**

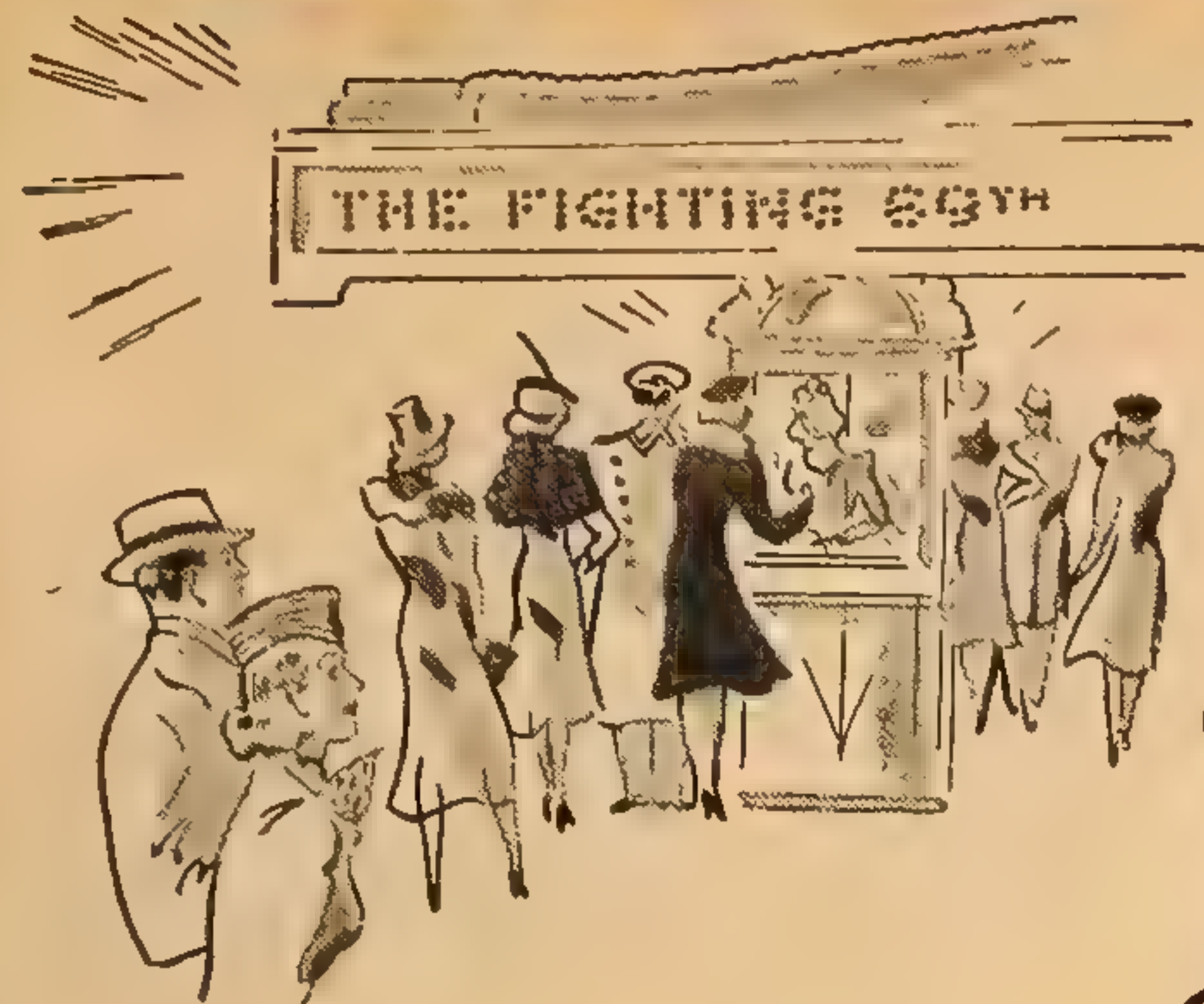
You've seen pictures built around this idea, and you'll see 'em again. What's a clergyman to do when a murderer confesses a crime for which an innocent man has been condemned? This time melodrama is piled on melodrama until the plot collapses. Charles Bickford struggles to make his rôle convincing, but gets little assistance from the rest of the cast. Owen Davis, Jr., as the hero, and Paul Guilfoyle over-act. Not good.

More reviews on page 12



# One Day Soon

they'll all be saying



“LET’S GO SEE



# THE FIGHTING 69TH”



Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH'! Because if ever a movie *moved* this is the one! There've been exciting films before—but not *this* kind of excitement! You've <sup>HA HA</sup>laughed loudly and long in the theatre before, but never louder nor longer than this time. And there will be a teardrop too... but the kind of tears that bring cheers when it's over!

Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH' and see grand screen stars like **JIMMY** ☆ **CAGNEY** and **PAT** ☆ **O'BRIEN** and **GEORGE** ☆ **BRENT** give to their parts from their hearts; for of all the roles they've portrayed, of these they'll be proudest ever!



Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH' because 'The Fighting 69th' brings you history's heroes—the story of their glory, which, once seen, no girl can help but cherish.

JAMES CAGNEY • PAT O'BRIEN  
GEORGE BRENT

in 'THE FIGHTING 69TH'

with  
JEFFREY LYNN • ALAN HALE • FRANK McHUGH  
DENNIS MORGAN • DICK FORAN  
WILLIAM LUNDIGAN • GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS  
HENRY O'NEILL • JOHN LITEL

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine, Fred Niblo, Jr.,  
and Dean Franklin • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

A new Warner Bros. success







## "Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW *Winx*

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter—sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara (Cake or Cream), Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in the new Pink packages are Good Housekeeping approved.

Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—today!



### FOR A NEW THRILL—

Try the new WINX Lipstick—in 4 fascinating colors that harmonize with WINX Mascara and Eyebrow Pencil!

**FREE CATALOG—PINS and RINGS**  
Class pins, club pins, rings and emblems. Finest quality. Reasonable prices from 30¢ up. Write today for our attractive, free catalog: Dept. W, METAL ARTS CO., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

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For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35¢ trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

## Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 10



Sidewalks of London—Paramount

This is distinguished by two superb performances, by Charles Laughton as a street entertainer, and by Vivien Leigh, who starts off as a petty thief, is helped by Laughton and goes on to fame and fortune in the theater. Though at times, because of the heavy British accents, you may not understand every word, still these two performances are so fine that if you miss it you will cheat yourself.



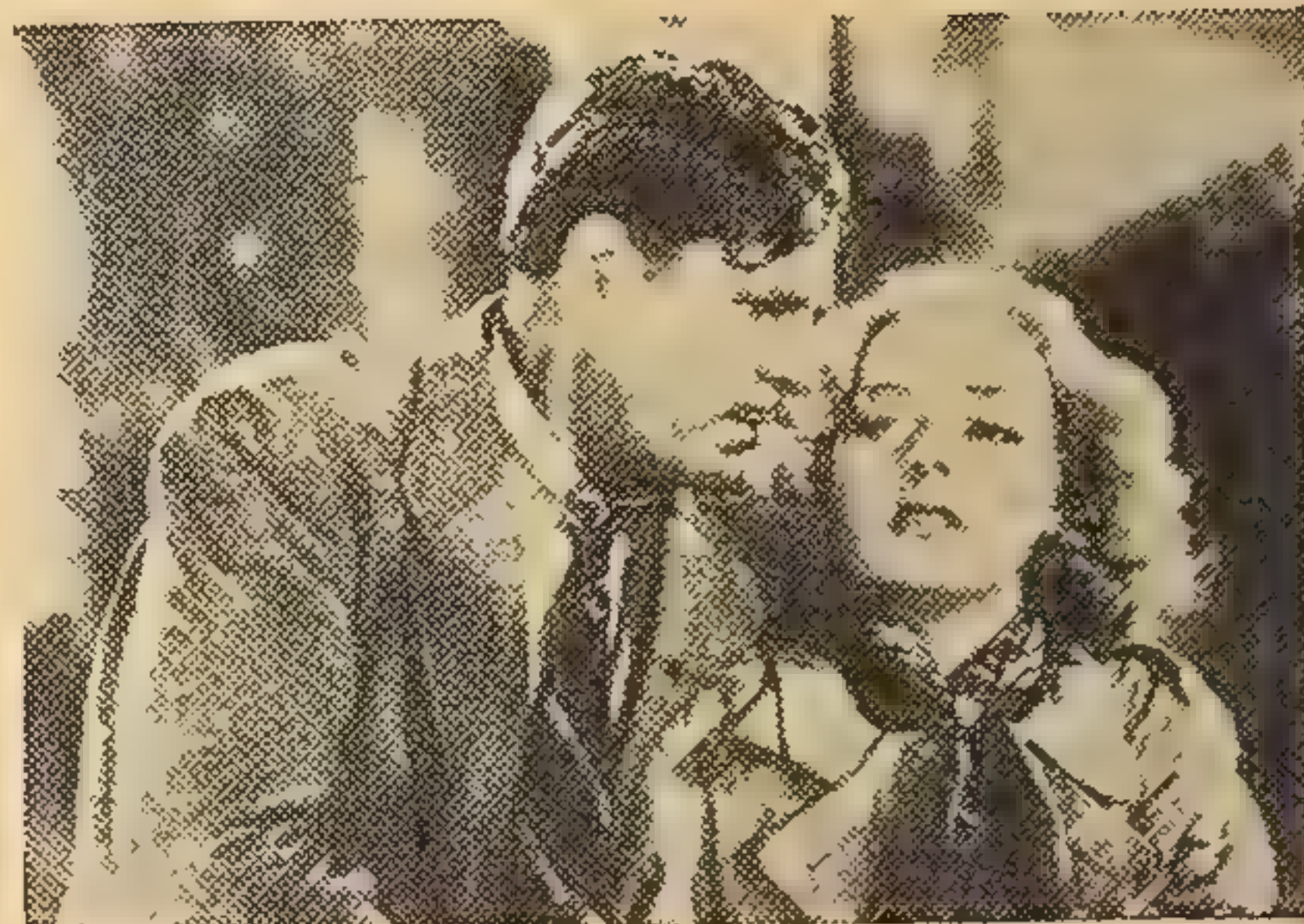
Days of Jesse James—Republic

Judged on its own merits, this is fairly good entertainment. However, movie fans who saw Tyrone Power in "Jesse James" may be disappointed in it. Donald Barry gives a rather uninspired performance as *Jesse James*. Roy Rogers is an engaging hero. The plot? Roy discovers that *Jesse* did not really pull a certain bank robbery blamed on him, and sets out to find who did. Okay for all Western fans.



The Secret of Dr. Kildare—M-G-M

Lionel Barrymore definitely dominates this newest of the Dr. Kildare series, giving his best performance since "Ah Wilderness." As the wise, lovable old doctor who has given his life to the service of humanity and whose advice will actually help you, he overshadows Lew Ayres as *Dr. Kildare*. The story's about a neurotic girl whose case *Dr. Kildare* solves. An inspiring, very helpful picture.



Barricade—20th Century-Fox

Can you imagine Alice Faye as a woman who commits a murder under due provocation, who runs away to the American consulate in China, and pretends to be a Russian? In such a rôle, it's no wonder that Miss Faye fails to give her usual convincing performance. Warner Baxter is pretty smooth as the newspaper correspondent, and Charles Winninger very likeable as the "forgotten" American consul.



The Cisco Kid and the Lady—20th Century-Fox

Swingin' in the very saddle where Warner Baxter once rode, singin' as he swings, and makin' love as he sings is "Kid" Cesar Romero. A dashin', handsome *Kid* he makes, too—although with a slightly Latin flavor. This time the *Kid* not only has his usual exciting adventures, but even takes over the care of a baby. Virginia Field is excellent as the lady who isn't quite a lady. The baby steals scenes.



Money to Burn—Republic

Contest fans will find this newest of the "Higgins Family" series amusing. Movie fans who don't care about contests will find the picture silly in spots, gay in other spots, fair entertainment in general. As the contest-crazy housewife who tries to get her husband to quit his job so she can win a contest, Lucille Gleason handles her scenes with the right touch. Harry Davenport good as *Grandpa*.



# Better start gargling with Listerine, Lady!



**FOR COLDS AND  
SORE THROAT**

**W**HEN you've got the sniffles, a chill, and your throat feels irritated, it's a sign that germs are probably at work in mouth and throat.

Sometimes they can be killed in sufficient numbers or kept under control so that Nature can halt the infection... throw off the cold.

If you have any symptoms of trouble, start gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic and keep it up. Countless people say it's a wonderful first aid and 8 years of scientific research back them up. Tests during this period actually showed fewer and milder colds for Listerine Antiseptic users... fewer sore throats, too.

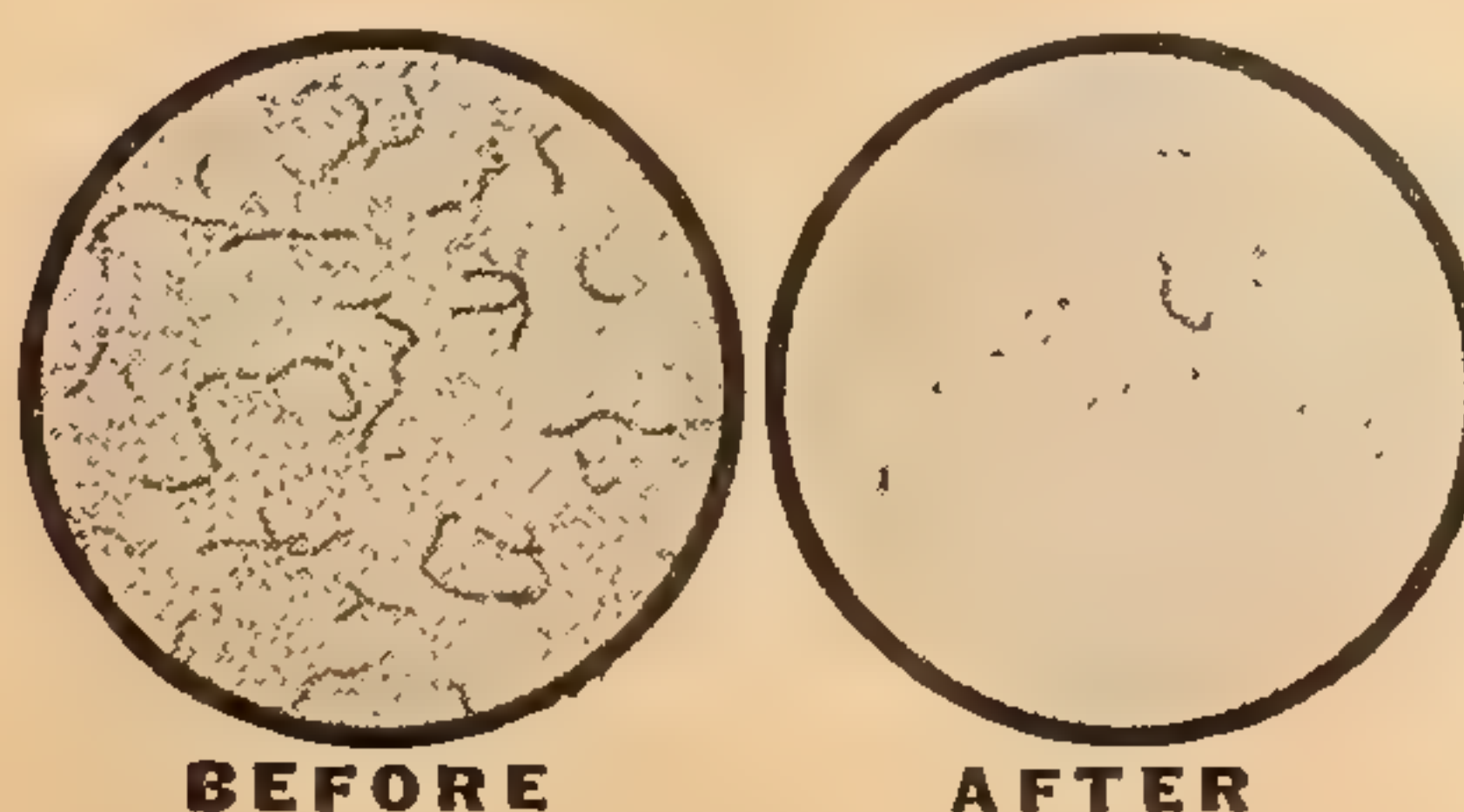
Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back

on throat surfaces to kill millions of the secondary invaders—germs that many authorities say help to complicate a cold and make it so troublesome.

Actual tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. Up to 80% one hour later.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it is a wise precaution to use Listerine Antiseptic systematically during fall, winter, and spring months when colds are a constant menace to the health of the entire family?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



## NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

The two drawings at left illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



**NOW YOU CAN HAVE  
THE *Foundation*  
Cream THE STARS  
ACTUALLY USE!**



**ANN SHERIDAN,**  
starring in the cur-  
rent Warner Bros.  
picture, "YEARS  
WITHOUT DAYS."

**WESTMORE FOUNDATION CREAM**—created by Hollywood's master make-up men, the Westmores! Creates the effect of smooth, velvety, alluring complexion. In four glowing, *natural*-looking tones, with powder to blend. Now in a store near you—large size 50¢.

**READ** Perc Westmore's Make-up Guide—Tells exactly how to make up to enhance the beauty of *your* type...has measuring wheel to show you your face type. At your drug or variety store or send 25¢ to House of Westmore, Inc., Dept. F-3, 730 Fifth Ave., New York.

House of **WESTMORE**  
HOLLYWOOD



Four generations of women all over the world have eased periodic pain by taking 1 to 4 tablespoonsful of Doctor Siegert's Angostura bitters (aromatic) in a little water, hot or cold. It gives gentle, soothing relief—it is not habit-forming and it is pleasant to take. You can get a bottle of Angostura at your druggist.

**... AND I USED TO BE SUCH  
A SAUSAGE IN THIS DRESS**



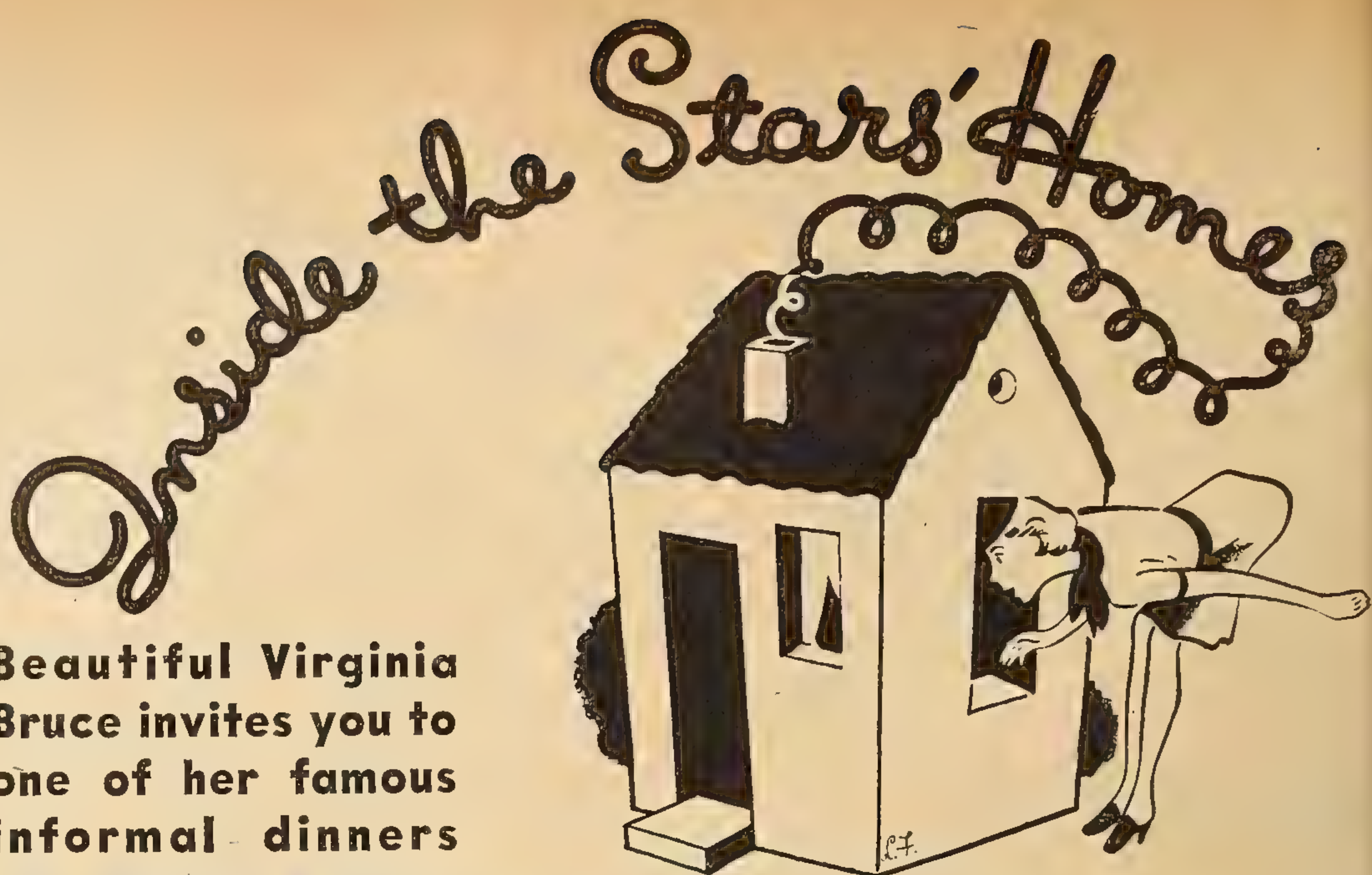
**Look at  
the Fat  
I've Lost!**

Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Tablets a day, according to the directions.

Marmola Tablets have been sold to the public for more than thirty years. More than twenty million boxes have been distributed during that period.

Marmola is not intended as a cure-all for all ailments. This advertisement is intended only for fat persons who are normal and healthy otherwise and whose fatness is caused by a reduction in the secretion from the thyroid gland (hypo-thyroidism) with accompanying subnormal metabolic rates. No other representation is made as to this treatment except under these conditions and according to the dosage as recommended.

We do not make any diagnosis as that is the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. The formula is included in every package. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure that is rightfully yours.



**Beautiful Virginia  
Bruce invites you to  
one of her famous  
informal dinners  
By Betty Boone**



**I**F EVER you go to call on Virginia Bruce, you'll find her white frame-and-brick Colonial farmhouse nestled against a green hillside on the Pacific Palisades. There's a gorgeous view of the ocean from her bricked front porch. Outside the white iron gates you'll discover a telephone in its weather-proof box; approved by the voice at the other end of the wire, you'll enter, drive along a winding road, past the fenced-in green paddock, past the white stables, and so to a curved drive to the house. In the center of the drive is a young live oak tree with gay flowers encircling its trunk. Three friendly dogs will rush to greet you. Pike, the great Dane, will give you a lordly welcome; Beauty, the St. Bernard, is a bit sloppier, and tiny Copper, the cocker-spaniel, will enthusiastically lick your shoes.

The J. Walter Rubens—Virginia, you know, is Mrs. Ruben in private life—have two beautiful front doors into their hospitable hall; one from the courtyard and one from the bricked porch. Beyond either door is the feeling of spaciousness and light. The day I called, my hostess greeted me in a scarlet afternoon gown exactly matching her lipstick and fingernails. Her pale gold hair was smooth and shining,



brushed down to end in soft curls. Her beauty, as it always does, temporarily took my breath away.

"Do come and see my table!" she urged, presently. "Entirely informal—we never give formal dinners—informality is much



more fun. We decorated the dining room around that painting over the mantel—bought it down in New Orleans.”

She indicated an oil painting of a woman in black lace with a mulberry cushion at her feet. “She’s not an ancestor, I’m afraid. Someone said she looks like a cook because she’s so plump, but when we sent her to be reframed and cleaned, they found the picture had been ripped through with a sword, so no doubt once she hung in one of the old Southern plantations and a Yankee tried to destroy her!”

The dining room rug is mulberry. “I thought I was getting prune,” explained Virginia, “but it’s certainly mulberry. The violet drapes at the window were my own idea and I’m rather proud of them.” The walls are papered in gray-and-white stripe. The furniture is early American and was made in Williamsburg, Virginia.

The table was set with Bavarian china, a different design to each place, ruby glass and silver candelabra, and a centerpiece of red roses and blue delphinium. “I prefer red roses and blue iris and I like them wider and longer, but you get the idea. We usually have very intimate little dinners—four guests, or, if I’m feeling very brave, six!—Tonight there’ll be six of us. But last week I actually invited *twelve*. I worried a lot, but everything went off well. We haven’t a projection room, as so many do out here, and we have no unique fashion of entertaining guests, but we managed to have a good time. Margaret Sullivan and her husband, Leland Hayward, Jean Arthur and Frank Ross, *her* husband—I should say it the other way around, but SCREENLAND readers know the wives best—were all here. We played *Musical Ghost*—ever try it? Frank Ross played the choruses or sometimes merely refrains from songs, and if you couldn’t guess what he was playing you were a ghost and could heckle the others until just one was left, and he was the winner.

“I served Borscht first. Mac, my Japanese cook, makes the most marvelous soups you ever tasted—never uses canned vegetables, always fresh ones. Other cooks may open cans, but not Mac. I’m sure he’ll let you have his recipe.”

He did let me have it. Here it is, as Mac gave it to me. (Continued on page 89)



She’s one of the beauties of Hollywood, but Virginia (Mrs. J. Walter Ruben in real life) hates swank and entertains on a small but perfect scale. Facing page, she loves to greet her guests at the door, serves after-dinner coffee informally; above, she selects records for a musical evening.

## No Job for Nancy but a big Job for Mum



### Why risk underarm odor—when Mum every day so surely guards your charm?

**S**HE TRIES SO HARD—goes everywhere—but somehow for Nancy it’s a brief “no opening now!” For business is business. And it never helps to have a girl around who neglects to use Mum!

Constant personal daintiness is a business asset... as much in demand as cheerfulness, ability, and speed. Why does any girl risk it? Why don’t *all* girls play safe with Mum—every single day?

For it’s a gamble to depend on a bath alone to keep you fresh and sweet. A bath merely removes perspiration that is *past*... but Mum *prevents* odor—keeps you fresh and sweet for the *hours to come*.

More business girls prefer Mum to any other deodorant. Mum is—

**QUICK!** A daily pat under this arm, under that, and through the longest working day you know you’re fresh!

**HARMLESS!** Apply Mum *after* dressing... fabrics are safe. Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to *any* dress. Safe for skin, too.

**LASTING!** Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps underarms sweet. And Mum does not stop perspiration. Get Mum at your druggist’s today. Be wise in business... be sure of charm! Make a habit of Mum *every* day.

### WHY MUM IS FIRST CHOICE WITH BUSINESS GIRLS



I KEEP MUM IN MY DESK, TOO. I USE IT ANY TIME BECAUSE IT’S SAFE FOR SKIN AND CLOTHING.



TO HERSELF: AND NOTHING BEATS MUM FOR LASTING CHARM. JUST A DAB KEEPS ME FRESH ALL EVENING!



#### Important to You —

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it’s safe, gentle. Always use Mum *this* way, too.

# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

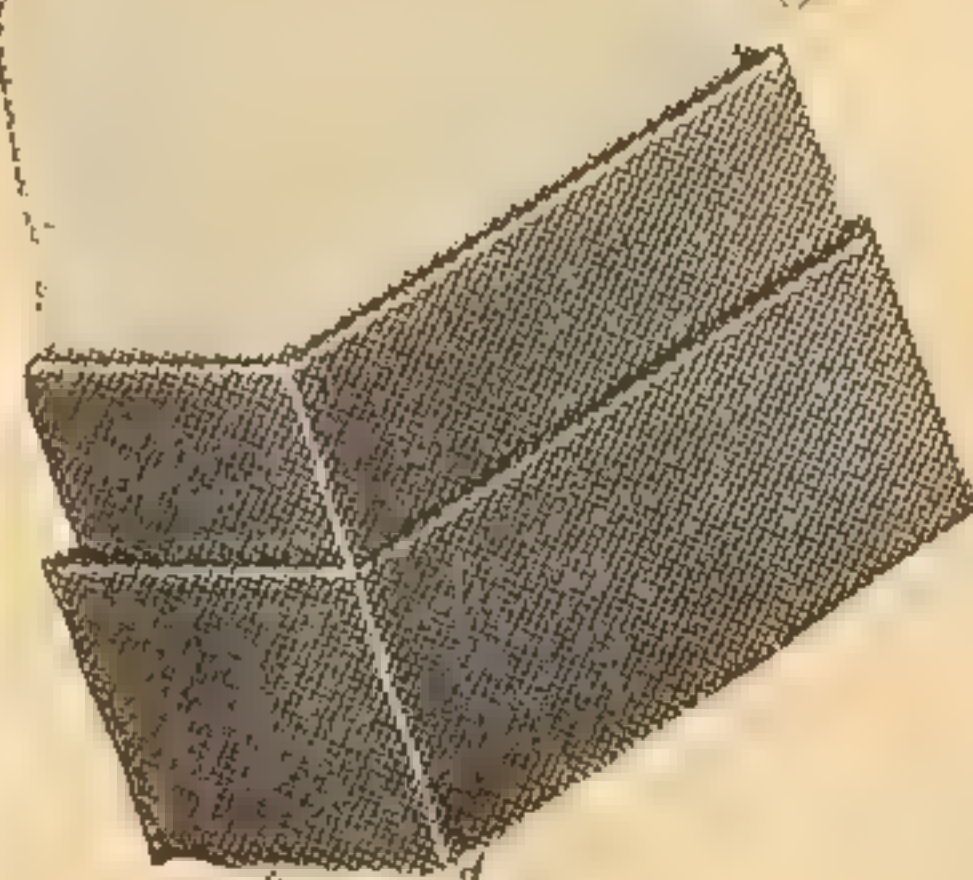


# LOVELY MAKE-UP

*always*



The new POWD'R-BASE stick keeps powder and make-up on, nose-shine off. Non-greasy, waterproof. Brings new loveliness to your complexion.



## POWD'R-BASE



*hampden*

TRUE SKIN SHADES — AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS.

### FREE! Powd'r-Base and Rouge!

Hampden Sales Dept. F.  
251 5th Ave., New York  
Send me one large trial size of  
POWD'R-BASE also one of  
POWD'R-BASE ROUGE in  
shades checked. I enclose  
6c in stamps for mailing.

#### Powd'r-Base

- ☐ Rachelle
- ☐ Brunette
- ☐ Flesh

#### Rouge

- ☐ Light
- ☐ Bright
- ☐ Dark

Name.....

Address.....

## GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice  
To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.



### Here's Amazing Relief For Acid Indigestion



**YES—TUMS** bring amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. **TUMS** are guaranteed to contain no soda. Are not laxative. Contain no harmful drugs. Over 2 billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Get TUMS today. Only 10¢ for 12 TUMS at all druggists. You never know when or where



# Memorable Scenes

## from "Gone With the Wind"

### ATLANTA BESIEGED

Big scene shows the civilian population fleeing down Peachtree Street as General Sherman bombards the city. Vivien Leigh as SCARLETT O'HARA is seen running in midst of the motley crowd.



### RHETT TO THE RESCUE

Clark Gable as RHETT BUTLER helps Vivien Leigh as SCARLETT O'HARA to escape from Atlanta's terrors and, with MELANIE and her newborn child, return to SCARLETT's beloved home, known as Tara.

### AGAIN RHETT SAVES THE DAY

The quick-witted RHETT by a clever ruse succeeds in returning the wounded ASHLEY WILKES (Leslie Howard) to his devoted wife MELANIE (Olivia de Havilland).







**POIGNANT:** This scene between Leslie Howard as ASHLEY and Vivien Leigh as SCARLETT as he comforts her in her un-remitting, back-bending toil to save Tara.

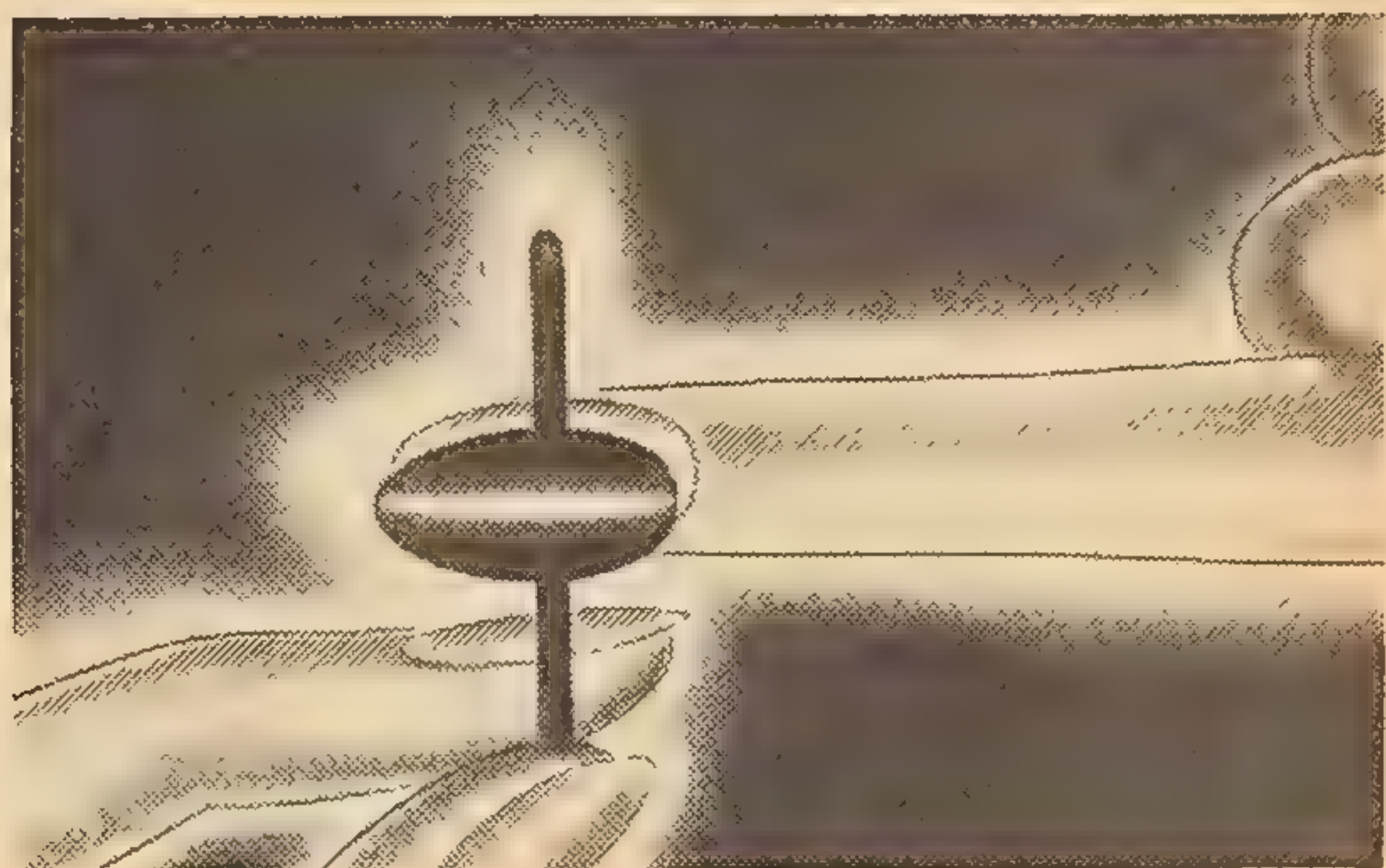


**PASSIONATE:** This scene, as Gable (RHETT) and Leigh (SCARLETT) embrace before he sends her on her way home, knowing they will meet and love again.



**COMIC:** This scene, "stolen" from star Leigh by grand character actress Hattie McDaniel, perfectly cast as SCARLETT's scolding but affectionate old mammy.

*Lady Esther says*  
**"Get 12 SHADES—FREE—of  
 my 7-DAY Cream Nail Polish"**



Each shade is on a "Magic Fingertip" which you can try on right over your own nail! Find your lucky shade!

**N**O LONGER need you wonder about which shade of nail polish you should wear—which shade is loveliest on your hands! For now you can try on all the newest shades—right at home—before buying a single bottle of polish!

***It's all done with my Magic Fingertips!***

I'll gladly send you *free* a set of my 12 Magic Fingertips. Each is shaped like the human nail—made of celluloid—and coated with a different shade of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. You simply hold each Magic Fingertip over your nail—and instantly you see which shade gives your hands enchanting loveliness—goes smartest with your costume colors.

Choose your lucky shade, then ask for it in Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish at your favorite store. You'll be thrilled with this rich, cream polish that gives your nails flattering beauty for 7 long days!

***Send for your 12 Magic Fingertips!***

Let your own eyes reveal the one nail polish shade that gives your hands enchanting grace and beauty! Clip the coupon now.

**★ 12 shades FREE! ★**

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)  
 LADY ESTHER, 7162 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (53)

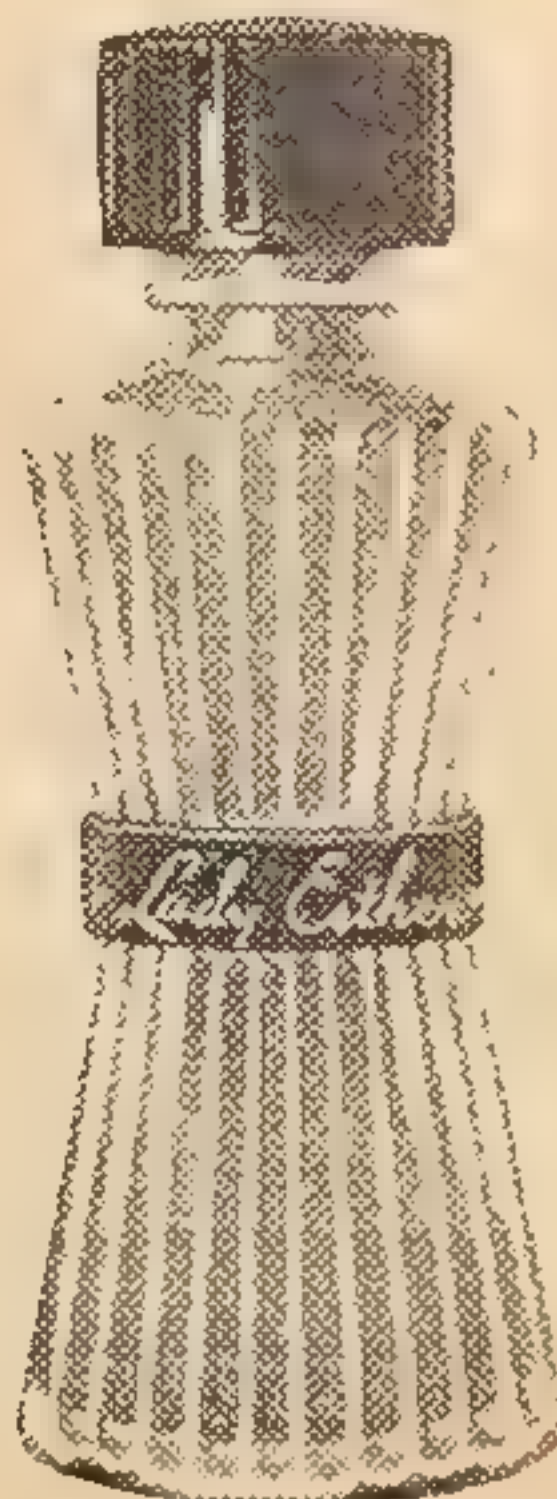
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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

*Lady Esther's*  
**7-DAY**  
 NAIL POLISH





Twentieth Century-Fox presents  
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production of

# LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

*A* spirited belle of the brawling waterfront, headlong in love with handsome Robert Fulton, fighting the whole town to win his heart and share his glory... in those boisterous, romantic days when little old New York was new and life was really living!

*Alice* *Fred* *Richard*  
**FAYE · MACMURRAY · GREENE**

and  
**BRENDA JOYCE**  
**ANDY DEVINE**  
**HENRY STEPHENSON**  
**FRITZ FELD**

Directed by **HENRY KING**  
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith  
Screen Play by Harry Tugend  
Story by John Balderston  
Based upon play by Rida Johnson Young

Spectacular entertainment from the producer and director of "In Old Chicago",  
"Alexander's Ragtime Band", "Stanley and Livingstone", "Jesse James"!



# The Editor's Page

## An Open Letter to Franchot Tone



International

The close-up shows Franchot Tone as he looked, debonair and pleasant, about the time he first appeared in pictures. Above, Franchot today, looking far different, as he escorted his former wife, Joan Crawford, to the theatre on her recent visit to New York City. Why is he so glum?

DEAR MR. TONE:

What's the matter with you, anyway?

Yes, I really do want to know.

I, and some other people who might be called "The Ex-Fans of Franchot Tone."

Ever since I gave you the Honor Page for your first fine film performance, 'way back there in 1933, in "Today We Live," I've been for you. Up till now. When you left Hollywood to try the stage again I was not surprised. The screen rôles that were being handed to you were enough to drive you back to Broadway. Too, I believed I understood that you are not the personality-type actor, but a real one; and therefore, despite the fact that you married the exhibitionistic Joan Crawford, you didn't actually relish being bopped in the eye by flash photographers' bulbs every time you dined out. I even sympathized when, back in New York, you

seemed determined to make the worst possible impression upon the autograph hounds who lie in wait at stage doors and hotel entrances for film celebrities. After all, I told myself, weren't you, at least, sincere in your sensitive reserve? Who could blame you?

Well, as a matter of fact, a lot of people could—and have. The following is the digest of a letter to me:

"Do us a favor. Please write an open letter to Franchot Tone and tell him off—plenty. He needs it—and how. This is what it is all about: he is in New York City now. He goes to all the opening nights. At Paul Muni's opening he was asked to give some children autographs; his reply was, is this a circus? I don't give autographs, it is a bad habit to get into, if you need them write the studio. He has been at several openings since where the fans stand around to see the stars; when he comes along they hiss him."

Now, these are strong words. They are not mine. What I'm asking you, are they true? Perhaps those fans caught you off-guard, in the wrong mood, or with a cold in the head. It might happen to anybody. On the other hand, it does seem that for one so averse to publicity you have not been too consistent—your friendly dinners with your former wife when she visits New York are your business, and hers—and should be; but somehow the photographers always catch up with you and presto!—your private life belongs to your public. You can't blame your public, then, for believing it has certain rights to your good will and your courtesy. Granted that your fans do not always have the most exquisite manners or perfect approach—then maybe it's up to you to set them a good example. How about it?

Delight Evans





The scoop picture of the month! We give you William Powell and his new bride, Diana Lewis, the girl he married after a brief courtship. Hollywood hadn't dreamed the romance was that serious. Diana is Bill's third wife.

**Hop aboard  
SCREENLAND  
Special, right  
smack into the  
heart of Holly-  
wood. See the  
doings and the  
wooings; the  
social festivi-  
ties and the  
friendships,  
caught by the  
man who al-  
ways gets his  
picture, our  
Len Weissman**

# HOLLYWOOD WHIRL



Off-guard, Bette Davis likes children; made friends with child entertainer at Basil Rathbone Charity party.



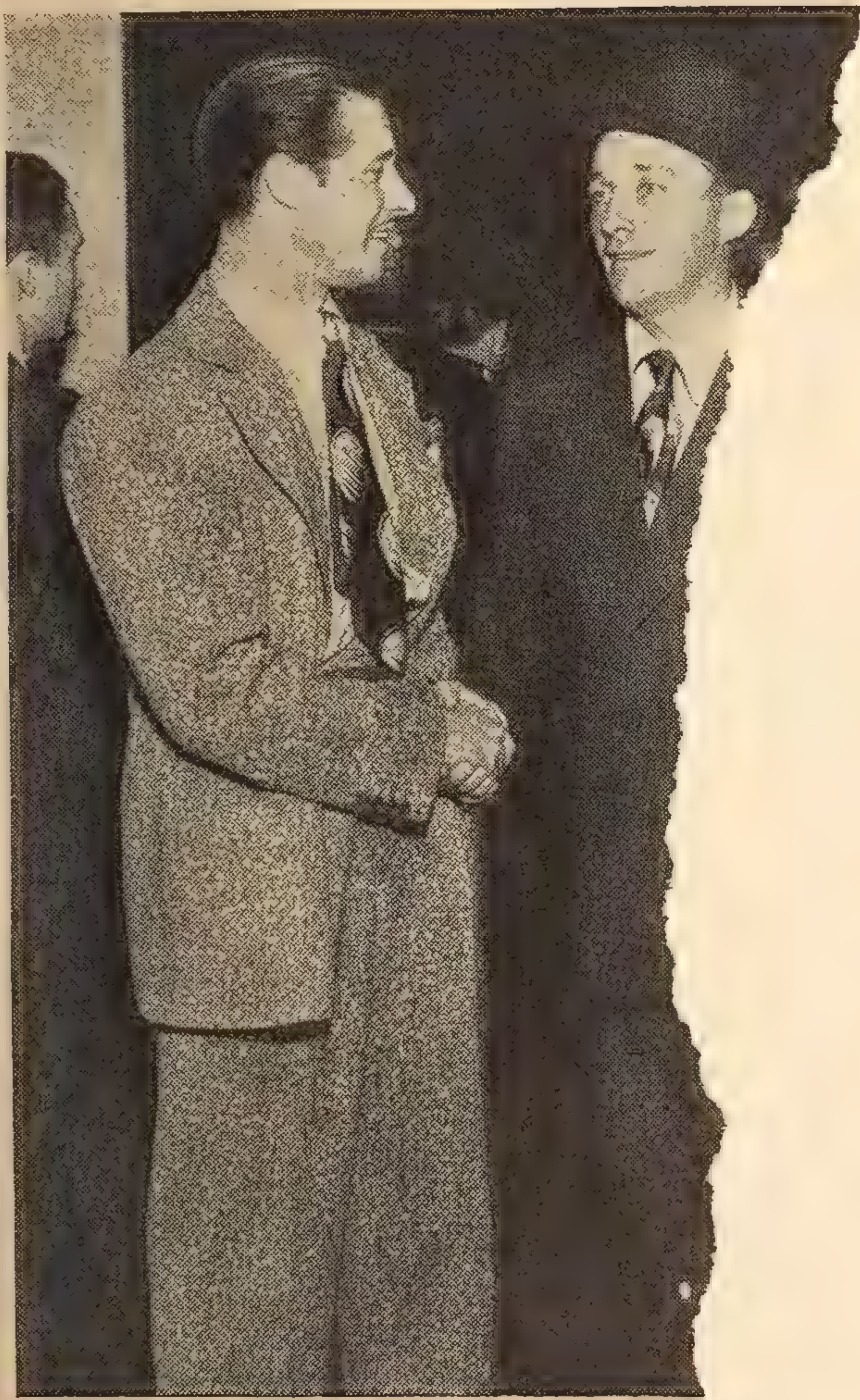
Was it the teddy bear Author Louis Bromfield carried or his witty conversation that made Bette seek him out?





At the other big  
bone Charity  
nor chat  
of the

Of course, "What a Man" Gable, the one and only BUTLER, attended "What a Premiere," with his wife geous Carole Lombard, positively glittering in a of gold, with a matching wrap of gold, and gold k



Don Ameche and Bing Crosby are that they owe a great deal to reli and proper, that they were among participated in a Salvation Army bi





Koster (left) is the canny director who sometimes kids 'em (below) or makes 'em cry—but he gets great results from his girl-stars Deanna Durbin and Helen Parrish.

# Their Boss

## Tells On

THEY were rehearsing the scene in "First Love" where the family is about to start for the party. The players had been given their lines just a few minutes earlier. Helen Parrish hesitated, turned to Henry Koster, the director—Bobbie to his friends, among whom he numbers all the young people in his casts.

"Say, Bobbie, am I awfully mean to Deanna here?"

"Yes, you are, Helen."

"Do you really want me to tell her she can't go to the

it's right."

"—well—am I going to be punished for it?"

"Yes. Your father will spank you later in the pic-

ture," said Helen, grown suddenly cheerful. "It's not my mind."

"How does that go?" laughed Koster, "that Helen is movie-nice. She has to be punished, then the audience understands anyhow, a little. Helen is young—fifteen—than Deanna. Her brother brings her to the picture in the morning and calls for her at night. She doesn't know dolls if you gave them to her; she would take them if she wasn't warned. In many ways she is like her mother. But in this way—what she knows by her instinct never come into Deanna's head."

"I saw all but two of the Durbin films. I could have done without him, Joe. Universal hates to think. Except for the adolescents have been promised. He understands them is evidenced. He coaxes out of them—as witness the liveliness behind the grave eyes of the girls—more evident as he talks to them—the two he knows best. He was in Bernard's office, just after "Mad About the Boy" the two Durbin pictures he didn't see then, and he was impressed by her beauty. He was testing a few weeks later, and asked for a picture. "Why don't you take Helen Parrish here, and has no picture to

wasn't so good, but Helen was. He replaced Barbara Reed as the third girl. She knows what is good for herself also of what might be bad for her. "That hurt Barbara?" she asked. "No, Barbara had made a conclusion, only then was she satisfied." "What about their youth, the atmosphere of the picture, or (Please turn to page 93)



**A real scoop! Henry Koster, director who bosses their working hours, gives you a different and colorful slant on Deanna (heroine) and Helen (menace) in this unusual story**

**By  
Ida**

**Zeitlin**

# **2 Smart Girls!**



**She's the "bad" little girl who makes Deanna's life miserable—on the screen: Helen Parrish**



**She's the lovely star who could queen it over Helen—but, of course, she doesn't: Deanna Durbin**



# Confessions of an EX-MOUIE



BY

**BETTY BLYTHE**

**As told to Gladys Hall**

I CAN'T see my name in lights any more, but I can see the lights on these hills. Sunlight and moonlight and starlight. Dawnlight and twilight. *Lights that don't go out.*

Once I was *Queen of Sheba*; now I play "bit" and "line" parts in Garbo's "Conquest," in "Pilgrimage" and other pictures . . . once I was front-page news and my name revolved in lights over the Coliseum in London, over theatre marquees in New York, Paris, Hollywood, Berlin, Cairo . . . once I was swathed in sumptuous furs and peacock feathers, bathed in adulation, gilded with international fame . . . and from that mess of broken stardom the only thing I miss, the only thing I could wish to salvage is the ability to give beautiful parties, the ability to give . . . I enjoyed the rôle of *Lady Bountiful* better than any rôle I ever played on the screen.

I have died, not one death, but more than one. Little, separate deaths. My vanity has died. My intolerance has died. My contempts. My pride, my false pride, has died. But my courage and my hope have not died. My sense of humor has not died. And I have been born again. And let me tell you that no physical suffering can equal the mental suffering of this new birth of mine. For out of the ashes, and what cold ashes they are, of the vanity of the Make-Believe woman, a real woman was born. An honest woman, anyway, honest with herself.

And they can't hurt me any more—I've been hurt by experts! Nobody can hurt me any more, *nobody* . . .

My mother used to say to me, when I was a child and someone had broken my doll, or my heart, "Elizabeth, *always be greater than your circumstances.*" Well, a great many "dolls" of mine have been broken since then, a great many



# QUEEN

heartbreaks went over the old dam before I could say, *meaning it*, "Nobody can hurt me any more, nobody and nothing." I can say it now. And the ability to say it is, I think, being "greater than your circumstances." Or maybe it's just being unconscious!

Whatever it may be, I am well content. And I am going to try to tell you how I came to contentment at last. I am going to try to take you with me along the road I've travelled, a road which was hard going at times, laid with the old, red velvet carpet at other times. But always a road. And roads, bless them, always go on.

Here, in her own burning words, an undefeated fallen star tells her gallant story. To those of you who remember Betty Blythe as the gorgeous "Queen of Sheba" of silent picture days, this will prove a poignant human document. To all, a challenge to courage

Once, she was as great as Garbo, as talked-about as Hedy Lamarr, as acclaimed as Crawford. Today, she "can't see her name in lights any more." But Betty Blythe—shown at left in her spectacular costume when she was the star of "The Queen of Sheba"—faces a new life undefeated and unafraid. Read her magnificent true story, told here for the first time, in Betty's own words.





Today

I don't want to be a star again! I was never happy when I was a star. Excited,

yes. Feverish, yes—yes. Not happy. Yet, perversely, when my star began to fade, when I would go on sets and see these youngsters wearing the star-dusted garments I once wore, it seemed to me as though I couldn't *stand* it. I went through green hells. All of them. Well, I've been through all that now, all that cruel jealousy. Now I can go on sets and feel glad that these kids are getting what I once had. Yes, I "fell" and I am happy. I fell and I am very much alive. Now I want to be just my age, which is neither young nor old, but ripe and ready and oh, so willin'! I want not to dye my hair, not to do slim-Jim exercises, not to be surrounded by all those gum-chewing maids. I want to be what I *am*. And I am ready for what I hope will be the best, the most fruitful acting years of my life. And if the years don't "fruit"—well, the trees and berry-bushes will.

So, how did I become the *Queen of Sheba*? And how and why was I dethroned? Listen, my children, and you will hear. I was born right in Los Angeles, my real name, Elizabeth Blythe Slaughter. My father, an attorney, died when I was two, leaving my mother with three daughters and very little else. We were the Intellectual Poor. We had no rug on the dining room floor. But we had a set of Shakespeare. We never had any bananas, which I *loved*, because they were too expensive—but we subscribed to the *Atlantic Monthly*. The only theatrical strain in the family was the strain I brought on the family!

I went to public school, then Polytechnic High, then to U.S.C. When I was twelve I knew that I wanted to be a singer and, most of all, I knew that I wanted, painfully wanted, to be beautiful. The wanting *was* painful because I was so awkward I was the joke of the school. My legs began up under my chin. I was built like an ironing board. They called me "Slats" in school and I was miserable. The result of all this suffering as

a child was my perfectly indomitable determination to succeed, to show these neighbors and school kids who geyed me for my funny clothes, hand-me-downs that were always too big, or too small, that never really fitted, that they were guying "an angel in disguise."

A teacher from the Boston Conservatory of Music lived across the street from us, heard me singing all the time and offered to give me lessons. I took piano lessons, too, from a succession of Beige Biddies. When I was sixteen, I came into a small inheritance and they sent me abroad to study voice. I lived for a year on the Left Bank with my sister and her husband, who was taking his Ph.D. at the Sorbonne. I worked eight hours a day, spent Sundays at the Louvre . . . Paris in the Spring . . . and at sixteen, too . . . just meant Work to me. I would, I *MUST* succeed.

I came back to Los Angeles, went to U.S.C., majored in music and languages, and fell in love. I was eighteen, this was my First Romance and his name was PRATT! Harold and Howard Pratt were twins. I fell madly in love with Harold, I *think* it was Harold. Sometimes I suspect that they traded off on me. For one Saturday night I would say, "Harold, you are so temperamental tonight, so beautifully *vital*," and the next Saturday night I'd be saying, "Harold, you are so cold tonight, so clam-quiet."

While I was in college I earned a little money by singing at funerals, weddings, women's clubs. I thought it was swell to get \$2.00 for a good funeral. I also gave piano lessons, 50 cents the lesson and my carfare. I was singing in a college play when Mr. Pantages heard me and offered me a week at his down-town theatre. I wore, I remember, a dress made entirely of peacock feathers. Peacocks may be said to be the "leit motif" in the Blythe biog. Anyway, my mother and I went over to Anita Baldwin's ranch in Pasadena and I asked the

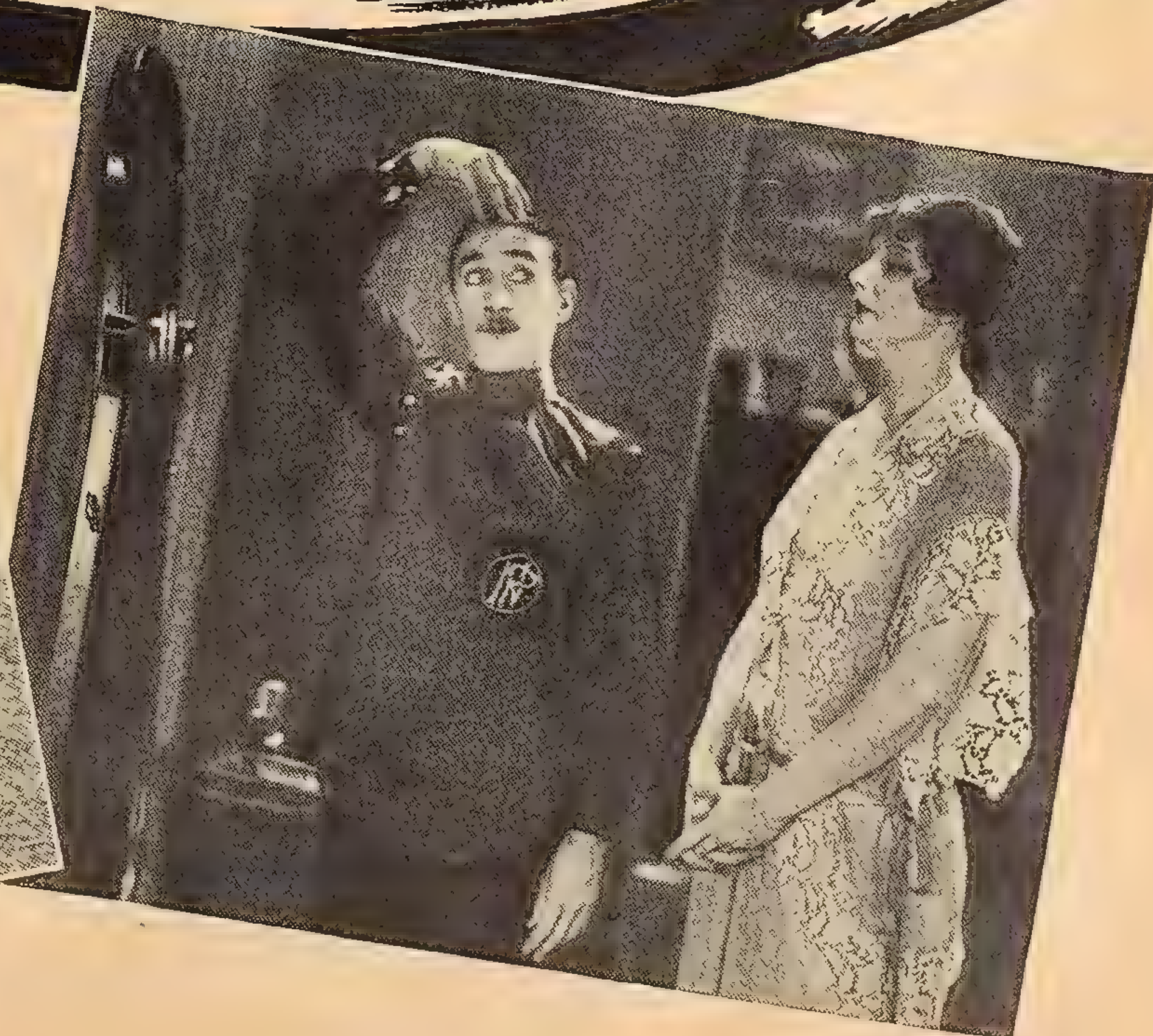


Yesterday



head gardener if he would give me some peacock feathers. He did. He practically plucked the birds nude for my adorning. I did the *Vanity Song* at the Pantages, was billed as "The Peacock Princess," and was I grand! And did I get delusions of grandeur right then and there. Pantages then sent me on a coast tour for eleven weeks. Headlining on the bill with us was Jackie Coogan's father and it was he who handed my mother the telegram telling us that my sister Abigail was dying in the German Hospital in Los Angeles. We took the morning train down. Abigail passed away and we found that, lacking respect for our business judgment, having "managed" all of our small affairs herself, she had given the power of attorney, our house and what little cash there was into the hands of a man she knew. We couldn't pay off the small mortgage (*Please turn to page 70*)

Yesterday a great star! Today —still a fine actress, she plays "bit" and "line" parts. The gradual eclipse of a glorious career is told by Betty Blythe, herself, in this feature. Scenes in the hour-glass show her in films with Marian Marsh, Mary Brian, George O'Brien. Below, with Fredric March. At lower right, as the statuesque beauty in one of her early comedies.







# "GRAPEs of WRATH"

Henry Fonda, who has the rôle of his career in picture version of John Steinbeck's mighty novel, tells all that it means to him

By Charles Darnton



Fonda creates a much-discussed character when he plays Tom Joad, son of the "Okie" family in picturization of Steinbeck's book. Above, the Henry Fonda you'll see in "Grapes of Wrath." Right, with John Carradine and Dorris Bowdon.

**T**HAT lean hired hand at the table over there in the corner Henry Fonda? Honestly, I didn't know him from a hitch-hiker who'd worn himself down to the bone with steady road work. Told as much, he pulled a slow smile and eased out the clipped remark: "It's the haircut. First one I've had in almost a year. Look." He screwed his head around and showed the back of his neck. Straight across it the barber had drawn a line with all the severe exactness of a county surveyor. "Farmer haircut. Just the thing for 'Grapes of Wrath.'"

Saying which, and nothing more, Henry—no, Hank—Fonda went back to his noonday chore of getting outside a bowl of crackers and milk. Nothing could have been more typical of his simplicity than his simple lunch. But as "copy" it wasn't exactly filling. Somehow, clams came to mind. Of course, I'd heard that Fonda had shut up like one, so far as interviewers were concerned, three years ago. And, after all, three years was a pretty long time for a relentlessly hunted Hollywood quarry to elude the pack, to be a fugitive from the scribe gang.

"I'm sure nobody cared very much, if at all," he opined, breaking his silence and a cracker at the same

time, "and, anyway, I just felt I wasn't any good at that sort of thing."

No sour grapes of wrath there. What then? Answer was found in that hick-barbered head bent over crackers and milk. The man was shy—that was it. In the race for publicity he could beat all other Hollywood actors running backwards. Not for him the sweet uses of advertisement. A little anecdote came to mind. Once a hearty gentleman had assured him with benignant pomposity, "It gratified me beyond words, my dear Mr. Fonda, to hear that your forebears were among the earliest settlers of our great country. I trust my information is correct?" "You've got it straight enough," was the casual reply. "The first Fonda came over on the Mayflower. But don't give it away—too many passengers took the same boat."

Like his "Young Mr. Lincoln," young Mr. Fonda measured up, more by split rail than standard rule, to expectations. All the looked-for characteristics were there—in his spare though durable frame, his sensitive yet strong face, his steely eyes sharpened by intelligence, his low-pitched voice never (Please turn to page 95)



# MAKES 'EM GREAT!

Jane Darwell, long called "Ma" by Hollywood, now has her big chance as *Ma Joad* in most powerful screen drama of the season

By Richard A. Chace



You have enjoyed Jane Darwell's rich and human screen characterizations for years; but now, as the indomitable mother in "Grapes of Wrath" she has part every actress prays for. Scene at left shows her with Dorris Bowdon, as Rose.

"WISH I had a dollar for every time I've been called 'Ma.' I'd be a rich woman today!" was Jane Darwell's response when I told her that she had always reminded me somehow of the mother of a friend of mine. "Most of the letters I get say the same thing," she went on. "It must seem odd, since I have no children of my own, but I've always had a warm spot for young people, and all helpless things. I just want to pick them up in my arms and 'mother' them. I never could bear to see any one or any thing suffer."

It's this quality which has made Jane Darwell so perfect a choice for the rôle of *Ma Joad* in "Grapes of Wrath." "Way back last spring," she told me, "a friend of mine who had read the book came straight to me with it. She was positive that *Ma Joad* was just the part for me. Sure enough, the more I read the more I was convinced she was right. There was something about that plucky migrant woman fleeing the Dust Bowl with her little family that made me feel that I must play the part or die trying. It seemed like I'd never wanted any other rôle so much. And when I learned that 20th Century-Fox had bought the book and was actually going

to produce it, I sat right down and wrote Darryl F. Zanuck, 'I am *Ma Joad*.'" And that was exactly what Zanuck, John Ford, the director, and the others in the projection room said later when they saw Jane's test, "*She is Ma Joad*."

Jane enjoyed every minute of the filming of the picture. She was so eager that others see *Ma* as she did that she put all she had into the part.

"Didn't you get awfully tired?" I asked, thinking of the difficulties of the rôle.

"Not while I was working. We were all so much in the spirit of the thing that I simply forgot myself altogether. But when it was over I was tired in every bone—really exhausted."

About her own rôle, Jane had very definite ideas. "To me *Ma Joad* is the mother, the primitive mother of the family who feels herself alone responsible for keeping that family together through poverty and sickness and crime, for these folk, young and foolish and foolhardy, old and bitter and cantankerous, are, after all, her own, her own to fight for and hold fast to, her own no matter what might happen to them." (Please turn to page 97)



TEN or eleven years ago when Spencer Tracy first arrived in Hollywood we became fast friends. The friendship has continued uninterruptedly ever since. His first Hollywood home was more or less of an estate. Suddenly he moved, giving no explanation beyond the fact that he "didn't like the house." The new house was a degree less impressive than the first one but it was imposing even for a Hollywood home. I remember one day we were sitting in the living room. He glanced around the luxuriously appointed room, out the windows at the rolling, well-kept lawns, at the two cars standing in the garage, and a frown puckered his face.

"All this," he announced, waving his hand to take in the whole picture, "is very bad for an actor. Things like this tend to soften you. An actor's life should be one of hardship. You can *guess* what affluence would be like and give a fairly good portrayal of a millionaire. But you can't guess what hunger is like—or a \$2 a week room—or not having *any* room. An actor should never get too far away from things like that. We're moving."

They moved into a ranch house in San Fernando

Only for his writer-friend, Dick Mook, would Tracy break his long-established rule against publicity for his home and family. On this page, exclusive pictures of the Tracys' living room, pleasant patio, swimming pool and tennis court.



*Spencer Tracy's*



For the first time, Spencer Tracy opens the door of his home to permit us to photograph, and write about, his cherished private life. It's a scoop—not to be missed!

By S. R. Mook

Valley that Gary Cooper had occupied before his marriage. But even that was too luxurious to fit in with Spence's ideas, and presently they bought a ranch of their own farther out in the valley.

So far as I know I am the only writer who has ever been invited into that home and I'm sure these are the first pictures that have ever been taken of the interior. Well do I remember the morning Spence routed me out of bed to tell me he had bought the place and to ask me to drive out with him to see it. The house had been built by a man and his wife but they had found it too large for their needs and sold it to Spence. It nestles in a grove of orange trees. A long driveway leads up to the house from the street.

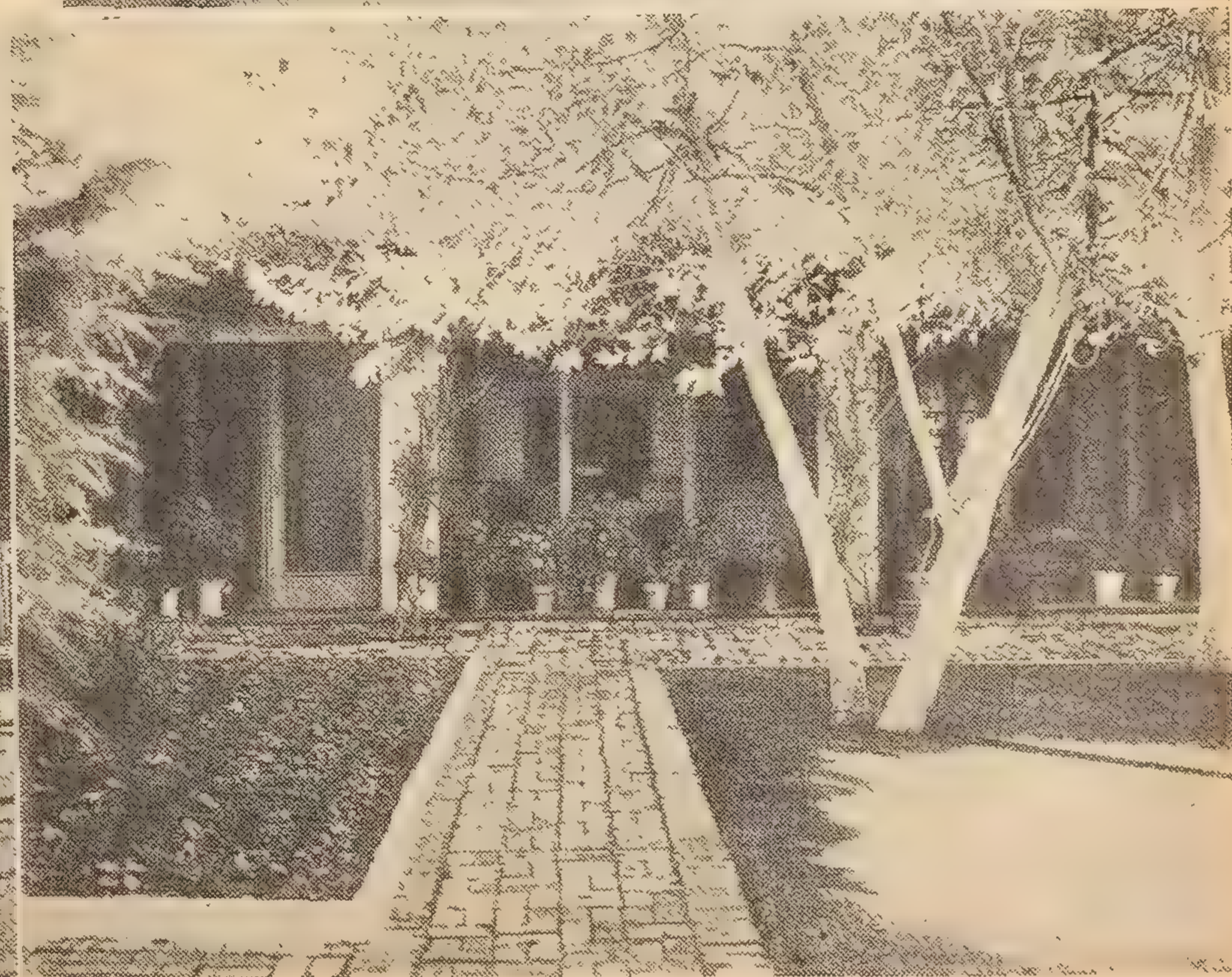
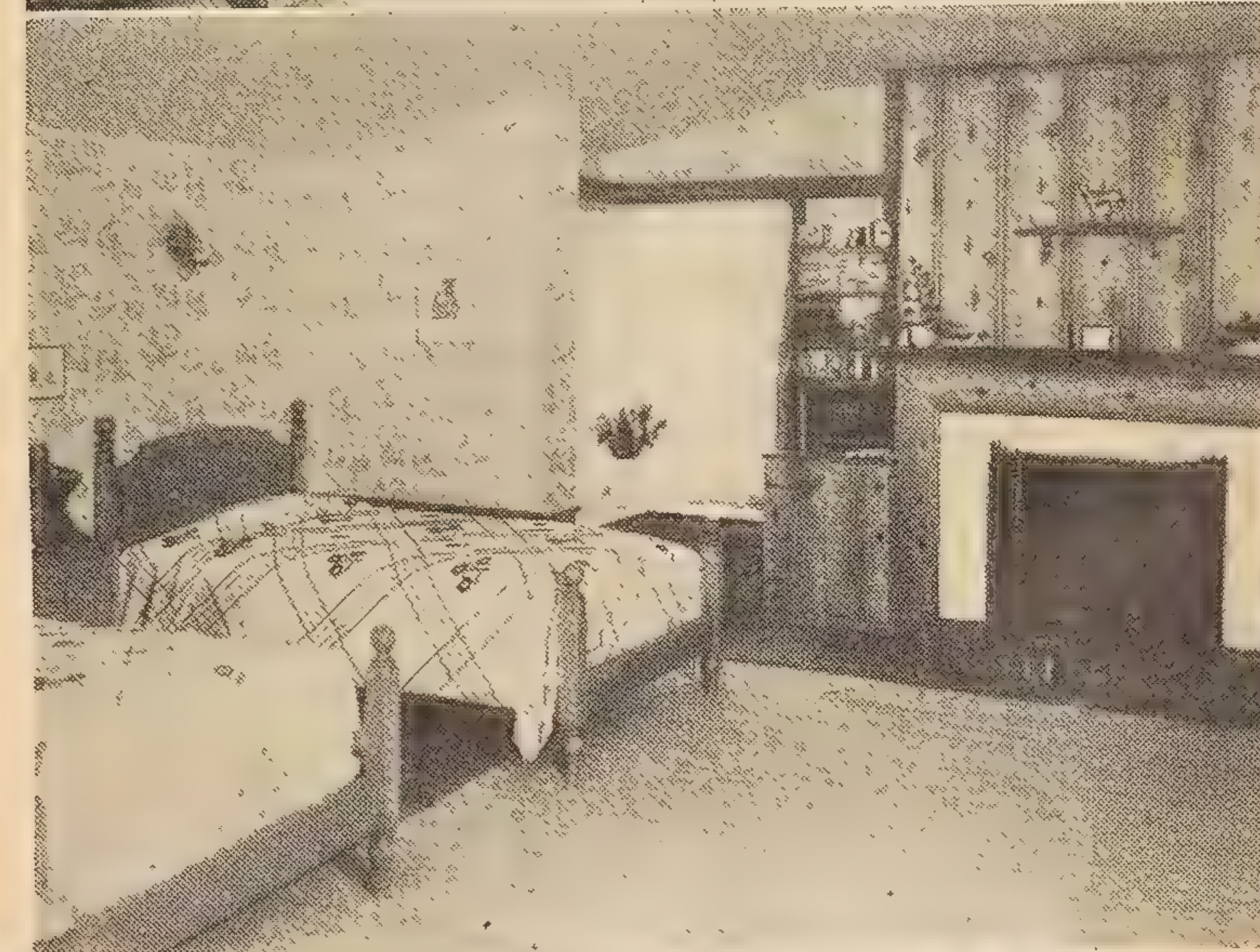
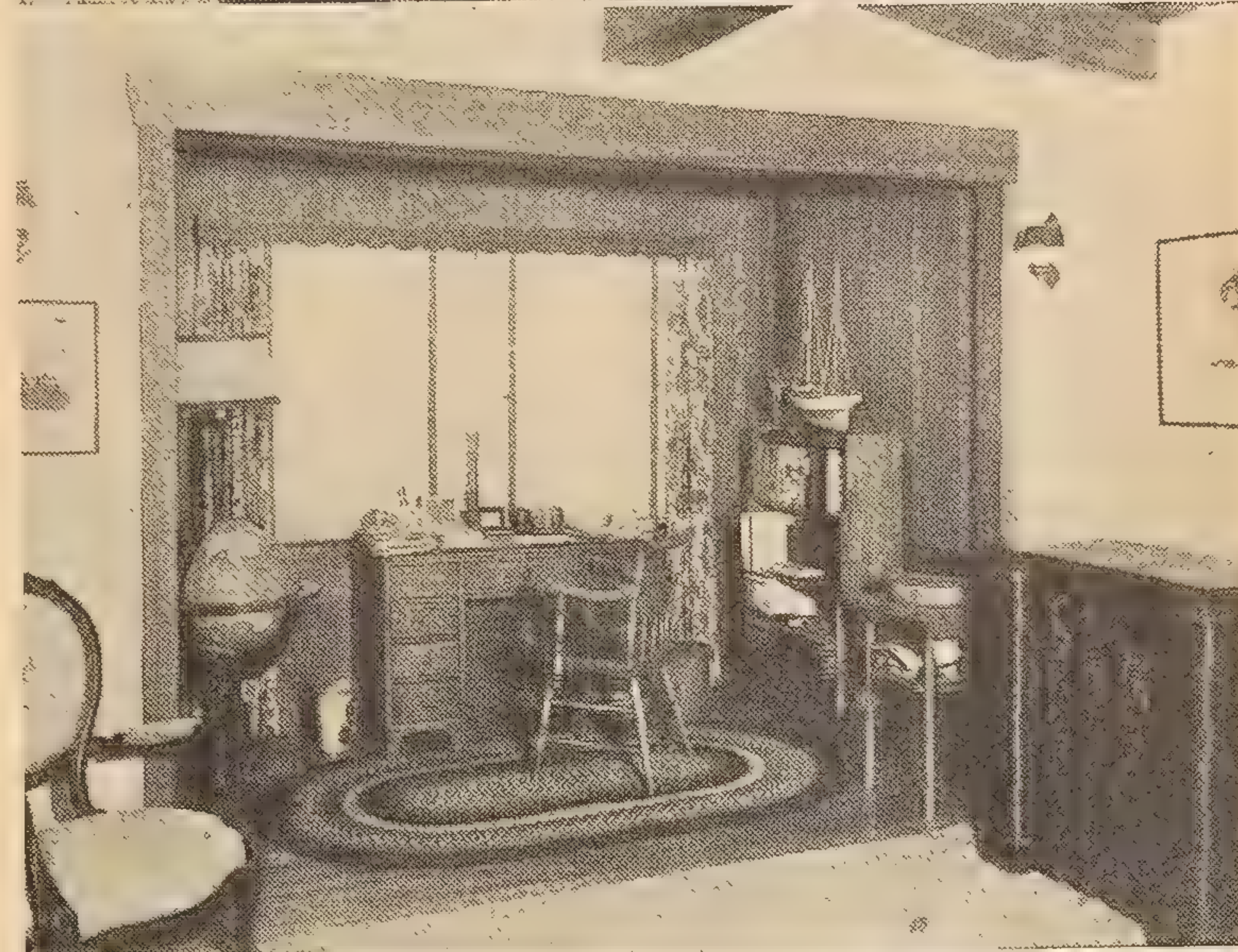
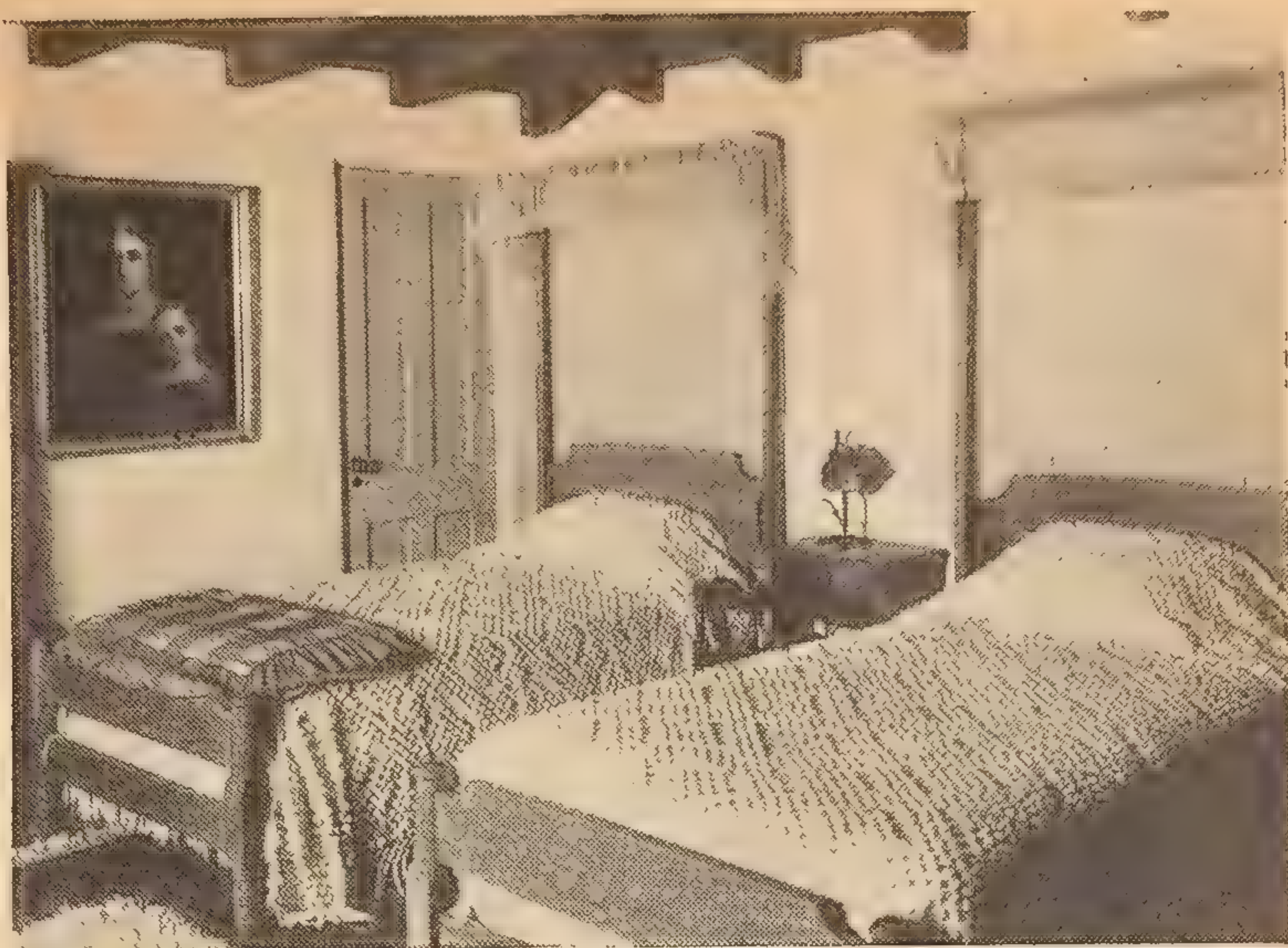
"Yah," I jeered when we were alone. "This is plain, all right. *This'll* keep you hard. This isn't luxurious. Oh, no!"

Spence eyed me disgustedly. "Do you always have to have pictures drawn for you before you can understand anything? Look! The house *couldn't* be plainer or simpler. It's the grounds that make it look pretentious. Why, if it weren't for the grounds—if this house were sitting in a small lot—any stock player making \$100 a week could own it. It's so small and so plainly furnished that we will only have to keep a cook and a houseboy."

Well, I'd heard stars rave on before so I said nothing and waited to see. They've lived there almost five years now and they still have only the cook and houseboy and a field hand who tends to the orange grove, the chickens and horses.

One comes directly from the porch into the living room. There is no entry hall. This is a very large room, the most impressive room in the place, and yet, even here the keynote is really one of simplicity and informality.

The interior of the Spencer Tracy home has never before been photographed. Mrs. Tracy graciously permitted us to give you these exclusive pictures. Top, Mrs. Tracy's bedroom; next, Spencer's room; right, their son's bedroom. Below, two views of the house itself. In our story you'll find detailed descriptions of all the rooms and their complete furnishings.

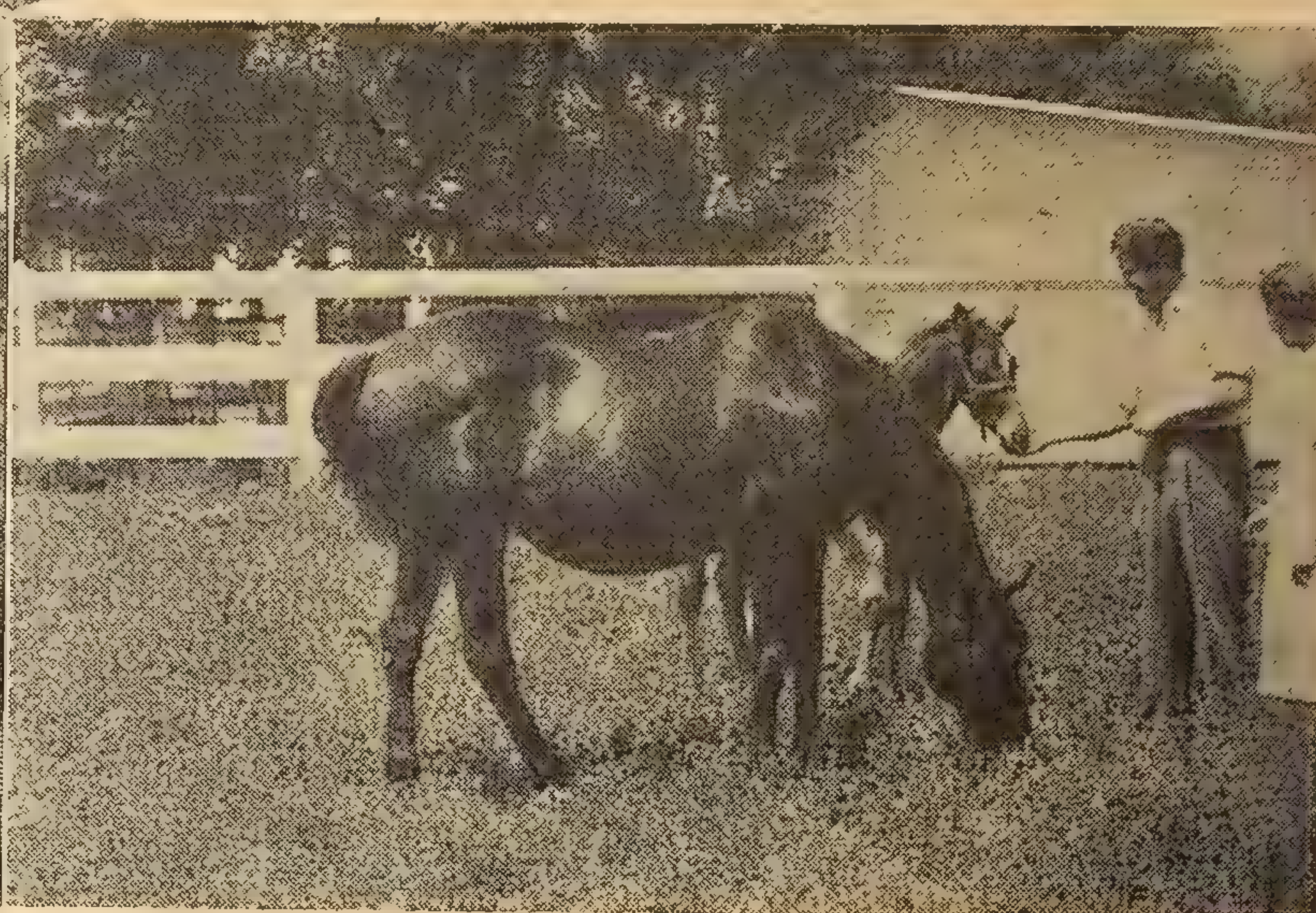
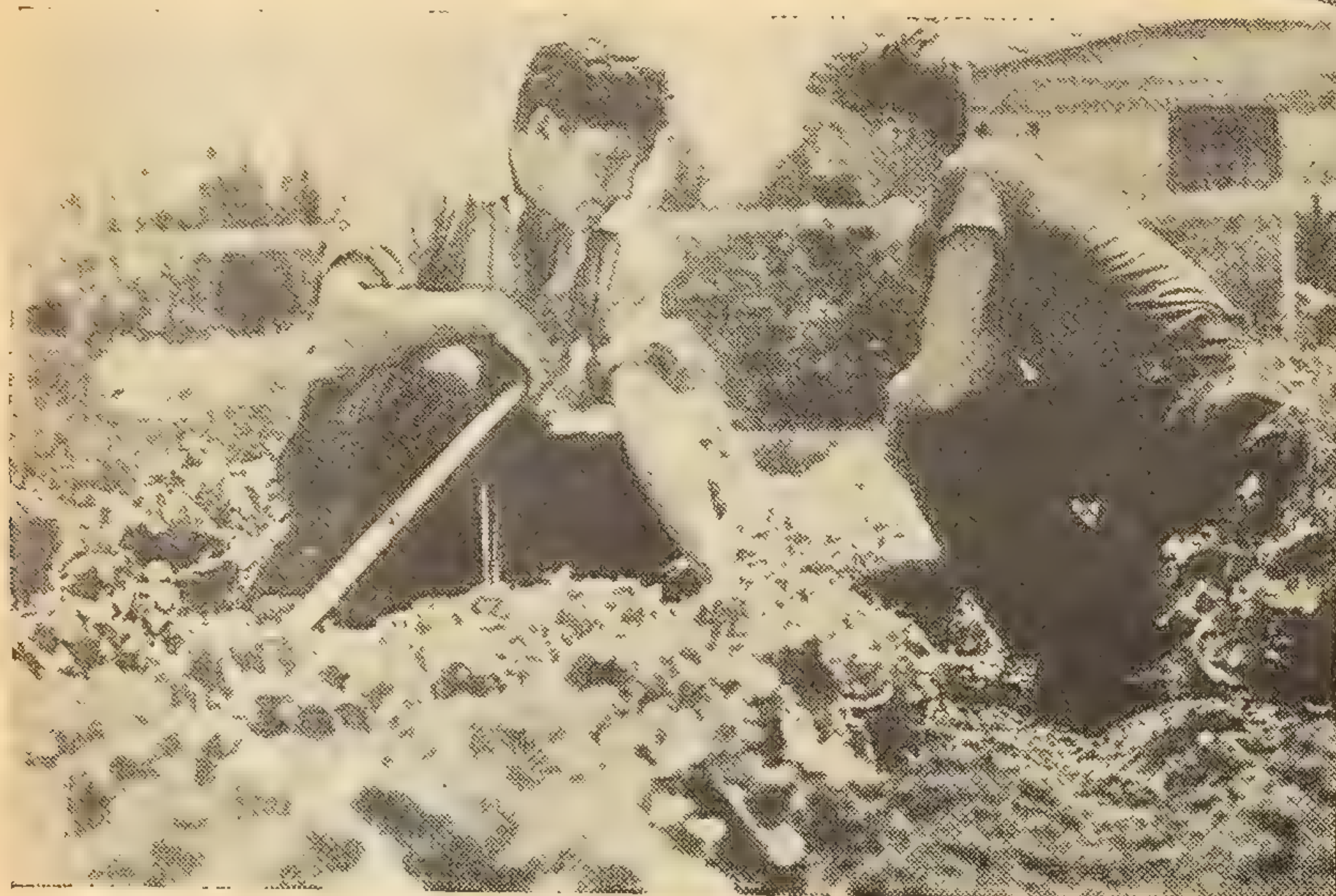






Above, Spencer Tracy and his cute little daughter, Susie. Below, Spence gardening with his son, John.

Below, Mrs. Tracy looks on as Spence feeds his prize colt a lump of sugar, at their simple ranch home.



"I'm afraid," Mrs. Tracy smiled when the photographer and I arrived, "you're going to have trouble finding anything to photograph. You see, we wanted a house that would be a home—a place that would be comfortable to live in rather than one that would look well in pictures but which would be depressingly formal. We have hardly any really good pieces, as a matter of fact."

The sideboard was an old pine dresser with a marble top. The marble was taken off and a new top built for it from old pine. The dining table and chairs were built to order to conform to the Tracy ideas of a rancher's furniture. The little mahogany tilt-top table was Mrs. Tracy's great-grandmother's, as well as the chairs on either side. With the exception of the group just mentioned and the sideboard, all the furniture in this room is maple.

Leaving the living room one comes to a long hall. At one end is Spencer's room and at the other Mrs. Tracy's. Spence's room is severely plain. I have never met anyone who so despised *chi-chi*, and there is not one piece of furniture in the entire room that is not utilitarian. The chair at the extreme left of the picture is his "easy" chair and to the left of this is a door leading to

the bath and dressing room. To the left of this door is a small rock maple chest of drawers. The desk is cluttered with papers—letters he means to answer himself, scripts (both of plays and pictures) that have been sent him to read, and notes that he makes at the studio, stuffs into his pockets and saves religiously. The two waste baskets were sent him by an old lady eighty years old who had made them herself. With them came a bill for \$16. On one basket is an old print of Stanley and on the other one of Livingstone.

The globe is Spence's pride and joy. If he's going on location and can find the place to which he's going on this globe there's never a doubt about his doing the picture. The ship's model is a reproduction in miniature of a boat he once owned—briefly. The first time Spence took the boat out alone he had some difficulty in getting it through the drawbridge at Wilmington harbor. Traffic stalled for an hour while the hapless Spence tried vainly to maneuver the boat through the narrow opening. Finally an irate motorist leaned over the side of the bridge and called down to Spence: "Maybe if you laid it over on its side you could get it through!" Spence sold the boat, but he keeps the miniature as a reminder of "Tracy's Folly." (Please turn to page 76)



# Jane MEETS Gene!



What a team! Jane Withers and Gene Autry are co-starred in a Western film, "Shooting High," sure to appeal to all young people under and over twelve.





The king of heart  
Tyrone Power, second  
only to Mickey R  
ney at the box-off  
first in the affectio  
of Annabella, and f  
in the hearts of ma  
of his country-m  
and especially, wom  
To keep him fir  
Darryl Zanuck h  
given him one of  
most starkly drama  
rôles of his career  
"Dance With the D  
il," with Dorothy  
mour, who was loar  
for rôle, as co-st

MASCULINE LURE, 1940





The queen of dreams, Ellen Drew. She's the million dollar girl Paramount found in a Hollywood candy store, but she doesn't want to be known as the "candy store Cinderella." Says that she went through plenty before she got her first big chance in "If I Were King" with Ronald Colman. Now she's proving her success in that was no fluke by her acting in "Geronimo," adventure film.

MININE LURE, 1940



# Beauty

**BRUNETTE  
BEAUTY:  
MERLE  
OBERON**

Her new film: "We  
Shall Meet Again"





to Burn!

BLONDE  
BEAUTY:  
MADELEINE  
CARROLL

Her next pic-  
ture: "Safari"





# THE SHADOWS OF THINGS TO COME



For a long time Robert Young's fans have been asking: Why is the boy given mostly B pictures? But that shadow you see is really M-G-M's promise of a fine, unusual part for Bob in "Florian."





And the shadows on this page promise a rôle for Robert Montgomery that will be even more unusual than the part he played in "Night Must Fall." In "The Earl of Chicago" Bob plays a Chicago gangster who inherits an English title as Earl of Gorley.



# Babe



This is no way to act when we want you to pose pretty for our cameraman! Well, leave it to Hollywood beauties to be wacky but wonderful. The giggling girl above is Virginia Gilmore, Dietrich's protégée—and she's embarrassed because she's been called owner of world's prettiest legs when all this time Marlene was supposed to own 'em. You figure it out. The roller-skating cutie at left is Peggy Moran, a great believer in preparedness—and incidentally a grand new picture bet in "Oh, Johnny, How You Can Love," with Tom Brown as the "Johnny" who certainly could.



# BEHAVE!



Remember June Knight, above? We don't see how you could ever forget her. She's making a movie come-back in the rôle of *Babe*, a night-club entertainer, in "The House Across the Bay," which co-stars Joan Bennett and George Raft. June really can swing a mean song, in case you're interested in this phase of her art. The gay colleen who is rushing the swim-suit season at left is Ruth Terry, who became a screen star in her first important rôle, opposite Pat O'Brien in "Slightly Honorable." Believe it or not, besides looking like that, eighteen-year-old Ruth can sing, too.



# SMILING Bride



She's all smiles these days, is Joan Fontaine. As the first and second Mrs. de Winter in "Rebecca," she's a treat for Laurence Olivier. She smiles to the camera because she won the rôle. In private life, she's all smiles for husband Brian Aherne.





SOLEMN  
*Groom*

As Max de Winter in "Rebecca," Laurence Olivier has to be solemn. His rôle calls for it. But apart from that, Laurence has reason to smile these days. "Wuthering Heights" led him to the heights.



# Scroomph Girl!

That's what Ann Sothern calls herself. She proved so popular in "Maisie" that Metro is starring her in a sequel, "Congo Maisie," in which the colorful character is stranded in Africa—but not for long—not Maisie!







er Wanger

# Good Loser

He laughs even when he loses! Dozens of times you've watched Walter Pidgeon on the screen playing the gallant lover who never quite wins the fair lady. Now for a change he wins Joan Bennett from George Raft in "House Across the Bay."



# Love



Two Stop-signals demonstrated by Alice Faye in "Little Old New York," the trusting look with Fred MacMurray, the worshipping look with Richard Greene.



# Signals !

In love scenes, whether real or on the screen, Stop-and-Go signals are even more important than traffic signals in a busy spot. On this page our lovers demonstrate the Go-signals; on the opposite page they show us the Stop-signals

In her love scene with Bing Crosby in "Road To Singapore," below right, Judith Barrett gives you Go-signal One, the side-wise glance; right, a Go-signal that got by the Hays office. When lips meet like this in a lover's kiss, it's a very advanced signal—Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston in "Typhoon." Opposite page, a good Stop-signal is being maternal, as Joan Bennett is toward George Raft in "House Across the Bay," top right; laughter is another safeguard, Pat O'Brien and Ruth Terry discover in this scene from their film, "Slightly Honorable," bottom, far left.



When a woman's head is tilted at the angle of Madeleine Carroll's, it's a Go-signal to a wise, sophisticated lover like Tullio Carminati in "Safari."





ELMER FRYER, Warner Bros.

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

From "Virginia City"





# Why BOYER CAME BACK

By  
Elizabeth  
Wilson

Those dames stampeding in the foyer  
Just want a gander at Charles Boyer.  
*Old Chinese Proverb*

Boyer comes back  
from Europe on the  
Clipper with Mrs.  
Boyer. Read here  
why he returned to  
Hollywood after all.



IT ALL depends on whether you are a man or a woman. If you are a woman it probably seems ages, grim, dreary ages since handsome Charles Boyer, cinema heart throb number one, sailed for a vacation in France and shortly afterwards became a private in the French Army. If you're a man, and not the least susceptible to those famous "bedroom eyes," it probably seems only yesterday.

It wasn't yesterday. And it wasn't ages. It was just about four months. Which isn't a very long time. News stories were just beginning to pour into Hollywood from Europe. They were played up prominently in the newspapers: Charles Boyer had been called to the colors; Charles Boyer was a private in the French Army; Charles Boyer's regiment had been sent to the front. And before you could say Maginot Line here were Charles Boyer and his beautiful wife, Pat Paterson, back in Hollywood.

Just to confuse things completely Hollywood's leading trade paper came out one morning with a long and

lachrymose story to the effect that poor Charles Boyer would have to spend Christmas in the trenches. And the very same morning the "Los Angeles Examiner" carried on its front page a dispatch from Europe that the Boyers were in Lisbon, Portugal, waiting to embark on the next Clipper for the United States—and Hollywood. His fans didn't know whether to knit socks or clap hands.


Well, I don't have to tell you that there are a lot of nasty-minded, disgruntled people in this world. They just can't bear to see anyone popular and successful. And that was all these disgruntlers—plus a whole flock of husbands with teensy weensy pig eyes—needed to know. They immediately started to pick on Charles Boyer. Why did he come back? Was that private in the French Army business just a publicity stunt? Did he take a run out powder? Had France sent him back to Hollywood as a propagandist? Christmas in the trenches, hooley.

There was plenty of grapevine gossip about the popular and attractive Charles Boyer. His reputation was shredded better than a veal (*Please turn to page 78*)





#### GONE WITH THE WIND—Selznick-M-G-M

 THE picture to see, talk about, fight over, and go back to see again! You've read and heard so much about it already that a review, as such, is an anti-climax. Suppose we play Questions and Answers with this one. You ask me, I'll answer.

**Q.** Is it really all they say it is?

**A.** Yes, and then some!

**Q.** Is 3 hours and 45 minutes too long?

**A.** The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

**Q.** Was Vivien Leigh the right choice for *Scarlett O'Hara*?

**A.** I say yes; others yes, physically; no, histrionically.

**Q.** Are the big scenes of the book just as dramatic in the film?

**A.** Yes, every one.

**Q.** What does the book gain, if anything, in screen translation?

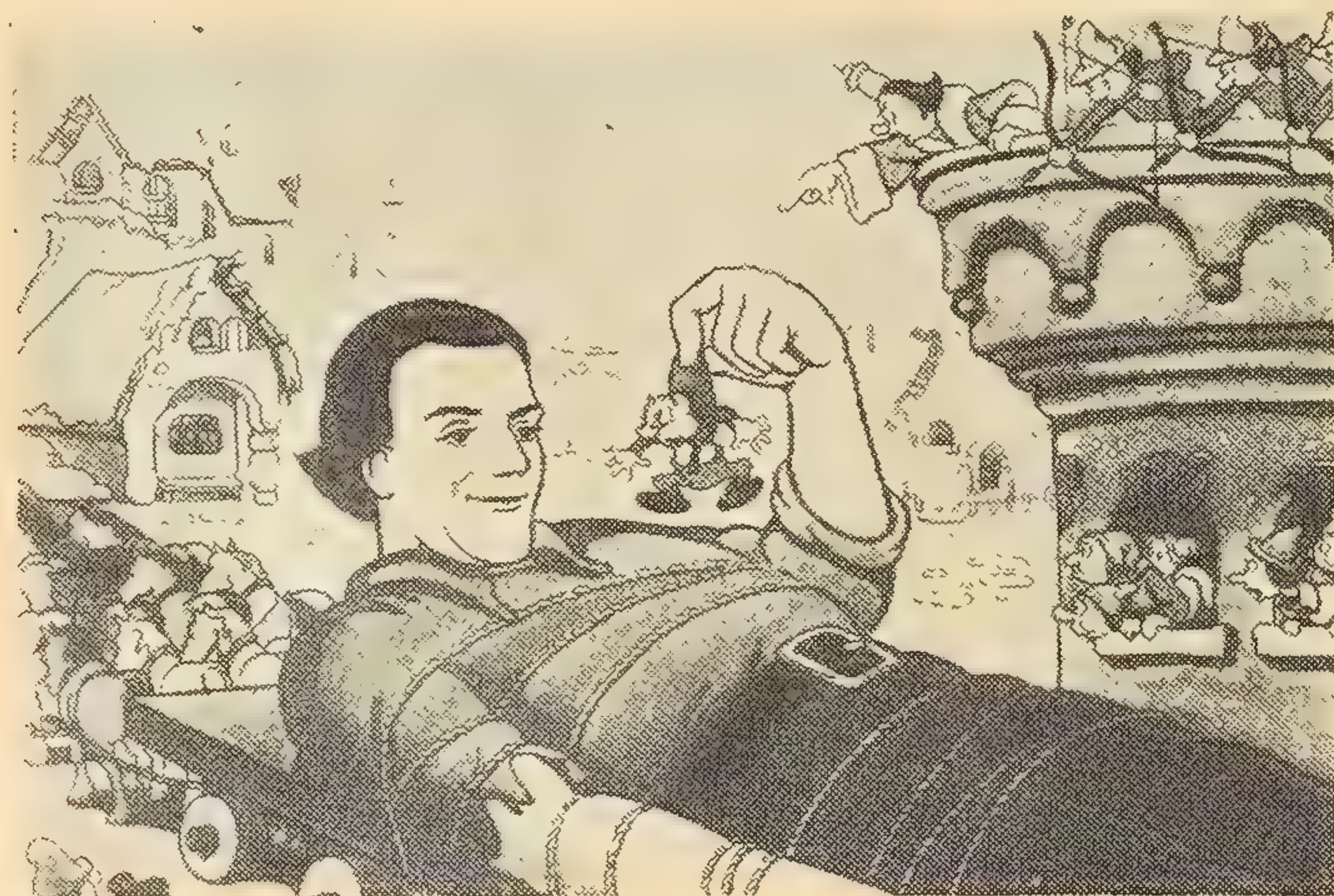
**A.** Gorgeous pictures in Technicolor, superbly photographed.

**Q.** What are the best supporting performances?


**A.** Olivia de Havilland's as *Melanie*. Hattie McDaniel's as *Mammy*.

**Q.** Is Clark Gable really as good as all that as *Rhett Butler*?

**A.** Yes, yes, YES!



#### GULLIVER'S TRAVELS—Paramount

 NOW here's a movie to fascinate the family! With the producers at their wits' ends trying to satisfy at one and the same time the critics' demand for adult films and the Legion of Decency's requirements, a show like "Gulliver's Travels" seems to be the answer to everybody's prayer. Don't blame Hollywood if in its frantic efforts to supply any and every kind of entertainment it frequently seems to be trying its best to split the American family—Junior going one way to catch a Cagney before mother catches up with him and Sis torn between Ty Power and *Rhett Gable*, while pa just stays home and sulks—too bad there aren't more pictures to attract 'em all, in a body. Well, here's one anyway. Max Fleischer has made a lavish full-length cartoon, all in color, of the Jonathan Swift classic, with lively tunes and plenty of slapstick and a curious new character named *Gabby* who may, just may, supplant last year's *Dopey* in your fond recollections. There I go, bringing up the Disney question! I told myself nothing would make me bring it up; that "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" was one thing and Fleischer's "Gulliver's Travels" quite another—well, that just about tells it; but there is enough gaiety, and much fun, as well as swell singing—that's Lanny Ross you're hearing as *Prince David* and Jessica Dragonette as *Princess Glory*.




## Reviews of the best Pictures by

*Delight Evans*




#### BALALAIKA—M-G-M

 YOU may go to see and hear Nelson Eddy, but you'll remain to cheer Ilona Massey, latest and loveliest Hollywood Cinderella. She is a, to coin a word, honey. She's a foreign charmer of a strictly new and modern school—clean-cut and direct, in a very handsome way, where Garbo is distant and aloof; warmly beautiful where Marlene takes a lot of coaxing; golden-voiced without the grand manner—yes, la Massey is with us to stay. Right here I want to take time out to toss a few bouquets in the direction of Mr. Eddy—who is, after all, star of the picture. The fact that he gallantly shares his spotlight with this pretty newcomer is the nicest thing I know about him; and his reward is that his performance here seems less glacial and more human than ever before. As *Prince Peter*, captain of those wild Cossacks in pre-World War Russia, who poses as a student to meet and win the lovely lady knee-deep in revolutionaries, the blond baritone acts and sings with arresting vigor, striding through the pretentious plot with amiable gusto, giving the Toreador song from "Carmen" a good going-over, and generally behaving with admirable taste and modesty. Miss Massey is a vision to behold in gorgeous costumes, a treat to hear as she warbles tinkly tunes, and even gives an indication that she's a good actress, if that ever comes up.






#### THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME—RKO-Radio

 VICTOR HUGO'S classic becomes a magnificent motion picture which every adult movie-goer should by all means see. Due to Dieterle's superb direction and the splendor of the setting the spectator is swept straight back into the darkly dramatic days of the 15th century when Louis XI was king and superstition and terror ran, as the saying goes, rampant. Also running rampant is *Quasimodo*, the hunchback bell-ringer of Notre Dame Cathedral—swinging from bell to bell in his tower, protecting the gypsy maid *Esmeralda* from the wicked *Frollo*, finally hurling stones and dropping molten metal upon the populace—it's all in the picture, retold with tremendous power and persuasion, enacted by a cast of consummate artistry. Of course, it is Charles Laughton's masterpiece—you'd expect it to be. His make-up as the Hunchback is so horrific it will revolt you—until his masterly mummery hypnotizes you into acceptance of poor *Quasimodo* as a human being—and your revulsion turns, as he intended, to intense pity. Laughton's scene on the pillory, if you can bear to watch it, will impress you as few other single screen scenes ever have—it is great acting shining through, somehow, the hideous mask. Lovely Maureen O'Hara is enchanting as *Esmeralda*; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Edmond O'Brien excellent. "The Hunchback" will haunt your dreams.




#### OF MICE AND MEN—Hal Roach-United Artists

 NOT for the squeamish, not for the youngsters, not for the frivolous; but for those who can take it, here's the finest drama of the season. I think it's a great picture. You had better know what you are getting yourself into, though, if you haven't read John Steinbeck's book or seen the play. It's about—lonely people: *George* and his huge childlike pal, *Lennie*, itinerant ranch workers, who dream of one day owning their own little house with a couple of acres of land, and cow, and chickens, and rabbits; *Mae*, a frustrated wife; *Candy*, crippled ranch hand whose only friend is his old dog—you may not know these people but you must be uneasily aware that they, or others like them, exist somewhere. Author Steinbeck isn't uneasy about them; he knows them, loves and pities them; and he presents their case in his curious, half-gentle half-savage story. "Of Mice and Men" has been so masterfully directed by Lewis Milestone, so superbly photographed by Norbert Brodine, so perfectly acted that I don't see how it can fail to move you deeply. It is tragic and it is beautiful. Burgess Meredith is almost heart-breakingly good as *George*. Lon Chaney, Jr., proves a worthy son of an illustrious father as *Lennie*. Betty Field, whom you saw in "Seventeen," will amaze you with her shrewdly bitter portrayal of *Mae*. Roman Bohnen and Charles Bickford, fine.




#### HIS GIRL FRIDAY—Columbia

 THIS one will leave you breathless—from laughter and from the sheer physical effort of keeping up with its rapid-fire action and dialogue. It's a racy, robust comedy melodrama with never a dull moment—Howard Hawks has seen to that with his vigorous direction of the Charles MacArthur-Ben Hecht newspaper play—for here, folks, is your trusty old friend, "The Front Page," in 1940 dress, with demon reporter *Hildy Johnson* turned into a sprightly young woman, and the managing editor, *Walter Burns*, magically youthful and handsome in the person of Cary Grant. If you think the changes make for sissification of a virile plot you'll learn different; they merely make things more interesting, for since when did a dash of sex appeal ever interfere with getting out a good newspaper? Surprise of the picture, for me, is Rosalind Russell. Now, if you're already a R. R. addict you'll mow me down for this—but not even her performance in "The Women" convinced me the comely Miss Russell is star stuff. It took her brilliant acting as the new *Hildy*—a tough part to play, what with keeping the character at once a "good newspaperman" and a very charming female—to show me once and for all that here's a real star, and a dazzling one. Cary Grant is—Cary Grant again, which seems highly satisfactory to most fans. Ralph Bellamy is good, too.



#### SWANEE RIVER—20th Century-Fox

 IF YOU love the songs of Stephen Foster you will not want to miss "Swanee River." You'll have a good cry when Don Ameche sings *Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair*, and Al Jolson croons *Old Folks at Home*; you'll warm to *Oh, Suzanna* and *De Camptown Races* and other beloved tunes; and you may, if you're a true Foster fan, come away feeling as I did, a little baffled—wondering whether it wouldn't have been better to wait a while longer to make this picture—until some singer came along who could breathe more life into the rôle of the composer than Don Ameche ever could, or whether, after all, any "Swanee River" is better than none. I'll settle for this and hope for happier casting next time. For the music alone, for some of the lovely Southern scenes, for the enthusiasm which Al Jolson brings to his minstrel rôle, for the tenderness with which Andrea Leeds enacts the part of Foster's wife—this film is a treat. For the mechanical manipulation of the facts of Foster's life, for the puzzling absence of any apparent understanding of the composer's character and genius, for Mr. Ameche's failure, for me, to penetrate the possibilities of his rôle—this is a keen disappointment. But the strains of the lovely music will linger, fortunately, long after the memory of the last unconvincing close-up. It's all in Technicolor.



# SCREENLAND GLAMOR SCHOOL



If you want plenty of dances, just don this dress of white sharkskin. On the opposite page, a close-up of the jacket. Its gold braid and gold buttons will make you stand out, so the stag line can't miss you.

For wear at Southern resorts, Brenda Joyce selects a coral-colored cotton crêpe skirt with a high waistline, shirred and tied at the front, and a white cotton blouse which can be worn with lots of other outfits.





Dashing clothes for a Southern re-  
sort; good for next Summer, too!  
Wear these for a place in the sun

Edited  
by

*Brenda Joyce*





You can have fun in the sun if you wear this play suit of navy blue jersey modelled by Brenda Joyce. The shorts are worn with a halter bra. Want a trick for adjusting those difficult halters? Just use white rings at the shoulders. Opposite page, a tied jacket of scarlet jersey can be worn over the play suit.





If you're as smart as Brenda, you can make two outfits out of one. Stripes have a place in the sun this year, so Brenda selected a tailored play suit of sage green percale striped in white (small picture left). The wrap-around skirt of white cotton twill turns it into another outfit (small picture opposite page).



# REVIEW of your FUTURE!

Norvell, noted Hollywood astrologer,  
helps you to your own life's true goal



**T**HERE were such interesting disclosures in the stars for all Pisces-born, that I am more than pleased to pass on the good news to those of you born in this fascinating sign. First of all, the glamor and beauty that Pisces gives its subjects fit them for any of the creative arts. They can take their places with equal ease in music, acting, writing, or art, or they can adapt themselves to the business world, if they so choose. They are studious, determined, and able to overcome all obstacles.

Loveliest of the screen ladies born under this magnificent sign is Madeleine Carroll. Fate, you will admit, overlooked nothing in endowing Miss Carroll. Not only has she the talent to go far in her screen career, but her beauty is almost unparalleled, even in Hollywood. She possesses a rare spiritual and mental charm, which is typical of this sign.

If you saw Miss Carroll in "Honeymoon In Bali," you recognized a new and even greater actress than

you have known in the past. The director of the picture was E. H. Griffith. He recently told me that Miss Carroll is the most sensitive and highly tuned of all the players with whom he has worked. She brings more to a rôle than is written in it, Mr. Griffith believes. This did not surprise me, for I know that Pisces people require patient and careful handling to bring out the delicate qualities they possess. Miss Carroll, unfortunately, has not yet found the supreme happiness in love and marriage which is the goal of most Pisces persons, since her first marriage ended unhappily, but I predict that she will marry happily before the end of 1941.

The stars were certainly well aspected when John Garfield was born. Not only was the Sun in the lucky Sign of Pisces, but the other planets were so well aspected that they reflected the great success he has already known. In keeping with this sign, even more brilliant things await Garfield in 1940. There have been temporary



disturbances with his studio regarding choice of story, but these differences are bound to be ironed out, for Garfield is too valuable a player for Hollywood to lose. His stars bequeathed him the courage to overcome his early environment, and even though his chart showed afflictions during the first fifteen years of his life, the aspects suddenly changed and brought him success and happiness. Even though Garfield has been continuously cast as an under-dog on the screen, he himself is far from such. His nature is sympathetic and kind, and he is well-liked. He is the Paul Muni of the younger gen-

Norvell previews the future for screen stars and for our readers. Here, he is pictured with some of the Hollywood celebrities interested in his predictions. Below, with Patricia Morison; lower, with ballerina Baronova. Below, left, Madeleine Carroll and director E. H. Griffith consult Norvell. Lower left, with lucky Louis Hayward.



eration and will only need maturity to give his gifts full scope. His marriage and home life will be happy, because he has overcome the disturbing qualities that sometimes keep Pisces persons from finding marriage happiness.

If you were born in this sign, but like Garfield in his early life, are experiencing reverses of fortune and financial disturbances, remember that your stars endow you with the mentality and qualities of true greatness that will some day be recognized by the world. This sign is characterized by an indomitable will, the ability to pick a goal, and go toward it unswervingly. According to the calculations of the ancients, this sign commemorates the birth of Christianity, and Pisces subjects are always interested in helping humanity.

You may experience certain reverses as you go through

life, but remember that all great persons have had to overcome trials and tribulations; it makes for truly fine living. You may not choose the stage or screen, like John Garfield, or other stars born in the Sign of Pisces, but you have musical and acting ability if you wish to study and develop those latent talents. This sign is fortunately very versatile. The women in this sign excel as teachers, secretaries, nurses, beauticians, and salesladies. The men take their places in radio, aviation, horticulture, designing, law, and medicine.

Before the Hedy Lamarr squabble with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was amicably adjusted, the rumor spread that the studio was grooming another foreign star to take Hedy's place as Hollywood's newest glamor girl. As if to confirm this fact, I was called in to set up a chart for Hollywood's latest importation, Irina Baronova, famous ballerina late of the Ballet Russe. Would Miss Baronova add any lustre to M-G-M's glittering galaxy of stars? That was the question (*Please turn to page 84*)



Four years ago, a jinx began to pursue Allan Jones. Because Nelson Eddy became a star first, Allan couldn't get anywhere in pictures. If you ever have to face bad luck, this will show you how you, too, can conquer it!

By  
Dora  
Albert

# How Allan Jones Licked



Left to right above: Allan Jones, still jinxed, with Jeanette MacDonald in "Rose Marie," trying to beat the jinx in "Showboat" and "Firefly," the jinx defeated by "The Great Victor Herbert."

**H**AVE you ever had the feeling that a jinx was pursuing you, so that no matter what you did, it went wrong? In Hollywood, players often seem to be pursued by a jinx for long periods of time. For instance, Claudette Colbert was submerged for years in inferior rôles because of the "clothes horse" jinx. Every time a part came along that called for a girl to wear silver foxes, Claudette had to arise and shine. And then there is the case of Allan Jones and the Nelson Eddy jinx. If Allan had been at one studio and Nelson Eddy at another, I doubt if Allan would have suffered from that jinx. But because they were both at M-G-M, and because both men were excellent singers, a strange situation arose.

Definitely, Allan suffered for four years from the Nelson Eddy jinx. Today, having fully conquered it, he can afford to laugh at what happened. Today, he is under contract to Paramount—and his contract, which permits him to make outside pictures as well, is the envy of the picture business. Today, with the critics' plaudits for his acting in "The Great Victor Herbert" ringing in his ears, he doesn't have to worry about Nelson Eddy or anyone else. But four years ago the story was entirely different. Four years ago, Allan was one of the most bewildered young men in the movie business.

"Metro was holding me on the bench, using me as a sort of reserve football player," said Allan slowly. Then he smiled, and shrugging his shoulders, he said, "Not

that I blame them. Had I been in their place, I would have done the same thing. You see, Nelson Eddy had succeeded first as a singer, and had established his box-office value. Naturally, the best singing rôles went to him. Metro couldn't cast me in the right parts, and at the same time they hated to let me go to another studio, where I might be in possible competition with Nelson Eddy."

Allan sat in a chair in his living room, facing me. But here was the curious, the odd thing. Actually the back of the chair was turned to me. Allan sat in that chair with his legs fastened against the back of it, like a man who sat astride of the world, like a man who has conquered the world; as indeed he has. For Allan spent not only four years in the movies waiting for success; but even before that, there was a long pull, a pull which started when he was eight years old. At that time, although he was the son of a coal miner in Scranton, Pa., and everything about his background made it seem inevitable that he would spend all the years of his life working in the pitch darkness and gloomy surroundings of the coal mines, he first began to sing in St. Luke's Episcopal Church—and that was the beginning of the destiny which sees him on top today. That story has been told, but the one which hasn't been told is his fight to get somewhere in the movies.

The story begins rightly about five years ago, in March 1934, when he was appearing in Boston in "Annina," a musical show with Maria Jeritza, the opera singer; and Al Altman, M-G-M's talent scout, saw him and saw something in his personality which might make him a great star if he were properly cast. Naturally, when Mr. Altman invited him to take a movie test in New York, Allan was elated, and he was still more pleased, when just as soon as his test arrived on the Coast, Mr. Mayer, the guiding genius of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



# the Nelson Eddy Jinx!

Studios, called New York long distance with orders to sign Allan to a contract.

But there was one stumbling block in the way. Allan was under contract to the Shuberts, for whom he had made "Annina," and under the terms of the contract, he was bound to them for two years. Metro had great plans for him and wanted him to come out to the Coast immediately, but how could he, until he had shaken off the shackles of his Shubert contract?

When he asked the Shuberts under what conditions they would release him, they agreed to do it if he would pay them \$50,000. To Allan, this seemed too high a price to pay, and so he and the Shuberts haggled around for months, unable to reach any agreement. And while this was going on in New York, events had taken a strange turn in Hollywood. For right on the Metro lot was a talented singer who had been waiting a year and a half for a good rôle in pictures. He was blond and blue-eyed, was terrifically appealing to women, and needed only the right rôle to put him across. But no one knew whether he could act or not. At that time, he had just been briefly glimpsed in "Broadway to Hollywood" and in "Dancing Lady" with (Please turn to page 91)



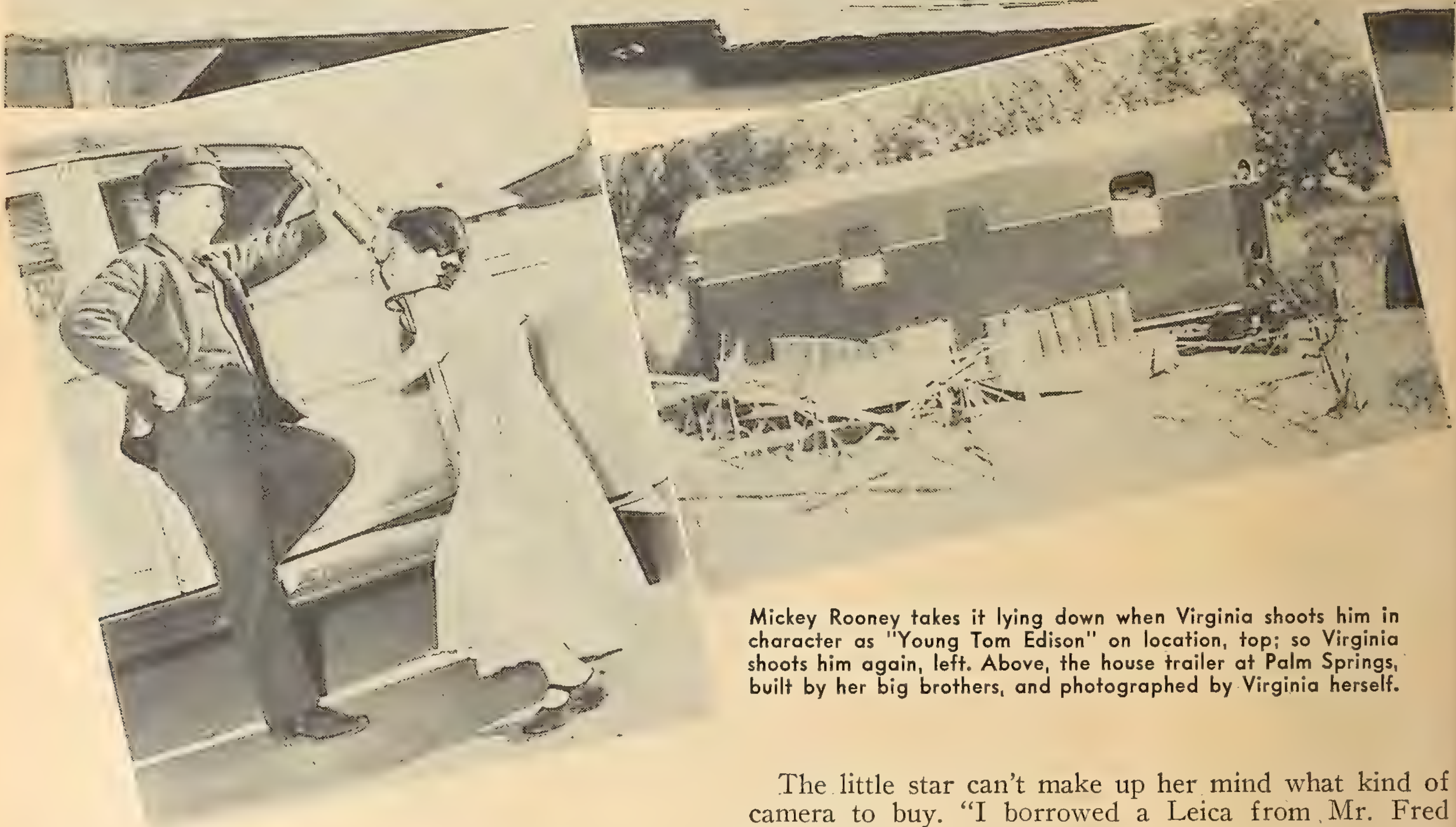


# A Kid

By  
Ruth Tildesley

# With a Camera

See the world through the eyes of a twelve-year-old camera fiend, little Virginia Weidler



Mickey Rooney takes it lying down when Virginia shoots him in character as "Young Tom Edison" on location, top; so Virginia shoots him again, left. Above, the house trailer at Palm Springs, built by her big brothers, and photographed by Virginia herself.

"THE MOST awful thing has happened!" said Virginia Weidler, arriving at the studio for her interview. "I'm a camera fiend without a camera!"

"Temporarily only," added Mrs. Weidler, with a twinkle.

Virginia refused to be consoled. "I had the nicest camera," she rattled on. "I bought it myself out of my allowance and I've taken all sorts of pictures with it, and my brothers have taken snapshots of me, and we have a whole album of stuff. I've had it more than a year. Then my brother George borrowed the camera to take to school, for pictures of his schoolmates, and somehow it got lost. And now we will have to get another."

The little star can't make up her mind what kind of camera to buy. "I borrowed a Leica from Mr. Fred Bjering, the still camera-man on our picture, 'Young Tom Edison,' in order to take some pictures of Mickey Rooney, so he could shoot me doing it. He showed me exactly how to manage the thing, but do you know they have thirty-six pictures on a roll of film, and mine are right at the beginning, so for a long time I won't know if my stuff is good! I don't believe I have the patience to own a Leica, anyway. And besides they run into money, don't they? My allowance isn't so big that I don't have to think of that.

"Our family has an old European camera, a Goertz, big and black, like a box. It still takes good pictures, but it's awkward for me to handle. The one I had was an Eastman, that you could set for *time* or *instant*. There's



a funny story about it: I always loaded my own camera and took the film out and arranged about where to stand and the light and all. Well, the first day we moved into our new house out on the ranch—we have two and a half acres, and when we moved in we had lots of animals—that day I bought three rolls of film and ran around taking pictures. I shot people coming in and going out and dogs and horses and goats, and the house and the yard and everything. At noon I had used all three rolls and I ran down to the drugstore to get them developed and printed. The man said: 'Tomorrow at four,' and I thought I'd never be able to wait. At four—oh, way before then!—I was waiting. Not one single picture came out! I had the thing set for *time* instead of *instant*. Oh, I was so disappointed!"

Mrs. Weidler observed that they used to have a wonderful camera, a Zeiss, that took the most amazing pictures. "It was a valuable camera; the depression came and we had to let it go, because eating was more important than pictures. I wish we had it back again.

"If we had, I probably wouldn't be allowed to use it!" said Virginia, philosophically. "I think I'd better get an inexpensive one, so that nobody will worry very much



It takes a child to capture with a camera the joyous things that make childhood such a grand period: a boat to sail on, a horse to ride on, her favorite dogs (that's Princess at the left). Her brother-in-law snapped Virginia up in that tree, at a ranch.

about what I do with it.

"Here's a picture I took of my dogs. I had the most terrible time getting them all up on the chairs, like Clyde Beatty with his lions and tigers. As soon as I got one in a chair, the others got down. Even here, Princess has her back turned. The dogs are Cubby, Moose, Weasel, Rex and Princess.



Cubby was one of only five *Bouvier des Flandres* dogs in this country. One day she got out of the place and was never seen again. Our ranch is all fenced in and we can't see how she did it. Someone must have picked her up, for we hunted all over and nobody could find her. If I saw her any place, in any country, I could identify her. I know exactly how she looked. And she was a pet!

"Moose belonged to Cecilia Parker and she gave her to me. Cecilia used to call her Flanagan, but we call her Moose. She looks like a moose. This one is Weasel, this is Rex, and this big one is Princess. We had two other dogs, Spot and Husky, but (Please turn to page 88)





# Six Men Talk About Women

**To these gentlemen, we say, "Thanks for your brickbats, and thanks for your bouquets." They are helpful guides to much greater appeal!**

**By**

**Courtenay Marvin**



Beauty of form and motion. Light, swift, and sure as a bird. Interpreted by the ballerina, Zorina, at her practice bar.

**F**OR a long time, we've listened to this complaint: "American women dress and make-up to win the approval of other women, not the approval of men." That, we are told, is our great feminine weakness, as opposed to the much flaunted allure of our Continental sisters, who concentrate to the point of art on pleasing the men. That they succeed, we cannot deny. There are thousands of girls, good-looking, likeable, well-dressed, who never made a dent in a stag line. There are others who might pass in a crowd—a very large crowd—who are the recipients of adoration and adulation from the males. And for what, we may frankly ask.

To get a little beneath the surface of this great human enigma, your beauty editor cornered six gentlemen—nice, average gentlemen, not casting directors or producers—and X-rayed them on the small points of womanly allure. Here are their whims, their why's and wherefore's, just as they came from their firm lips. No mincing or prettying-up of their notions has taken place. They're straight from the wide, open spaces of the masculine mind.

Mr. A. says:

"Women talk too much. They rattle along aimlessly without a point to what they say. I admire grace of body and movement above facial beauty. I see plenty of good figures, but poor posture. Many women slump together, especially when they sit. A man can't tell whether they're tall or short, heavy or slim. They run together when they let themselves go." Mr. A., who has a bit of the real artist in his soul, cites Zorina as his idea of the feminine figure divine, and on that I think we will give Mr. A. a great big hand. For beauty of figure and movement, Zorina is an inspiring example for all. Mr. A. further adds: "I do not think women pay enough attention to co-ordinating

their costumes. I do not think they are ensemble-minded."

To reach Mr. A's. ideals, I should say that we might: Control our flow of talk, though freedom of speech and the press seem especial feminine prerogatives. Some good exercise and body control would help our figures, and a little more painstaking attention to color in costume and make-up is always in order. No better idea in make-up than the co-ordinated sets that assemble every phase of make-up in correct harmony to your coloring.

Mr. B's. ideal requirements are: "Sad eyes and a merry heart." He thinks that Brenda Marshall, Hedy Lamarr, and Vivien Leigh have what he has in mind. There's good sense to his reasoning, too, because he feels that the possessor of sad eyes has lived and suffered, and through these experiences becomes a more reasonable and tolerant person, and that a merry heart is a gallant approach to living, an evidence of making the best of things. I might add that Mr. B. married a girl with sad eyes and a merry heart. He abhors seeing girls smoke on the street and thinks that beauty and intelligence are the perfect combination.

I can't give you any tips on attaining sad eyes, but to work for a merrier heart, a lighter, happier disposition, is very worth while. And smoking is certainly not for the hurrying female pedestrian wending her way through traffic. It's dangerous; it's plain ugly and in very poor taste.

Mr. C. is a gentleman who is always conscious of the color of a girl's eyes. And that is something, because most men certainly are not, so don't be hurt if your own husband isn't sure whether yours are hazel, blue, or grey. Mr. C. is fascinated by deep (*Please turn to page 82*)



# Screenland's Glamour Guides

Salutations to  
Spring! For  
where to  
buy them,  
see Store  
Directory  
Page 81

By Marina



Old-fashioned nosegays for your jacket, your fur coat or your frock. Small garden flowers, in colorful combinations, are framed in white lace doilies to lend a debonair note to your costume. They're young; lovely; Spring! About \$.50.

Walk-Over's "Evette." An open-toed step-in with a V throatline and stitched vamp. Shown in black patent leather with elasticized faille, or in blue calf or white suede combinations. In medium or high heel, and priced at about \$6.95.

A new frock is in order now. A true charmer and a tonic for Spring is this Judy 'n Jill beauty of casual glamor. Of Everfast Sportella, "fast to sun—fast to washing," in flannel-like texture of spun rayon and acetate. A cocktail for early Spring under that dark coat; the piece de resistance of a wardrobe, Southward bound, and a bit of all-around daytime chic. In blue, rose, grey or gold; in sizes 9 to 17, and conveniently priced at \$13.95.



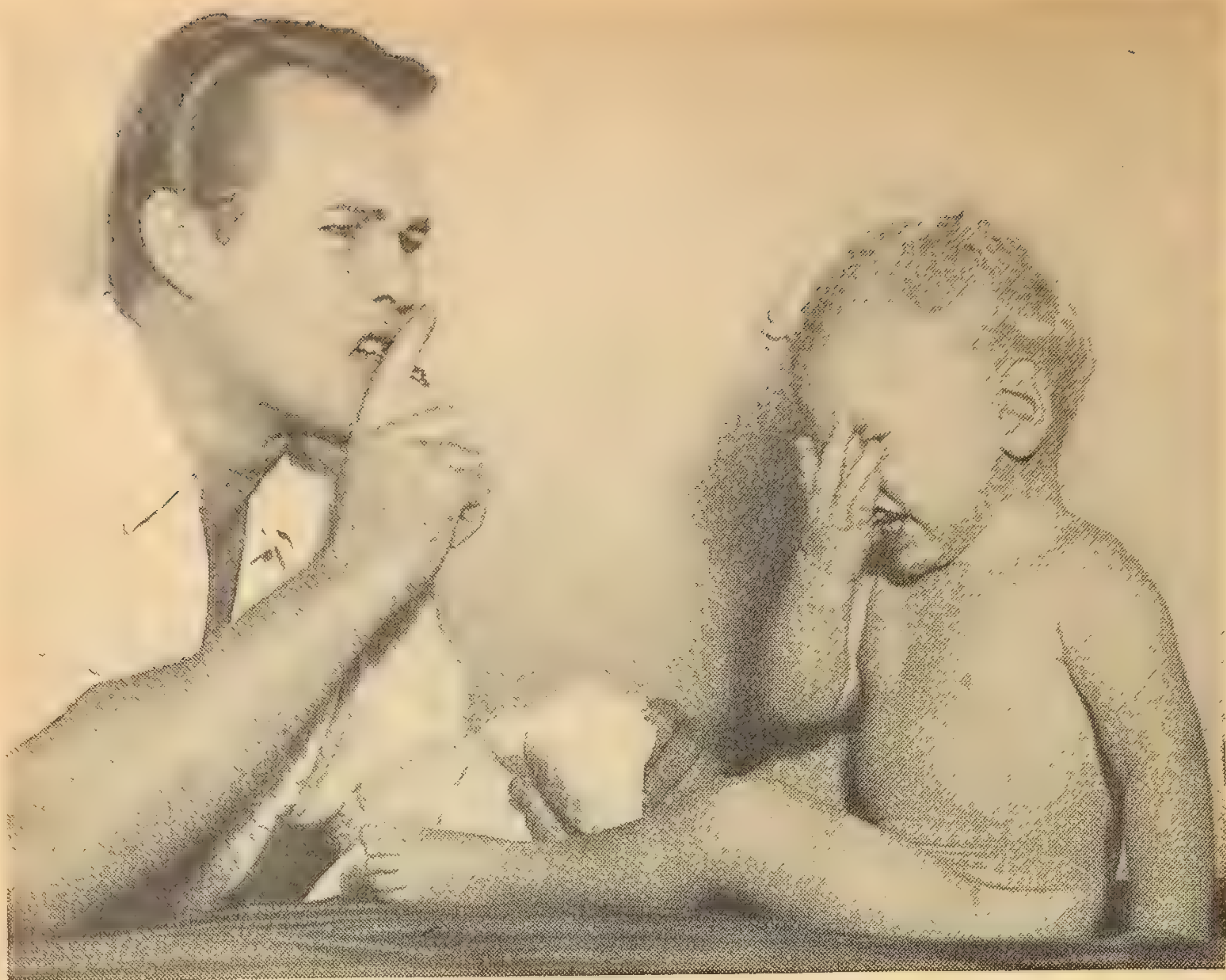
Real-Form pantie girdle, with double-ply Milanese crotch and removable garters. Designed, like all Real-Form "Girdles of Grace," to nip in waist, flatten diaphragm, round out hips—to mould and control with freedom. About \$2.50.



Under your Spring suit—this "Scarlett O'Hara" sweater. A Tish-U-Knit, designed by Leon, of soft, sleek and moth-proofed Shetland-Blend. It's feminine and dainty, and a real "Gone With the Wind" accent. In lovely colors. About \$1.95.



# Here's



Just before Wayne Morris became the father of a six pound, eleven ounce son, he learned about babies from Peter B. Good in "Brother Rat and a Baby." At first, Peter objected to a novice handling him; didn't like his technique.

**G**ARBO, the last person you'd think would care, is goofy over hats. Her tenderness toward that streamlined stove-pipe in "Ninotchka" is typical of her very real feeling for head gear. Her collection of bonnets would put many another star's string of latest models in the shade—that is, if she ever actually wore any of them. That's where she reverts to type. No one ever sees her hats. Somewhere in her house there must be closet after closet filled with stunning, unworn topknots. It is a fact that Garbo has a standing order with a very expensive milliner here for six new hats for every season change. She spends days in this shop patiently fitting all her new chapeaux, and lately (after years of warming up to a friendship) she goes right into the back room to watch every twist and turn of felt and straw that goes into her hats. Now, she's become interested enough to try her own hand at it. All this fascination shouldn't seem too unlikely if you remember that Garbo really appeared on the screen for the first time as a hat model back in Stockholm.

**C**HARLIE CHAPLIN'S newest picture "The Dictator" still occasions the greatest interest of any picture being made in Hollywood, yet no writer for the press actually knows any intimate details of the production. Scribes aren't welcome at the Chaplin studio during a production. We know that Chaplin plays a dual rôle, that of a dictator and that of an unimportant resident of a crowded ghetto, but intimate anecdotes about Charlie and the actual shooting are impossible to gather. However, I've learned that the Chaplin touch is still there and that his pantomime is as commanding and believable as ever. His art is almost hypnotic. When he appeared on the set as the sympathetic little fellow from the ghetto, everyone was friendly and called him Charlie. Then a most magnificent change came over him. He appeared one day as the dictator in a brilliant uniform with boots and spurs. He wore a dazzling array of medals and carried a sleek, evil sword. His orders were crisp, his manner military, the very atmosphere reeked of his power. His men quietly addressed him as "Mr. Chaplin."

**R**IGHT now, Eleanor Powell is the most envied person among all the music-minded in Hollywood. All those glamor girls who gushed their appreciation of Brahms and Bach all over Arturo Toscanini when he was here on a vacation, didn't impress the eminent conductor one mite, but Eleanor Powell did. His gesture in appreciation of her ability is, I think, the most gracious and touching tribute that has ever been paid a Hollywood performer. The entire studio was awed when this foremost music interpreter of the age came to visit the lot. He saw all the magic and met all the big shots and then Eleanor welcomed him to her set by making her feet talk a welcome. She will never equal that performance again. She seemed inspired and pulled steps out of the air, spontaneously. When she finished, out of breath, Toscanini never said a word but with his eyes brimming tears, in complete understanding of the rhythms her feet had beat out, he approached her, kissed her gently on both cheeks, and fled.

**J**AMES HILTON is without a doubt the most movie-struck author ever to hit Hollywood. He is also the most pleased (maybe I should say the only author ever pleased with what movie magic has done to his stories.) There are tales going around that make Mr. Hilton the most unusual writer ever to set up shop here. His most enlightening reaction to Hollywood came after he saw "Mr. Chips" on the screen the first time. (He's seen it many times since.) When the lights came up after a private preview of the picture Hilton, with tears in his eyes, sat speechless, over-awed with the beauty of his own creation coming at him from the screen. On good authority it comes to light that his plans for play writing have been shunted. His commitment to have a play on Broadway right now is way behind schedule because he can't tear himself away from his goggle-eyed interest in everything that goes on on the sound stages and in the projection rooms. Authors are not supposed to let Hollywood fascinate them and ruin their unfettered creative urges, but James Hilton was so pleased with his Warner picture "We Are Not Alone" that he signed a contract to write only for them.



Nothing daunted by Peter's lack of co-operation, Wayne stuck some pins in his mouth; seized the babe by his heels.

**T**YRONE POWER'S first Hollywood contract was a stock ticket with the old Universal Studios. He was just a youngster then but he went through the studio routine of giving the publicity department any and all information regarding his previous life and experiences. It was put down in black and white, just as every other newcomer's dreams are recorded, banking on the possibility that he might turn out to be a find. Among the endless questionnaires that he filled out I've just recently seen one which asked his opinion on marriage. In those days Tyrone wanted to marry a woman who was "sophisticated, honest, and above all, a good sport." Checking up, it seems that Tyrone knew what he wanted even then, and Annabella was undoubtedly destined for him.

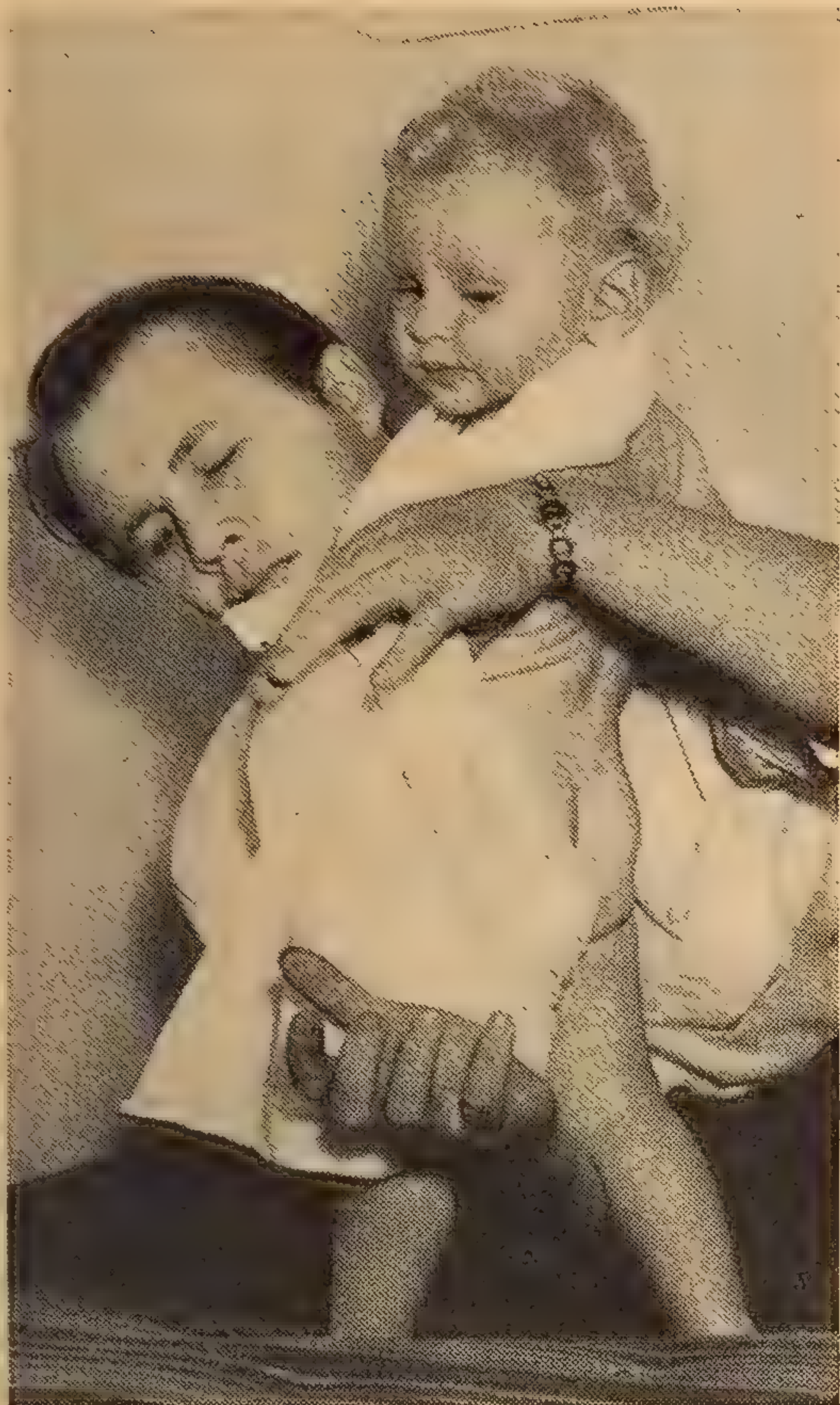
**W**HEN Irene Dunne feels low she gets her biggest lift and inspiration from playing over an old set of Tetrassini recordings. She bought them with precious money she skimmed to save when she first started studying voice . . . Did you know that Joan Crawford is an honorary but full-fledged, California State Fire Marshal and also a Los Angeles Battalion Fire Chief? In "Magic Bullets" you will see the only angleworm ever to play a featured role in a motion picture. His name is Curly and, this will kill you, he had a stand-in throughout the picture because the lights were too hot for him . . . One of the less strenuous things Zorina does to keep that figure is to toss a cup of rice about the room once every day and then pick up each kernel.



# Hollywood

You want to know what's new in Hollywood? Don't miss this month's inside slants by our sleuth

By Weston East



What a struggle Wayne is having! Peter thinks it's very strange that Wayne isn't more completely master of the situation.



Grimly determined to learn how to become a father, Wayne marches onward and upward. He's glad zippers were invented.

ATTENTION, Marlene Dietrich! You left that jewel-studded cigarette case that you've been missing on a table at the Beverly Wilshire. They're holding it but they don't know it belongs to you . . . Bela Lugosi has just finished the most unusual assignment of his career, and it makes "Dracula" pale and uninteresting. He has just recorded his impersonation of a volcano in eruption for Walt Disney's "Fantasia."

A VERY unusual pact of mutual assistance between Jack Benny and Rochester sprang into being quite unexpectedly the other night. Jack was taking a terrific beating in a bowling spree at the Recreation Center. He had taken the combined challenge of Andy Devine, Phil Harris and Don Wilson and was rolling a losing game against that bunch for quite a sizeable bet. Mary Livingston's cheering for the opposition wasn't helping Jack's morale any. During a lull in the pin-tipping, Rochester rushed into the place wild-eyed, looking for "Boss" Benny. After a moment's whispered conference Rochester joined Jack in his game and between them they brought the triple threat down to an unbecoming defeat. Then they both made a beeline for the foyer of the building. There, it was Jack's turn to help Rochester by convincing a waiting salesman that his gullible friend did *not* want to buy an airplane. Rochester can't resist a salesman. But now with Jack's help he'll probably be able to curtail his list of interests in fighters, oil wells, gold mines and fox farms he couldn't resist.

See how elated Wayne is now that he's solved the problem? From that moment he was ready for fatherhood.

THIS is actually the kind of a guy Henry Fonda is. Not long ago he was going down the street in Beverly Hills and passed a well known men's tailoring establishment. He stopped to look into the window and something apparently fascinated him. He contemplated that window with a puzzled frown for ten minutes, and for another ten minutes tried to make up his mind to go into the shop. Finally he did. A salesman rushed up to him. Hank pointed at the display and said, "That suit of clothes in the window . . ." "Yes, Mr. Fonda," the clerk beamed, "would you like to try it on?" "Oh no," Hank answered. "That's not it, and I don't want to be telling you how to run your business, but I know you can show that suit to better advantage if you put it on the opposite side of the window with a lighter background." Hank apologetically confessed that he had once been a window trimmer and that he couldn't help noticing little things like that.

TO SEE Shirley Temple stepping off a mean rumba would be thoroughly fantastic to most of her grown up fans, but that's just what Shirley is learning to do right now down at Palm Springs. And none other than that handy man about town, Jackie Cooper, is teaching her. I don't mean that Shirley is out night-clubbing. She is much too young to go out dancing even with her parents. So far, her dancing partners have been limited to her brothers and her French teacher—whenever Shirley can ditch an irregular verb and talk her teacher into showing her a few steps. You can imagine then what a thrill it is for Shirley when her mother allows the tall Mr. Cooper to give her a whirl each evening during the dinner hour at the Desert Inn. Jackie makes those dinner hour dances an event for Shirley.





## Love and Friendship



Who said extras never get anywhere? Here's one gal, Doris Davenport, above, who flew from a job as extra and photographer's model right into the waiting arms of Gary Cooper in "The Westerner." Yep, she's his new leading lady. Right, in poignant scene from "Northwest Passage," Spencer Tracy as MAJOR ROGERS proves friendship for wounded LANGDON TOWNE (Robert Young).

LUCILLE FAIRBANKS' most prized possession, her gift of her famous uncle's old battered make-up kit, has become deep in sentimental value since his death. It was presented to Douglas Fairbanks by a grateful crew on completion of "The Three Musketeers" in 1921. Doug gave it to Lucille when she was about to start a rôle that would make the Fairbanks' name more of a tradition in motion pictures. Inscribed on a brass tag attached to the kit is the inscription, "To Doug, the king of Hollywood."

A LOT OF people around Hollywood are placing a very weighty implication on the fact that Warner Brothers have gone to the trouble and expense of importing a dialogue director all the way from New York for the insinuating purpose of keeping an ear glued to Ann Sheridan's dialogue delivery in her new picture. They say it's the crisis for Ann. She has been handed that cruel and frightening Hollywood ultimatum of act-or-get-off-the-lot. Her studio has given her everything else in her build-up—all she has to do now is to act. Her friends and boosters are hoping that the title of the picture foretells a happy prophecy for her. Ann's appeal has always been reckoned by millions of volts. She has only to prove it in "It All Came True." There are those who say that Ann won't be living at Warner's any more if she doesn't come through.

WHENEVER Sonja Henie is not being seen about Hollywood with a handsome new swain the rumors begin all over again that Vic Orsatti, her agent, is positively her real heart. They point out that his recent flights across the country to Sonja while she was out on her tour meant more than just business. They also point out that Sonja's telephone calls to her dapper agent are getting more and more frequent and longer in duration. But I've found that with Sonja it is still just business. It isn't love that is putting a point to her avid conversations with her agent. And he is past thinking they might ever get to coo love stuff over the telephone. In fact, it's plain that Sonja's other attributes are overshadowed by her ability to talk turkey. When she calls it is strictly commercial. Her question to her agent these days is not, "How're you doing, dear?" but "How am I doing—in Boston, Baltimore and Battle Creek?" There is also talk of a fabulous skating tour of all of South America for Sonja in the offing.

BILL HENRY'S rôle in "The Way Of All Flesh" has been, in one respect, the most extraordinary he has ever played. He was rehearsed and coached by a servant of his who, strangely, is an authority on the rôle. When Bill first received the script for the picture he took it home and because his wife wasn't there, asked the servant to hear him run through some lines. Without the script and without a moment's hesitation the fellow, most remarkably, knew the situations in the drama and was even able to prompt Bill, who was thunderstruck. "Why, how can you know this so well?" Bill asked. "If you please, Mr. Henry," the fellow said, "I happened to be working for Barry Norton when he played this rôle with Emil Jannings over ten years ago. I rehearsed him in it, and I have a bit of a good memory, thank you."

THE woman who actually made Lillian Russell's corsets is in Hollywood supervising the making of the waist pinchers that Alice Faye will wear when she plays that glamorous gal on the screen. The stays will not be made of gold as the original ones were.



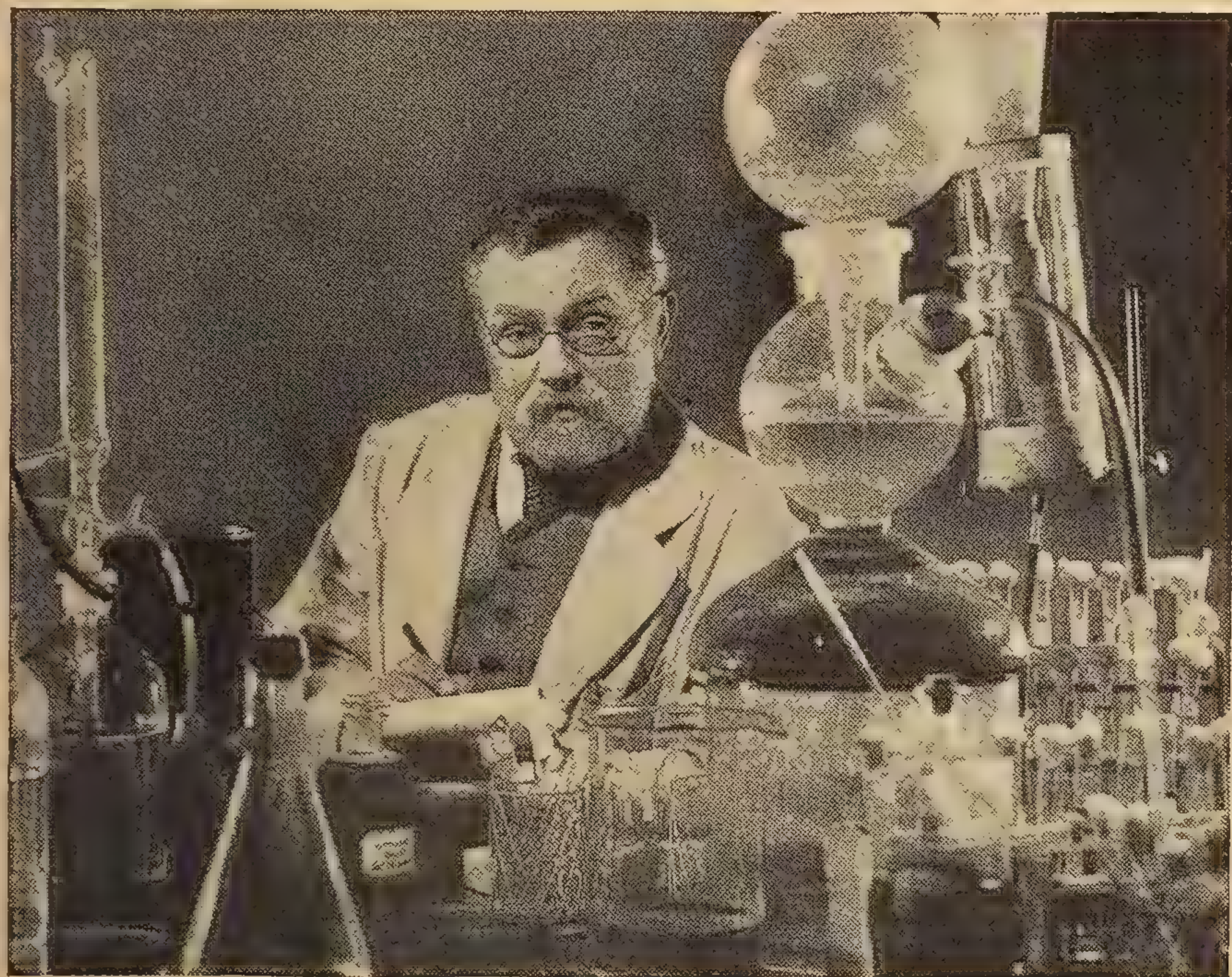
MICKEY ROONEY does as much acting around Hollywood as he does before the cameras. He'll go into his impersonations with the slightest encouragement. Any spot in Hollywood is assured a hilarious evening when Mickey, chosen by exhibitors as box-office bet No. 1, is there. Now that his studio salary has been boosted to \$5,000 a week there is talk about M-G-M putting the muzzle on Mickey to keep their expensive talent to themselves. They'll have a hard time stifling their *enfant terrible*. His newest impersonation is one of Charles Laughton playing the Hunchback. It's a wow. Mickey has also whipped up a routine of Lon Chaney, Jr., playing Lennie in "Of Mice And Men," and he gave all the soda-sippers at his favorite corner drugstore on Sunset first crack at his advent into drama free of charge. The coca-cola fiends not only got Mickey's expensive talent free but he had to throw in a treat for everyone present. They'll never muzzle Rooney.



# Science and War

THIS is the latest in ego-inflating tributes that all stars continue to get from their fans. Ann Sheridan just received a mold that turns out miniature aspics or desserts shaped in her exact likeness . . . Lana Turner is very annoyed. She wishes Hollywood night club managers would be more original. She has won numerous impromptu dance contests in local night spots and every prize turned out to be a bottle of champagne. She doesn't like the stuff.

IT LOOKS as though someone, somewhere is going to have to give in and consent to a little arbitration or we are going to have a dose of film fare that is decidedly on the same idea with a slightly reverse twist. It all happened accidentally, of course, but no one seems willing to concede that the other had the idea first. At Columbia, they are making a movie called "Too Many Husbands." In this one Jean Arthur has two husbands, both Melvyn Douglas and Fred MacMurray. RKO, not to be outdone, won't retrench any on their picture called "My Favorite Wife," in which Cary Grant has a duo of wives, Irene Dunne and Gail Patrick.



Warners' is not afraid to cast its players in unusual rôles. Did you recognize Edward G. Robinson behind that beard, left, as the great German scientist, Dr. Paul Ehrlich, who discovered a cure for a devastating disease? His life is portrayed in "Magic Bullets." Real bullets fly in "The Fighting 69th," in which James Cagney plays a member of that Regiment (above).

THE local glamor boys and girls, and a goodly crowd of wintering vacationers got an unexpected thrill and a tremendous kick out of a recent evening at one of Hollywood's more colorful night spots. The atmosphere of the Little Hungary Restaurant was thick with sad fiddles and lilting czardas. The cash customers were getting their money's worth with a vengeance when Hedy Lamarr, with Gene Markey, dropped in for one of her frequent visits. Both Adrian and Janet Gaynor were in tow. If anyone had then and there pooled the jewels that Hedy and Janet wore and divided them into small equal portions, there would have been enough to give a good-sized glitter to every girl in the new Earl Carroll lineup. Hedy warmed to her audience before the night was out, and sang Hungarian songs with the gypsy orchestra. She's my idea of what a real gypsy should look like. Boy, if they could only get her on the screen like that! She'd make a greater hit than she did in "Algiers."

IRINA BARONOVA is giving Hollywood a dose of glamor far more genuine than it's ever had before. The premiere danseuse from the Ballet Russe is as continental as the Ritz Bar in Paris. Irina in fluffy ballet tulle is dangerously upsetting to any male, and she became doubly so in Hollywood when men found she had a devoted husband. Her name by marriage is as unpronounceable as a Finnish army captain's. The telegrams and long distance telephone calls between her husband, who is in the East, and Baronova, smoldering for the camera on an M-G-M sound stage, sound like a jumbled order from the delicatessen. Though they are apart, they are constantly concerned with each other's health and happiness. Each urges the other to keep up strength with good food. When Irina lavishes guttural, deep accented nonsense on her pet Pekinese the men present pant with envy. Her pet name for her husband and her dog is "Katia." Baronova in "Florian" will make every American male look twice.

BY THE way, what has become of Charles Martin, who, for a time, was Joan Crawford's constant escort in Hollywood? In our November issue we mentioned having been told that it was Charles Martin who originated, produced and directed the radio "March of Time" for its first 2½ years. But now we've learned that our information about Mr. Martin's connection with the "March of Time" radio program was wrong. From the "March of Time" people themselves, we discovered that Charles Martin had no connection with the "March of Time" until September 1935, when he was put on the payroll for about nine months as a junior script writer. At no time did he have any part in producing, editing or directing the program. The "March of Time" radio show was originated and originally edited by Roy E. Larsen, who also was the originator of the "March of Time" motion picture, and who is now president of Time, Incorporated. From its beginning in 1931, the "March of Time" radio program has been directed by members of the staff of the Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn advertising agency. The directors are Arthur Pryor, Jr., Homer Fickett and William Spier. Sorry, "March of Time," we made that mistake. We're wearing sackcloth and ashes. All we can say is our information came from a usually reliable source.



# Confessions of an Ex-Movie Queen

Continued from page 29

on the house, we had barely enough cash to bury Abigail, so that man moved into our house and there we were! We took furnished rooms, my mother and I, and faced the world, without money, without experience, two Babes in the Woods as ever *were*. There were studios in those days, of course. D. W. Griffith was the King, Mary Pickford was working, Mabel Normand, others. But I didn't know anything about studios.

Someone told me that Oliver Morosco

five toward paying off my mother's funeral expenses. I lived on the remaining \$15.00. My salary was raised to \$35.00 when the character woman in our show went nuts and I was given her part.

The show closed and the girls had their choice, they could be sent back home or to New York. I got myself shipped to New York. I had bought myself an elegantly tailored gray suit, a purple hat with a long, flowing chiffon veil. I saw myself as a Tragedy Queen; in the theatre they called

me "Desdemona," "Bernhardt," "The Cockeyed Princess." Still people were guying me, making fun of me and, though they didn't know it, sharpening my ambition to reach a place in the sun where *I would laugh last and longest*.

Well, in New York I swept up and down those casting office stairs looking for a job. I heard that they were casting for the stage play, "Experience," and I went teetering across the opera-sized stage of the Century Theatre, on my cheap shoes, purple veil fluttering. The director let me read the part of *Slander*. Funny, I thought, that I should get *Slander* when that's all I *had* got. Conrad Nagel played *Youth* and we went on a tour, which was Purgatory for me. All those Broadway babes in the cast were living in the best hotels, I stayed in very cheap dumps, still sending money home. And when those hussies all fell heels over in love with *Youth* and found that he and I were going to church together on Sundays—well, no girl on the stage was ever so tortured as I! They stole my clothes, they tried to shock me by talking obscenely in front of me, and succeeded. But when one of them said something about the way my mother had brought me up, I sure ploughed into *her*!

I had another beau at this point. He was fifty. I was twenty-one. I thought he was Methuselah. If I'd named him Nemesis I'd have been nearer the truth. For he gave me a Christmas present, a set of terrible furs, an old goat thing. Well, did I strut! Then, leaving Denver one freezing morning, I got on the train and suddenly realized I'd left my goat in the hotel. With five minutes before the train left, I sprinted out of that train, down those ice-glazed station steps, slipped, fell—broke both my ankles. And I was crippled. Crippled for

Do you recognize the girl lurking behind those striped trousers? Why, it's Vivien (SCARLETT O'HARA) Leigh. But doesn't she look different when you take her out of her Civil War ruffles and fluffs? In "Sidewalks of London," an English-made production, she proves she's no one-part actress. As LIBBY, a sidewalk entertainer in England, she struts her stuff, acts, sings, dances, steals scenes from everyone.



was casting a show called "So Long, Letty." I said that was "nice." My informant informed me that it might be nicer if I should go down there and get myself a job. I said, "Down where?" (You can see how bright I was!) I was given the address and a map of the city and down I went. For two solid weeks I sat in Mr. Morosco's outer, oh, very "outer" office. One day he glanced at me, stopped, asked me if I had pretty legs. I said I didn't know, I hadn't looked at them. I looked at them then, and so did he, and he gave me a job in the chorus. I was one of the six Big Girls. When the cast was dismissed for lunch I'd stay in the theatre watching the principals, Charlotte Greenwood and Walter Catlett, working. I was, I told myself passionately, "learning how to act." Every night my mother went to the theatre with me. Also my current beau. His name was Leon and I called him my "Prayer Rug." He let me wipe my feet on him and was so soft and sloppy. We played Los Angeles for eleven weeks and then went up to San Francisco. One week later I got a wire. It read, baldly, coldly, "Mama died last night." That was one of my deaths, too.

Now I was, literally, alone in the world. I hadn't planned to be an actress but I had that job in the chorus and, Blythe the Barnacle, I clung to it. I went on to Chicago with the show. I was earning \$25.00 a week; five of it went for vocal lessons,





life, the doctors said. The show carried me along with it to Wichita, Kansas and then, after three days, sailed out of town and left me stranded there, a bell-boy to care for me. I had \$100.00 saved and got back to Chicago on a stretcher. In Chicago, I borrowed some money from an uncle of mine and, without medical aid, I nursed myself for six months. *My great faith in God cured me, saved me from being a cripple.* For I was finally able to walk again, on crutches. When I returned to New York, I went on a cane, limping, but on my feet. This was a Hard Time, more were to come. A lame gal in a purple veil wasn't exactly in demand. A Shakespearean ac-tore, of the vintage of Maxine Elliott days, was my first hope of work. He wanted me to be his *Ophelia*. He looked like Death Taking a Holiday when he came to rehearse me. And when nothing was said about money and it became obvious that *O-feel-you* was the part he wanted to play, I told him I wouldn't go into the show.

Once again I started to trudge up and down those stairs. And then, one day, a girl named Virginia Sprague asked me to ride out to the old Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn with her. She had worked in some pictures with Earle Williams and wanted to pick up some stills. I said, "I'll go with you but you'll have to pay my fare." Little did I dream, that day, that she was paying my fare to the Milky Way, to my place among the stars!

I was, at that point, on the thin edge of suicide. I had even bought a little rubberized bag into which I intended to put my letter, addressed "GOODBYE, WORLD!" when I jumped into the river, there at the end of 83rd. Well, I thought, the river will wait and maybe the chance

to see Earle Williams won't. I had been to the movies occasionally, between trains, and Earle Williams was my idol. I actually approached what was to be my career as a fan.

Virginia left me parked in the outer office and Earle Williams *did* come in and I thought I would fall apart. And he *looked* at me. And I don't know whether it was my empty tummy or my beating heart but the room began to do cart-wheels around me and when it righted itself again, Earle was still staring at me, and with him was another man. And this is the conversation that signalled the eventual rising of the Blythe star: "Do you want something? Looking for work?"

"Good heavens," I said, "I'd scrub floors!"

"Ever worked in pictures? Would you be interested in a picture job?"

"Yes," I whispered the lie to the first question. "YES!" I shouted to the second question.

Earle Williams took one arm; the other man, a director, he was, took the other arm and I was propelled into the office of A. E. Smith, President of Vitagraph. I suppose I primped and preened and did a peacock. By this time I knew that I was good-looking. I knew that men always gave me the eye. And so, when A. E. explained that they were making a picture called "His Own People," wanted a young



Yes, Vivien Leigh as LIBBY can even show Charles Laughton (first singer) a thing or two about the art of entertainment. In "Sidewalks of London" she rises from a cheap street entertainer to a famous actress known as LIBERTY who gets big parts in big productions. What makes this Cinderella story with a twist particularly believable is Vivien Leigh's own rise from bits to the year's acting plums.



woman to play the regal part of the *Lady Marion* and did I think I could play it, I threw the last tatter of my purple veil over one shoulder with one regal swip and swallow and I answered in ringing accents, "Mr. Smith, I could play this part better than anyone in this world could play it!" When Virginia Sprague picked me up where she had left me, one hour later, I had a contract for the picture in my hands, a contract calling for \$60.00 a week, Earle Williams for my screen lover and Harry Morey playing the heavy! Well, that was my first picture, and I must have made a hit in it because directors began to ask for me. Frequently I worked in three pictures at a time. Then I made "Over the Top" with Guy Empey, got a five dollar raise, rented a house in Brooklyn, bought my first grand piano, and I was LAUNCHED!

It was at the old Vitagraph that I met Paul Scardon, who was to be my first and only husband. Paul, an ace director, directed me in 13 pictures, made me a leading lady, taught me how to act. Then Rex Beach engaged me to play the heavy in "The Silver Horde," which was made in Hollywood. I made "Mother O'Mine" for Fred Niblo, in which I got Ramon Novarro his first day's work, as a dancer, in pictures. I free-lanced in Hollywood then, I worked for Christy Cabanne. I made a lot of the James Oliver Curwood stories.





Len Weissman

The people who know her well say that Tyrone Power was lucky to win a girl like Annabella. See how she keeps herself in the background like any good French wife when husband Ty Power (right) pauses to chat with Fred MacMurray at a party?

For one, "Nomads of the North," Lewis Stone, Lon Chaney and I went on location with the company to Big Bear. The men built their own cabins. Lew Stone and Lon built a special bunk in my cabin for me, even a little dressing table. I remember how our bear chewed up Murph', the animal trainer at Universal, and how Lon took over the training of the bear while I undertook to read bedtime stories to half a dozen malamutes. I did the cooking for all of the men. I'd put ham hocks on to simmer in the morning and they'd be ready when we struck off work at nights. Lon would make the coffee, we'd all buckle in and do the dishes. Now, when I see the *deluxe* commissary wagons arriving on locations, a corps of waiters, linen and silver and hot plates and all, I have to laugh—but the laugh is nostalgic for those dear, dead days when we all pitched in and worked together and not "each in his separate sphere."

I was making \$200 a week by this time. I was beginning, just beginning, to feel the wild and heavy oats of opulence. Then I decided to get married. Paul had come to Hollywood, by this time, and was directing for Sam Goldwyn. When we were married, I was making "Occasionally Yours," with Lew Cody. Paul was directing "Milestones" for Goldwyn. We were married at the Church of the Angels in Flintridge; 100 people were there, Paul's whole cast, Lew Stone, Mary Alden, Lew Cody, of course. Just before I went to the church Lew sent over a whole case of champagne, and when I walked up the aisle I was simply at one with the angels!

I remember meeting the late Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., at this time. I told him, "I want to be a star, a *great* star!" To this he answered, "That isn't hard, the hard thing is to stay there when you get there." And do I realize that now!

And then I began to want everything I saw. I bought my first car, a Buick, and had it all upholstered in horrible-elegant peacock-patterned cretonne. We were living at the Hollywood Hotel then, Paul and I. Those were the days when Elinor Glyn was living there, too, Maeterlinck and his wife, Rex Ingram, Bert Lytell, the late "Uncle Carl" Laemmle. Uncle Carl called me off the dance floor one night and offered me a seven-year contract with Uni-

versal. I turned it down. I was getting \$350 a week now and more work than I could do. But as I wanted *and* got everything I saw, the \$350 didn't go very far. I wrote checks as God sends down snow-flakes. Terrific checks that came bouncing back to Betty marked "Not Sufficient Funds!" Nonsense, I thought, what do they *mean*. Those were the days when the stars were doing their silly symphonies, the days when we were reeling in our cinematic, clownish courses like slaphappy harlequins in the Hollywood Heavens. I wanted to own property. I bought an acre, paid \$12,500 cash for it, sold it a year later for \$21,500. I was Missus Midas. I bought gowns, furs, hats, perfumes galore—I always wanted to smell magnificent. I had a French governess for Paul's little daughter. I bought lots of jewelry. I bought beautiful, rare books. My passion was Oriental rugs and they were draped over everything, including the chandeliers. Life wasn't real. I wasn't real. In a dream world, I was a dream, walking.

I had been married about a month when Herb Howe, then my publicity representative, told me to go over to the Fox studio. They were going to make "The Queen of Sheba." In a terrible little white sports suit, made by Mrs. W. K. Howard, and the perennial purple hat—I bought everything and everything I bought by way of clothes was wrong—I trotted over to talk to J. Gordon Edwards, who was to direct "Sheba." Mr. Edwards seemed to take a fancy to me but Mr. Fox, it seemed, was insisting on a Big Name for the part and he would have to go to New York and confer with Mr. Fox. He went to New York and they tested everybody in the world, even Nance O'Neill and Geraldine Farrar. Mr. Edwards kept insisting, "The woman who should play this part is in California." Mr. Fox finally consented to look at some of my films, old Vitagraph pictures, mostly, and said, "Well, for my money she's a holy sight, but go back to California and make a three-day test of her." Meantime, I was praying for the part. For five solid months I prayed for that part. I'd go up to what are now the green lawns of Pickfair, with my Bible, sit under those trees and pray.

Mr. Edwards sent for me to make the three-day test. There were 136 gowns

ready for *Sheba* and I was told to choose one and put it on. I chose one with a peacock pattern! I stepped out of my funny dress, into the robes of *Sheba*, and was transformed. I looked at myself in the full-length mirror and, for the first time in my life, I seemed to see a *body*! I'd seen it before, of course. I'd fed it, bathed it, taken it for walks but I had never before really seen it as something I could *sell*. They took me out on the stage. It was so grand to step out onto that great stage, up to the thrones of *Solomon* and *Sheba* (Fritz Leiber played *Solomon*) to be the center of all attention, to realize that I had practically arrived! I was too young to know that when you Arrive you must also, one day, Depart.

J. Gordon Edwards directed me in one scene, just one, and then they brought me my contract and I signed it. \$500 a week for the *Queen of Sheba*! Make way for the *Queen of Sheba*! All I could think about was the kids who had called me "Slats," the neighbors who had geyed me, how they would now read in the papers, see in electric lights, that I was a Great Star.

I went to New York for the premiere. At the Lyric Theatre on 42d Street it was. I sat in a box with Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and with *Maude Adams*. Of all the comments made that night, the one I value most was made by Miss Adams, who said, "What a great future you have, my dear." And then there was the Public, cheering, calling, applauding. There was my box, crowded, Joe Schenck, the Talmadges, Richard Barthelmess . . . I was overcome . . . and I was enough of an Actress to see a Future, wherein I might give all the beauty I felt I had to give, wherein I might get all of the things I wanted, all the flatteries I needed to heal my especial wounds.

In the morning there came the Press: Louella Parsons, Harriette Underhill, Gladys Hall, Adele Whitely Fletcher, critics, reviewers, magazine writers. Robert Sherwood gave me a superb review. Everyone in New York began to photograph me, in hats, in shoes, in panties, in furs, Steichen, Russell Ball, Nickolas Muray. At seven o'clock one night I was a struggling young actress. By nine o'clock the next morning I couldn't answer the phone calls that came in or stand erect under the orchids that strangled me. In a period of 12 hours my life had turned over and the Golden Age had set in.

But the Golden Age had its worries, too. How to keep up this big, swell Front? How "manage," *imagine this*, on \$500 a week? I bought an ermine coat for \$2800. What was a star, in those days, without an ermine coat? Now, how I'd love to be able to sell it, the last of my glories, and pay off the mortgage on the farm. But I can't sell the thing! I bought more gowns, all awful, more shoes, hats, perfumes, cards, Oriental rugs, wrote out more checks for the Populace.

And then came Tragedy. Then came the beginning of what I would call "the End" if I believed in "Ends," which I don't, but only in Beginnings. Still, keener ears than mine might have heard the echoes of the curfew. I was to make "The Last Days of Pompeii" in Italy, with Mr. Edwards again directing. He had sailed for Italy. I was to follow in two weeks. I talked with Mr. Fox about my contract. Before I signed it I would, I said, like to show it to my attorney. Fool that I was! I took it to Pauline Frederick's attorney and he wrote "corrections" on the thing. He asked for okays on stories. He pointed out that no starting date had been specified in the contract, which meant that I might sit around for seven years, idle (they would have been the best seven years of my life).



He sent the contract back to Fox in a cold, legal envelope. And then Mr. Fox wouldn't talk to me, wouldn't talk to my attorney. During this interim, Mr. Hearst sent one of his emissaries to me, offered me a five-year contract starting at \$1000 a week. There was the contract spread out on the table, the fountain pen in my hand, and I said, poor, dumb me, I said, "I shook hands with Mr. Fox in his office when he gave me a contract. Of course, he hasn't signed it yet, but," "A bird in the hand, Miss Blythe," said Mr. Hearst's envoy. "But I've given my word," I insisted. "I can't break my word." I was breaking the backbone of my career if I'd only known it. I spent the next week phoning Mr. Fox's office. I was always told "in a committee meeting." Ten days later, Mr. Fox's secretary called. "Miss Blythe, this is Mr. Fox's secretary speaking. *You will not sail for Italy on November 19th. Mr. Fox is not interested in you.*"

I had lost both contracts! I had done the biggest thing since "Birth of a Nation." I could see nothing else big in the business for me. I died.

But the old spirit came back. The old spirit *always* comes back. I went back to the Coast and made a lot of pictures, several with Goldwyn, "Potash and Perlmutter," some Frances Marion stories, others. Then I got the European bug. I wanted to get away. Never again, I thought, and oh, how dreadfully right I was, never again would I strike the Big, Beautiful Thing over here. Just at this time, Herbert Wilcox bought the rights to "Chu Chin Chow" for \$85,000. He asked me to play the part of *Desert Flower*. And so, once again, I lived as a Queen lives. When I got off the Olympic, he had sent out a pilot boat to meet me. There was champagne always in my dressing room and potted plants everywhere I looked. We made "Chu" in Berlin. The whole glittering city of Ali Baba rose in Berlin. From there we went to Vienna and I made "Southern Love," also for Mr. Wilcox. I lived at the Palace of the Hapsburgs, Schönbrunn. My salary, then, was \$1500 a week. I began to save my small fortune then. And to spend many fortunes, not small. I had two personal maids and a secretary. I had everything material that shops and mines and caterers and vintners and the silkworms could disgorge for my glamorizing. But with all of it, I began to realize that I was never happy, never *really* happy, always wondering, always reaching for the moon, always *afraid*. There in Vienna, too, I made one of the greatest friends of my life, the Earl of March, later the Duke of Richmond. A cripple, paralyzed from the waist down, he was the loveliest soul I have ever known. I think he helped me to see that furs do not keep the heart warm, that diamonds are cold eyes.

Herbert Wilcox planned a great press banquet in London for me. ("Southern Love" was the first motion picture to be shown in the Albert Hall, to invited guests, having been approved by the Royal Family.) I went from Vienna to Paris, walked down the Champs Elysées, looked at myself and decided that I was very young but very far from chic. Little midinettes, I saw, knew how to dress better than I. I spent eight hours a day going to all the mannequin shows in Paris. I learned, then, what NOT to wear. If I were before the Public now, I might not win an Oscar but I bet I'd get a listing among the Ten Best Dressed!

On the boat, leaving Paris for London, in my suit tailored by Genet, with 30 trunks in the hold, carrying my ivory-topped ebony stick, slender as a reed then, hat at THE angle, exquisite gloves, the London Press waiting for me, my picture showing at the Albert Hall, Hollywood

on the Transatlantic phone, I was on top of the world again! The very top! Like an aerialist preparing for her Dive into Oblivion, so was I poised.

I attended the banquet in my honor. Such pomp and panoply! Lords and Ladies to right and to left of me; the Royalty of the Press our guests. My gown by Lady Duff Gordon. I was the first movie actress who had come to England and there, and then, I was "a dream, walking." Talking, too, for after we had toasted the King I was called upon for a speech. I got to my feet and I will never know where it came from but I heard this stream, this volume of intellectualism pouring out from my very entrails and the next morning my speech was published, verbatim, in the *London Times*. Ah, me, such glories and such gallantries as *should* come "but once" to any woman!

I came back to Hollywood. I'd been home two weeks when Sam Goldwyn sent me back to do a couple of Rex Beach pictures in Southern France. Back in Hollywood again, I bought a house, settled down to work at home when Sir Rider Haggard, author of "She," announced that he would not release the book for pictures unless "*the Queen of Sheba plays 'She'.*" Sir Rider's emissary offered me \$2000 a week to go to Germany for a period of six weeks. I didn't want to go. I begged my manager, "Please, *don't* send me to Europe again." But he saw \$200 a week in his pocket, he was firm and I was flabby, and—he sent me to Europe again. *That was the time to have stayed in Hollywood, not to have stepped foot out of it.* That was the time to consolidate the "winings" of my international fame. But I didn't stay. And that was the crux. I had survived the Fox-Hearst debacle. I *didn't* survive the debacle which was to come. For although "She" was a very big picture, super-colossal and all that, *still running abroad*, I hear, finances were squirrely and at the end of the sixth week, nobody got paid, the producer skipped with his wife, child, and the negative. And then I made my next positive plunge downward. For instead of calling it a day and returning to Hollywood as I should have done, I sued this producer, I waited one year for my suit to come up, during which time *I lost my place in Hollywood.* I lost the

case, too. Many of my witnesses were Germans and it was too soon after World War 1 for Germans to make sympathetic witnesses in an English Court. My sense of humor finished me off, with an epigraphic flourish. I wrote a limerick one day, while sitting in court. The Judge's name was Horridge. And I penned the following antic lines:

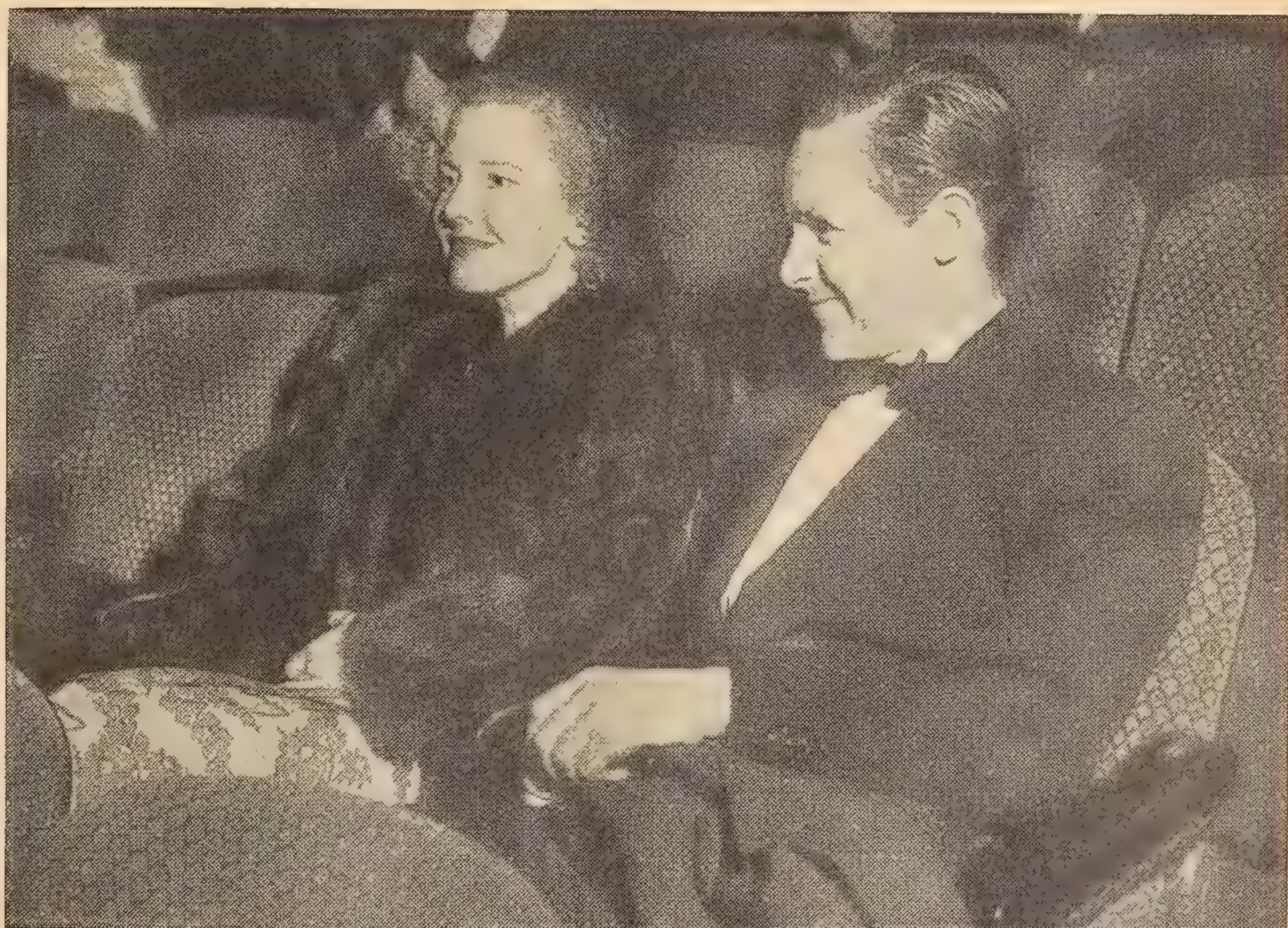
There was an old Justice named Horridge,  
Whose beard it hung down to his porridge.  
He looked down from the bench at Betty, the wench,  
But he couldn't get up enough corridge!

The Judge saw my limerick. His dignity suffered, and I lost the case.

The London Coliseum offered me a two-weeks' engagement then. The Coliseum had never had a movie actress in the flesh, either, and I stayed at the Coliseum for six weeks, playing to capacity, which is 3000 people, twice a day . . . and over the Coliseum my name revolved, in brilliant lights . . . in England, even today, my name is still in lights whenever I am in any picture, however minor the rôle I play . . . *Semper Fidelis*, that is England to me, and how I worship them for it . . . Then I toured the provinces with my own company of vaudeville artists. I made gallons of money. I'd reached the half million mark, the place where I had, always, some \$700,000 as a reserve fund. I did a picture for the French Government . . . "Jacob's Well," it was called . . . they paid me \$5000 a week and the picture took me to Egypt, Constantinople, Italy, the Holy Land. And even in those countries, *Sheba* was known, the docks were jammed with people, fan mail followed me in drays, *Sheba*, always *Sheba*, wherever I went . . . *except . . . except in Hollywood.*

For then I came back home again. I bought another house in Beverly Hills. Irving Thalberg sent for me, offered me \$1000 for a day's work. I turned it down. *One day's work* after all the success abroad, the international fame. Alas for me, how my purple, beautiful, arch-necked pride went flaunting before a fall!

For I had come back, a stranger to a strange land. The boys I had known as "number" boys were sitting in swivel



Len Weissman

All the usual stay-at-homes stepped out this month. Even Jean Arthur, who usually loathes premières, attended the première of Hal Roach's "Of Mice and Men," with her husband, Frank Ross, Jr., and actually seemed to enjoy it.





This picture shows three very good reasons why Betty Field was able to make such a hit in the rôle of MAE, the rancher's seductive wife in "Of Mice and Men." One reason is her lovely face. The other two? Can't you see for yourself? In movie slang, they're known as "Dietrichs," after the movie siren who hasn't such a bad pair of them herself.

chairs, behind mahogany desks. I went to a party at Norma Talmadge's one night and, after greeting a famed columnist very courteously, even chummily, was asked by one of the guests, "Did you see the morning papers?" My stomach fell with a bang. I knew that I was being asked, "Did you read your epitaph in the morning paper?" I went home. I read the paper. This famous columnist who had been my friend, had written: "Who does this girl think she is? What if she *has been* the screen's Venus? This is the day of Clara Bow." That column was, virtually, my tombstone.

Then the awful thing within myself began, that fear that perhaps I never *would* go on. I didn't have any offers. First thing I knew I was offered a mother's part, the mother of Dolores Costello. I took it, but I was pretty bitter. I bought another grand piano. I could still sing and look at the hills, I still had my money. I kept my chin up, and not with adhesive tape. Then I went out on the Keith Circuit on a personal appearance tour. In New York, headlining at the Palace, I had stage offers but turned them down, believing still that Hollywood would be calling. William Brady actually offered me "The Road To Rome" and I turned *that* down because, I said, I was not "a good enough actress." Jane Cowl played it on the stage. Now Garbo will do it on the screen. Opportunity, you see, kept knocking and knocking at my door. I heard it but I made wrong answers. I did a couple of flop plays in New York, and then—*then the market fell*. 1929! I woke up one morning with not enough money to cover my stocks. Within two weeks' time I couldn't write a check for a pair of stockings. I was poor. And I didn't know how to be poor again. Standards become so high on star salaries. Things that are really luxuries become necessities. I didn't know how NOT to go to Elizabeth Arden for my hair. I didn't know how NOT to go to the Ritz for luncheon. I walked the floor through nights that were hideous with nightmare, black with rebellion. When the dawn came, I would think: *I made it before, I can make it again*. A bank fiasco completed my crash.

The Roaring Forties and Those Stairs again . . . not so easy to mount now, wearing crutches now that were invisible, but that *were there* . . . I got an appointment to sing for Shubert. I looked in the mirror and saw reflected there, still furred

and jewelled, one who had been a world-famous person—and *I didn't have a nickel to get to my audition*. It was too far to walk. Clara Ray and I were living together at a woman's hotel. Charles and Clara had just lost their money, too. I had two pennies. I *had* to get to that audition. If I can be a prima donna for Shubert, I thought, Hollywood will think I'm still Something. I took the two pennies, went into the street, *stole three pennies from a newsstand* and swirled on down the subway steps. At Shubert's, they told me I'd be fine if I'd lose a little weight. I charged some reducing pills at a drugstore near my hotel. I took them feverishly for 24 hours and *my heart went back on me*. All the way back, I turned black, couldn't speak a word and, of course, lost the part.

I sold all of my beautiful clothes, most of my beautiful furs, the chinchilla coat I'd bought in Germany, so that I could live. I pawned all of my jewels. And finally I got a stock engagement in Rochester, played there for six months. Oh, did they crucify me! I wasn't the Star any more. I learned lines all night long. I earned \$150 a week. At last I decided to go home. Paul, meanwhile, had taken the little money that was left after the crash and had bought a ranch in California. I thought I'd just go out and "see the ranch." I still had very smart luggage, the Santa Fe stopped at Fontana, by special order, to let me off. I was still, in my mind, the *Queen of Sheba*. I got off at the little country station. I'd driven through the country in smart motors, many times, in many countries. But I'd never seen a pig. I didn't know that a male chicken doesn't lay eggs. I'd left my husband a well-dressed, cosmopolitan gentleman, a member of the Masker's Club. I found him in overalls, a beard, wearing an old straw hat. He'd been tilling the soil, making himself a new profession, a more gallant gentleman than he had ever been before. But I didn't realize that—not then, not yet. Still a snob, I hoped that the porter lifting down my labelled luggage would not know that this farmer belonged to me. I found the house small but with possibilities of charm. The garden was sweet but it was still play-acting with me. It was the Third Act. The first summer it was very gay. I had lots of guests down, Prince Ibrihim Mohammed Ali, the Reverend Jardine, who married the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Carey More, the

Australian songbird, Captain Gerald Child of the S.S. Langley and others. It was all too, too amusing. Then the cold winter winds began to blow. Our citrus crop was ruined. And there wasn't any money. I was polishing eggs instead of pearls. My neighbors didn't know who I was, or if they did know, didn't care. I was *so lonely*. For audiences, in place of my brilliant, diademmed, white-gloved audiences I had those bloody birds, silent rows of trees, long gray fingers of the rain, winds blowing. The wind blew the roof of our house off one day. I saw Paul break, and *cry*. I was ready for suicide. And then, then one of my neighbors tapped on our door. A woman, smelling of hay and sweet flour and babies. She taught me how to cook. She helped me to find sermons in stones, and good in everything. And then the actress ceased to act and became a woman. And, from hating the "common people" as I had, ambitious as I had been, quite cruel, intolerant, sybaritic, I learned that my toil-worn neighbors with their horny hands, those women who knew how to make jelly, how to take care of sick babies, knew something far grander than I, had ever known, knew how to love their neighbors as themselves, as I didn't.

I began to realize that I could create beauty wherever I was. I painted the whole inside of our house myself, attired in a perfectly gorgeous French negligee, at first, then got so I did my painting in overalls. I made it all white, inside and out, blue floors, cool and beautiful and exquisite. I even painted our bathroom that *Sheba* might bathe, deluxe. I found that I could polish eggs instead of pearls and *like it*. I was proud of my good, brown eggs. I raised 300 turkeys one Thanksgiving and weighed them and sold them all myself. I sprayed and picked 10 acres of citrus fruits. I cooked, I washed our farm clothes, I scrubbed and found that my hands were good for something more than manicures. Paul and I became marvellous friends. We were knit together now by something finer than peacock feathers, something warmer than diamonds, something more finely textured and richly colored than Oriental rugs. I found that each transition in life brings its compensation, that there's a perfectly heavenly peace that comes with the letting down of wrong responsibility.

And then, my lesson learned, I turned my eyes toward Hollywood again. Not to the Milky Way, where the new stars shine, never had to work for less than \$75 character work which I, having at long last given birth to character, might hope to do. I got line parts in "Lena Rivers," my first talkie, in "Brown of Culver," "Pilgrimage," "Camille," "Conquest," and many others. I have been blessed in that I've never had to play extra parts, have never had to work for less than \$75 a day, seldom for less than \$100 a day. I, who once rejected \$1000 a day! How I laugh! But if I have to play extra parts, I'll play them and be proud, as I am proud of those who do. Paul is working again, too, acting again, his first love.

I don't regret anything! I've had a full, glorious life. I've had the greatest and the least. I've had a career, a very successful one for a woman; it's made me a fortune, it's taken me around the world, it's made me many friends, and that's enough. I want, now, to be just what I am. I am an actress by profession and I hope I'll always be an actress. *I'm still ambitious beyond measure to be a good character actress, when the chance comes along*. If my chance *doesn't* come again, I can take it. I can still play the piano, polish my eggs, and look at the hills, the everlasting hills, at the lights, moonlight and starlight and twilight, lights that don't go out!



**Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish of Washington, D. C., is a popular debutante. Here, she and some of her deb friends primp between dances.

**Miss Janet Holden** of Cleveland, Ohio, has been working for almost two years in one of Cleveland's leading department stores—is ambitious to be a buyer some day.

*Making Her Debut*

**BUT BOTH HELP  
KEEP THEIR SKIN FRESH  
AND YOUNG LOOKING  
WITH POND'S**

*Writing Sales Slips*

**QUESTION TO MISS FISH:**

Miss Fish, when do you believe a girl should begin guarding her complexion with regular care?

**ANSWER:** "The younger the better! I think if you want a nice skin when you're older, you have to take care of it when you're young. That's why I began using Pond's 2 Creams when I reached my 'teens. Every girl wants a lovely complexion! Using both Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream every day helps to keep *mine* clear."

**QUESTION TO MISS FISH:**

Would you describe what each Pond's Cream does for your skin, Miss Fish?

**ANSWER:** "Yes, of course. Every morning and evening I use Pond's Cold Cream to freshen up my face. These regular cleansings help keep my skin looking soft and healthy. Pond's Vanishing Cream serves an entirely different purpose. I use it before powdering to give my skin a soft finish that holds powder smoothly for hours."

**QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:**

In your opinion, Miss Holden, what things help most in a career girl's success?

**ANSWER:** "Interest in her job, willingness to work and a *good appearance!* But nothing cheats your looks like a dull, cloudy skin, so you can bet I'm always sure to use Pond's Cold Cream to keep my skin really clean and soft. I can count on it to remove every trace of dirt and make-up!"

**QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:**

Doesn't the wind off Lake Erie make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

**ANSWER:** "Well, Cleveland is mighty breezy, but little skin roughnesses don't worry me a bit. I just use another Pond's Cream to help smooth them away . . . by that I mean Pond's Vanishing Cream. And besides smoothing and protecting my skin, it's perfect for powder base and overnight cream because it's absolutely non-greasy!"

**A Sunday ride** in an open car is fun—but chilly! When her young man suggests stopping for "franks" and hot coffee, Miss Holden thinks it's a fine idea.

**Miss Holden entertains.** The rugs are rolled back, she takes her turn at changing the records, and it's "on with the dance" to the tune of the latest swing!

POND'S, Dept. 7S-CVC, Clinton, Conn.

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BEAUTY KIT**

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company



For a Washington debutante means a constant round of parties—this spring Miss Fish is living the busiest season she has ever known.



# Spencer Tracy's Home Life

Continued from page 34

Going to the other end of the hall we come to Mrs. Tracy's room—also done in maple. There is little here in the way of excess furniture or frippery. Her taste in clothes and furniture is almost as simple as Spence's, although when she is dressed for a formal occasion she could give some of our glamor girls a few pointers they might well heed.

Johnny, the fourteen-year-old son, has the nicest room in the house. Both Johnny's and Susie's rooms have been added since they bought the place. This room has exposure on four sides so if there is sun, son gets it. If ever a boy took after his father, Johnny does. He loves sports of all kinds—tennis, polo, horseback riding, and swimming. He is particularly adept at swimming and polo. In his "spare time" he edits a valley magazine. Some of the sketches (and they are surprisingly good, too, for he has never had a drawing lesson in his life) are done by the owner and managing editor. The covers are contributed by a friend in Pasadena. Some of the editorials are contributed by another friend back in New Jersey.

Susie, aged eight, shares the rest of the family's aversion to feminine fripperies. A beautiful little girl, she loathes ribbons and ruffles and is never so happy as when dressed in dungarees with her hair in a tightly braided pigtail. Her mother vows the only doll Susie has ever cared for is the rag doll on the bed and the only reason she likes that is because it's a boy.

The kitchen is in keeping with the rest of the house. Instead of being done in white, it's orange. A coat of orange shellac has been applied over the natural finish of the wood, giving it a hard, glossy surface, easily cleaned. The trim is bright red.

Going from the living room to the rear one passes through a screened porch. Here are a barbecue grill and easy chairs. Dinner is frequently served out here in summer as, if there is a breeze blowing, it blows through here.

The swimming pool and tennis court have also been added since the Tracys took possession of the place. Not only can Spencer get his exercise but the children have a great deal of fun here. Since they

live so very far out in the valley, the ocean and public tennis courts and swimming pools are almost inaccessible, save on rare occasions, so not only the Tracy children but all the neighboring children enjoy the pool and court.

The guest house was originally the room of the son of the people who built the house. It had two built-in bunks, one above the other, like those in a ship's cabin. But the bunks were not only uncomfortable but hard to make up as well so they have been ripped out and replaced with twin beds.

When they moved in, Spence had an idea he would take this house for his own, but the central heating system does not extend here. There is a fireplace in the room but that is all. In winter it grew chilly and Spence finally, rather sheepishly, moved back into the big house.

They keep about six or seven horses out here—most of them race horses out on pasture until the racing season opens. And here again the amazing candor of the Tracys is apparent. If you gave them a third degree I very much doubt you'd ever get a movie star to admit a horse he owned was anything short of another Man-O-War. The Tracys will tell you frankly that these horses are not good enough for Santa Anita but that they're all right for the lesser tracks around here. "At least," they qualify hopefully, "we think they are."

The smaller horse in the picture is a yearling which they have entered in the breeders' sale.

"What a shame to sell her!" I expostulated.

"No," Louise smiled patiently. "We've had our fun with her while she was growing up. Race horses are an expensive proposition. We'd better get our money out of her if we can. We'll probably sell the other racers, too, when we can, and only keep the polo ponies."

It is on this pasture, too, that White Sox holds sway. White Sox was the first horse Spencer ever owned. It was on White Sox he learned to play polo, and White Sox is a good teacher. I have ridden since I was six and flatter myself I'm a pretty good rider. One day when Spence

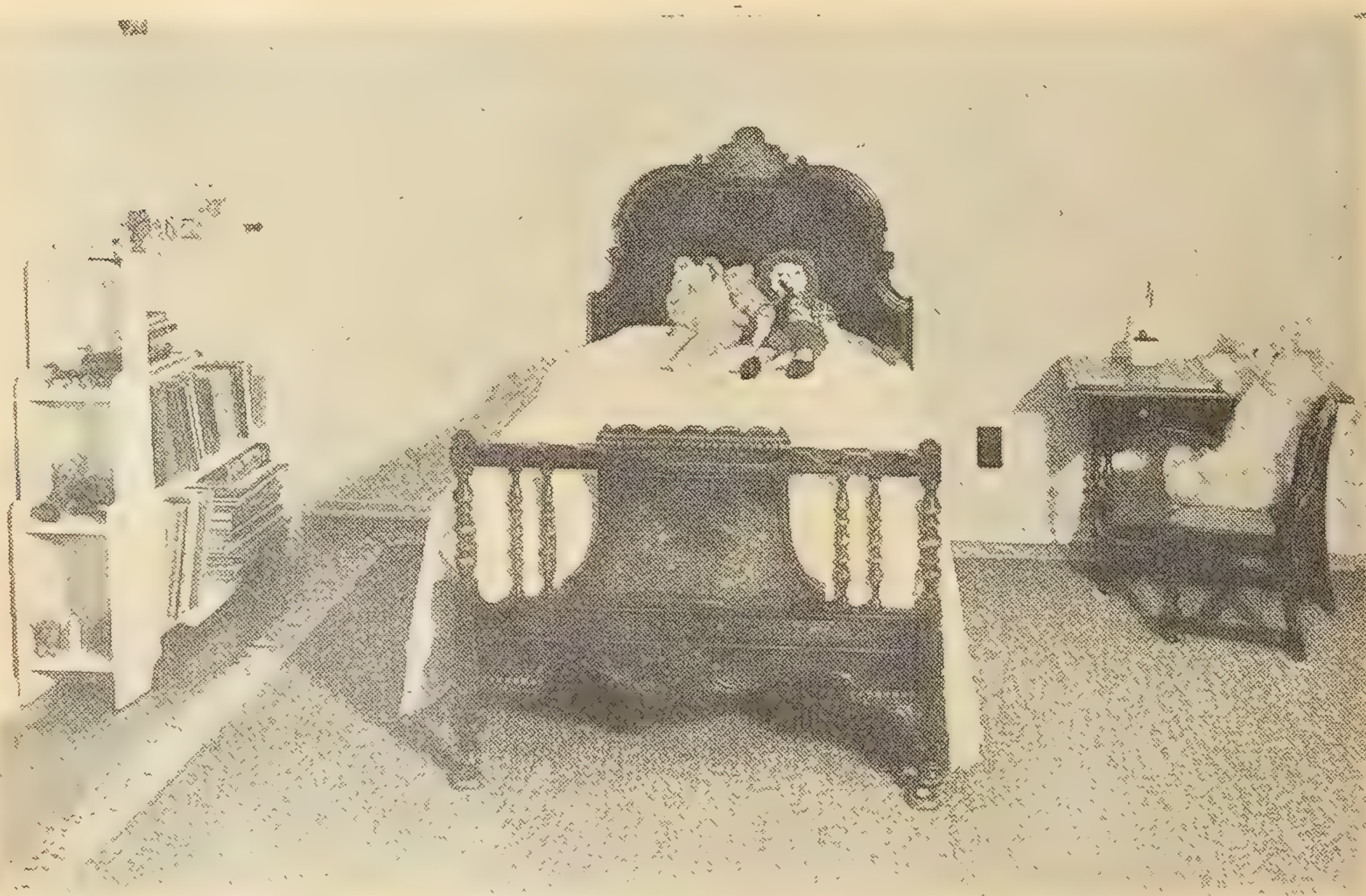


What would a ranch home be without a favorite dog? Pat, the Irish setter who stands guard outside these kennels, is Spencer's favorite.

had just bought his second horse he invited me down to the Riviera Polo Club to play stick-and-ball. You get on a horse, take a mallet, put a ball on the ground and gallop around hitting the ball. I had never had a polo mallet in my hand before but I was willing to try anything once—and so was White Sox. Spence was learning to ride and play polo all at the same time. I could ride circles around *him* but he could *play* circles around *me*. I made the same mistake all beginners make—I tried to hit the ball with the end of the mallet instead of the side. Once I missed and hit White Sox on the nose. He stopped as suddenly as a car with hydraulic brakes. Like "the daring young man on the flying trapeze," I "flew through the air with the greatest of ease." I have always maintained that horses are the most intelligent of all animals but I have also maintained that their countenances are the most immobile. White Sox refuted this. If ever I saw disdain, disgust, bewilderment and reproach mirrored on an equine puss, White Sox registered them. And Spence shook with laughter for a good quarter of an hour. To this day he swears the slight tilt to one of White Sox's front teeth is due to that blow I gave him. Me? I cut him off with, "That's how lies get out,"—but he sticks to his story.

The last picture? When I first knew Spence he had one Irish setter called Pat. Pat was the bravest of the brave—at a safe distance. Let a stranger come into the yard and Pat would growl as ferociously as any lion—and bark his head off. But the closer the stranger (it *could* have been I) came to him the farther Pat retreated. Time passed. Spence bought Pat a wife. And presently a litter graced the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pat. Well, these puppies (I don't think Mrs. Pat is a faithful wife because one of the puppies walks sideways like a crab) kept getting in our way while we were taking pictures and I shut them, promiscuously, into one of the kennels. It turned out the kennel was Pat's instead of the puppies. Pat was rather nonplussed by the whole thing but he sat himself down to see what would happen and there he sat until the puppies were released from his kennel and he could take possession again.

And that was about the time Mrs. Tracy said, "That's all there is—there isn't any more. Are we going to see you soon again or are you going to go on ignoring us?"



Susie's room is just right for a girl of eight who hates feminine fripperies, who loathes ribbons and ruffles, and prefers teddy bears to ordinary dolls. On her bed is the only rag doll Susie has ever really cared about. It's a boy!





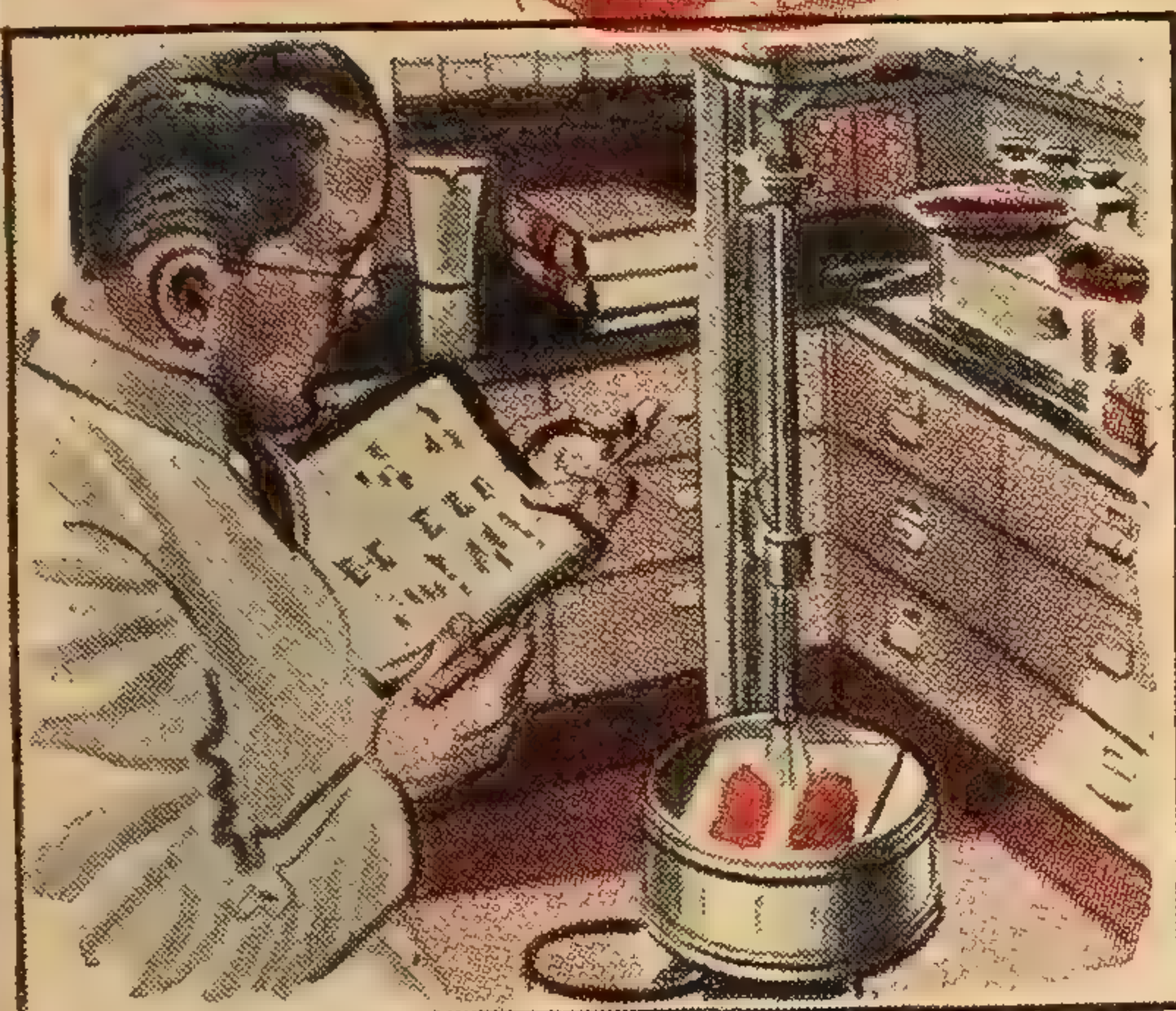
# Paris APPROVES THE COLORS

Paris openings forecast the big news in feminine fashion . . . Cutex nail shades forecast the big news in fingertip chic!

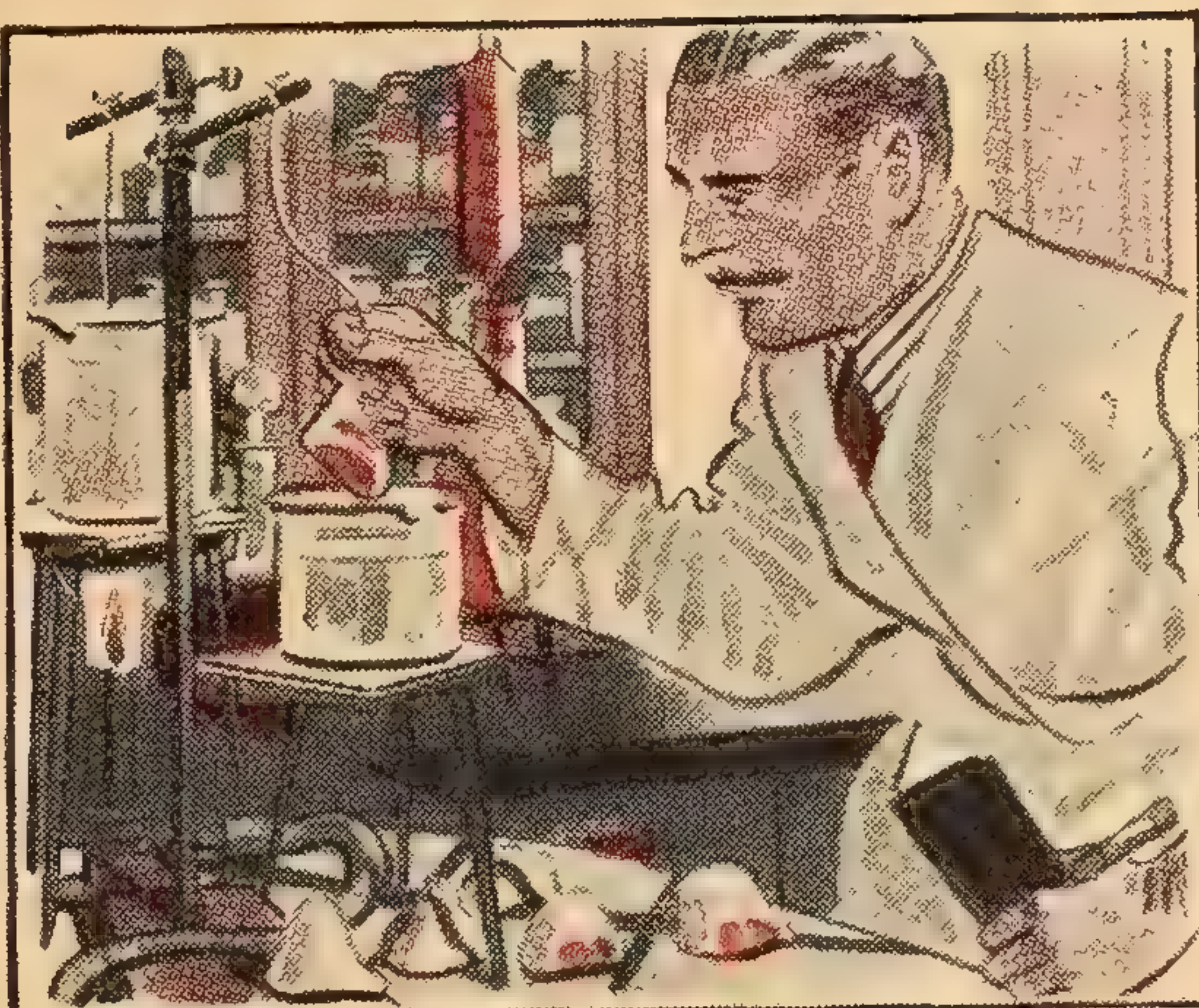
In Paris new Cutex nail tones are checked against the latest color news:

Wear Cutex and your nails are as glamorous as your Paris-inspired frocks!

# America PERFECTS THE WEAR



**Sand** From the Cutex Sand Machine a steady stream of sand falls on a glass plate coated with Cutex Polish . . . much harsher treatment than you give your nails in daily wear.



**Water** In the Cutex Immersion Test, Cutex Salon Polish withstands for long periods the destructive action of salt water and of hot water containing strong household cleaning preparations.



**Sun** The Cutex Sun Lamp is used to test sun-fast qualities. You can expose Cutex to brilliant summer sun for days, and it will "take it" without fading or changing color.

**C**UTEX gives you tops in style and wear in the new Cutex Salon Polish!

The new Cutex GADABOUT is a gay, dashing red-rose red. The new Cutex CEDARWOOD is a young, mauvy pink. Both are perfect foils for the new colors featured at the Midseason openings.

## GUARANTEED TO WEAR LONGER

Try Cutex GADABOUT and CEDARWOOD—at our risk! If they don't wear better than any polish you've ever worn, simply return the bottle to us. We will cheerfully refund your original purchase price. (Offer good for 1940 only.) See all the smart Cutex shades today—at any toilet-goods counter.

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HIJINKS—True red-red.  
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OLD ROSE—Rich, flattering rose.

CEDARWOOD—Lighter—soft, mauvy rose.  
CAMEO—Fragile mauve-tinted rambler pink.  
HEATHER—Grape-rose.

# NEW CUTEX

## Salon Polish







A new idea in slacks. Ann Gwynne models an overall slack of white sharkskin accented with navy saddle stitching on both belt and pocket.

## Why Boyer Came Back

Continued from page 51

cutlet. But the women folk, the dyed-in-the-wool Boyer fans, didn't even bother to listen. The Great Lover was back. Why he had come back, they didn't care. It was sufficient that he was back. Once more they could go to the movies and read all sorts of things in those dark, tragic eyes. Once more they could thrill to the romance of that voice. Once more they could weep over that sad smile. The adoration of Boyer took up right where it left off.

But with a lot of people that question still rankled. The disgruntlers had not carped in vain. Why *did* Charles Boyer come back? They wanted to like Mr. Boyer. He was indeed a great actor. They recalled his Napoleon in "Conquest," his psychiatrist in "Private Worlds," his monk in "The Garden of Allah"—and more recently his romantic leads opposite Irene Dunne in "Love Affair" and "When Tomorrow Comes." Yes, a great actor. But—why *did* Charles Boyer come back? Was there something mysterious about it?

No! Charles Boyer's return to Hollywood is just about as mysterious as Baby Sandy's spinach. He didn't run out on France, he didn't join the French Army for publicity, and he didn't return to Hollywood as a propagandist. So just relax. And find somebody else to gossip about. (You might try Cary Grant, he's pretty popular and successful right now.) He came back because his regiment was demobilized and he was instructed by the French Government to resume his occupation. His occupation, in case you're a dope, is acting. From Charles Boyer himself I have the following statement:

"In the first rush of mobilization I was called up with all other Frenchmen of my age class and took my place in my regiment on the first day of the war. After an intensive training period, during which

time I served as a private in the ranks, all those in my section—several thousand—were temporarily released from army service by the French government on November 11th on the grounds we were no longer needed at this time. At the time of our demobilization we were instructed to resume our occupations but to hold ourselves in readiness until such time as France may need us again. When that time comes I shall be ready to return to my station, as I did on the first day of the war.

"Since I have been instructed to return to my career as an actor, and since that lies in Hollywood, I have returned to America to resume work before the cameras. How long I shall be able to stay here is for the government of France to say. Reports I am here for propaganda work are entirely unfounded. I am an actor, not a propagandist."

And that's why Charles Boyer came back. And if you can make anything mysterious or shady out of it you're pretty good. Well, better luck next time, pig eyes.

The day Charles arrived in Hollywood he was greeted by Tyrone and Annabella (he was best man at their wedding, remember?), several hundred stampeding fans, and a pile of scripts. His first stop was at the Ronnie Colman home where he had left his favorite dog, a dachshund named Pouce, when he and Pat left on their vacation. The little hound recognized him at once and was ecstatic with joy. Pouce is fully convinced that Charles Boyer came back simply to see him. The Powers bundled the Boyers off to their home in Brentwood (the Boyer home had been leased in their absence) where Charles had to pay a special visit to "le petite Charles" who had a good scrubbing in honor of the occasion. The "little Charles" is a n-a-k-e-d statue which stands in the Power garden and which was given to them as a wedding present by an elderly fan because she adored Charles Boyer and they were friends of Charles Boyer's. You can be certain that the "little Charles" has been the cause of much ribbing. Tyrone, who never misses a chance to tease, has seen to that.

Naturally, every studio in town has a script for Boyer. Every agency has a radio program. He's about the hottest of the movie stars at the moment. Millions of worshipping women, who fairly swoon at the sight of him, have seen to that, not to mention all the guys who think him a grand actor, even if he has got bedroom eyes. But Charles has said that he wants to relax from the grim job of soldiering for several weeks before he takes up the more pleasant job of acting. He also wants to practice up on his English. Being with all those soldiers and talking French all the time was sort of hard on his English accent. And those French soldiers, boy, did they rib him plenty! Worse than Ty Power. They had all seen him play Napoleon on the screen in "Conquest" and they insisted upon calling him Napoleon. Inasmuch as he was just a private it was always good for a hearty laugh.

Charles isn't as light-hearted as he was when he left Hollywood several months ago on that muchly anticipated vacation in France. He is more dignified and thoughtful. The smile is even sadder.

"I am glad I had the army experience," he said. "I always tried to keep my sense of balance in Hollywood, but it wasn't easy. If there were any phony stains on my mind caused by being a star, a short time in the army wiped them away. I would not like to do a silly comedy part now," he continued. "And I would refuse a rôle, no matter how good, in a war picture. I would like to do something dignified—or light. But not silly, please."

Since his army year becomes forty-one

in January he believes he will not be recalled for six months, or longer. But when he is called, naturally, he will leave at once. But let us all pray that Marlene Dietrich's hunch is right: that the war will be over by the spring.

"I was always in love," Charles told me one afternoon before he left on that last eventful vacation in France. "From my earliest recollection I was in love with one small Mademoiselle or another. In Figeac (his home-town), as in all small French towns, boys and girls do not go to school together. Therefore, from the beginning, girls were more of a mystery to me than they are to American schoolboys. They were forbidden fruit. We did not meet them as competitors in the classrooms. We had no rough and tumble play with them on the school playgrounds. We were segregated. Consequently, I was greatly intrigued with these mystical creatures. They were created, I thought, solely to be fallen in love with. And I obeyed this unwritten law of life. I learned early to connive for rendezvous. I became very adept at passing notes to the object of my affections, when I passed her on the street. I always managed to make friends with the brother of some especially enchanting little Mam'selle, and then he was pressed into service as a go-between—delivering notes for me, small sticky packages of sweets, and other tokens of affection. I spent all my allowance on these ruffled enchantresses. I may be said to have 'sown my wild oats' around the age of six!

"But it was a state of being in love, more than anything else. For today the faces of all those little girls are blurred to me—they have become a composite, lovely, but without individuality."

Having "sown his wild oats" at the age of six, Charles Boyer insists that during his busy years on the stage in France there was a complete lack of any real romance. And then he came to Hollywood. "And I met Pat. Love at first sight happened to me."

We might as well face it, girls. If it isn't Carole, it's Annabella. If it isn't Annabella it's Pat. There's always a woman.



Doesn't this picture make you feel like going right out and joining Lucille Fairbanks, of that famed family, in a game of badminton?





*Lady Esther asks*

**"Is GRIT in your face powder robbing you of your loveliness?"**



**Unpopularity doesn't** just happen! And no one thing takes away from your charm as much as a face powder that won't cling smoothly—that gives you a "powdery look" *because it contains grit!* Why not find out about your powder?



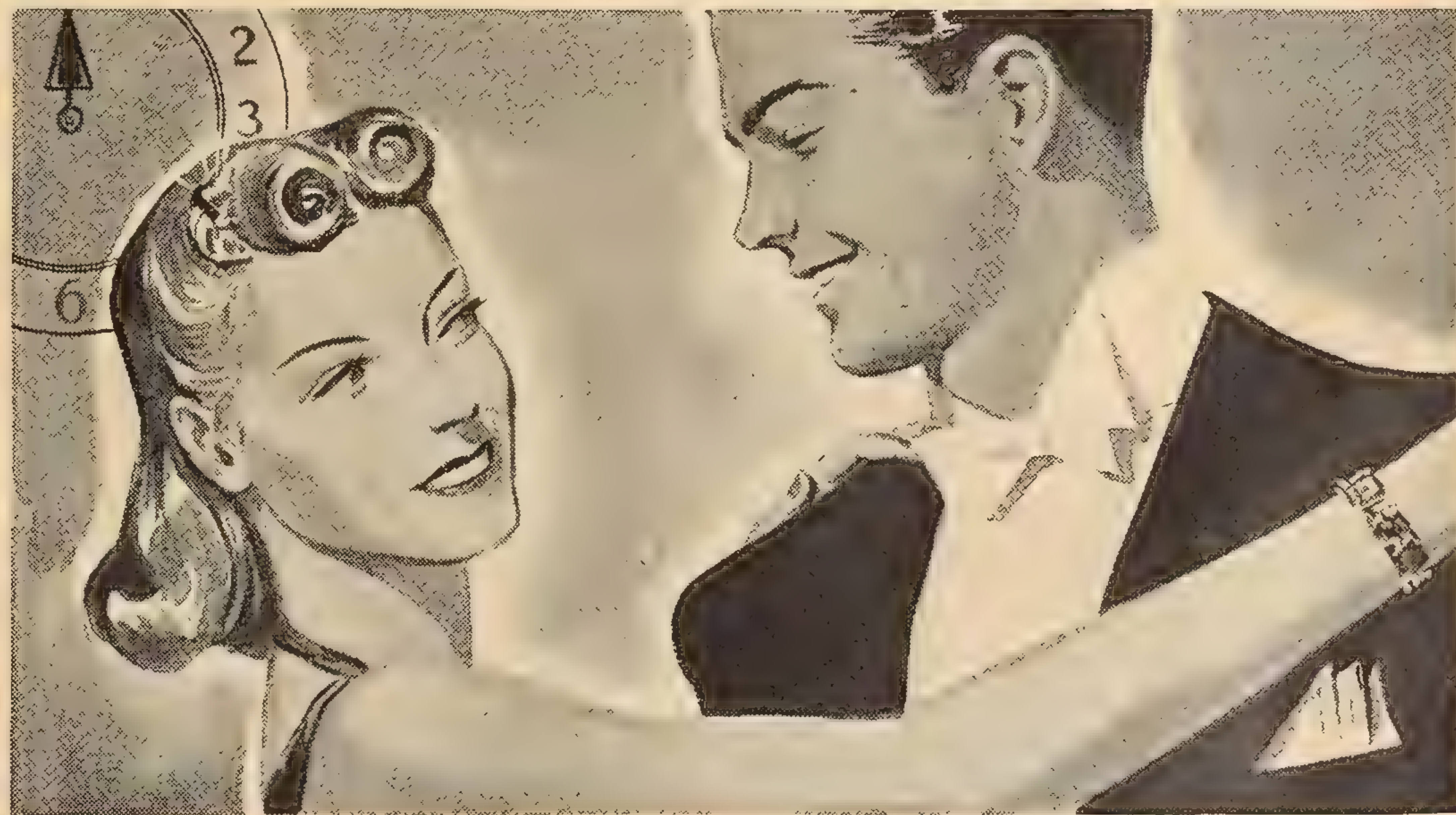
**Right in your own** teeth you have a testing laboratory! Grind your teeth slowly over a pinch of your present powder (be sure they are even) and your teeth will detect for you the slightest possible trace of grit! But...



**What an amazing** difference in Lady Esther Face Powder! This *superfine* powder is free from all suspicion of coarseness or grit! When you smooth it on your face, your skin takes on a luminous, satiny look... a new loveliness!



**When you make** your entrance at a party, how wonderful to make it confidently! *You can*—if you use Lady Esther Face Powder! For no longer need you be a slave to your powder puff. Put on Lady Esther Face Powder at 8 o'clock...



**And at midnight**—after the gayest evening... your skin will still look exquisitely lovely! So today, send for samples of all ten shades of my face powder, *at my expense*. See for yourself that this superfine powder contains not a single trace of grit... goes on smoothly. And you can find your *lucky shade*, too... the one shade of Lady Esther Face Powder that will flatter you most... that will make you look *years younger than you really are!*

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**Test your Face Powder!** Place a pinch of your powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly upon the powder. Don't be shocked if your teeth find grit!

Now, brush away every trace of this powder and the grit it might contain, and repeat the test with Lady Esther Face Powder. Your teeth will quickly tell you that my face powder contains *no trace of coarseness or grit!* You'll find it never gives you a harsh, flaky, "pow-

dery" look... but makes your skin look satin-smooth... flatters your beauty.

**Find your Lucky Shade, too!** For the wrong shade of face powder can make you look *older*. So send today for all ten thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, *at my expense*. Try them all... don't skip even one. For the powder shade you never thought you could wear may be the one *right shade* for your skin—*luckiest for you!*

**★ 10 shades FREE! ★**

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## EX-LAX MOVIES

### A Skeptic is Converted



**ANN:** I dread taking this awful-tasting medicine. It always leaves me weak as a kitten.

**RUTH:** You're just plain foolish to take a cathartic like that. Try my stand-by... Ex-Lax.



**ANN:** Why, this tastes just like fine chocolate! But will it really work?

**RUTH:** Yes, indeed! Ex-Lax is thorough and effective—yet it doesn't upset you.



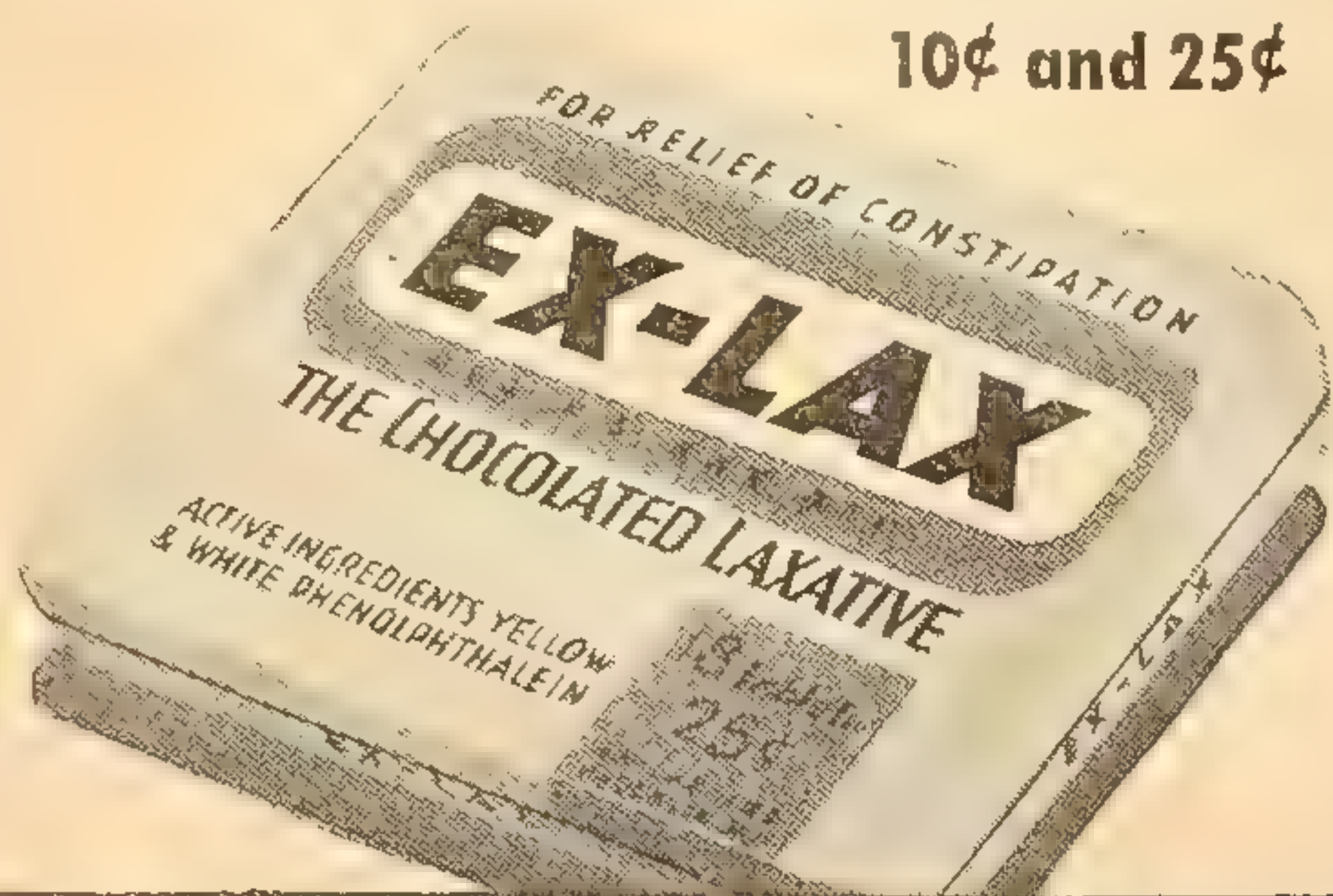
**LATER**

**ANN:** Thanks to you and Ex-Lax, I feel wonderful this morning.

**RUTH:** I *knew* you would! In our family we all use Ex-Lax!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



# Yours for Loveliness

Spring accents for good grooming. Men also admitted!



New Miner's Patti-Pac Cake Make-up for your lovelier face foremost.

WOULD you like to see the beauty of your finished make-up heightened about fifty per cent? Would you like to see that Hollywood look, divinely smooth, glowing and soft, where hitherto your skin effect has been only passably good? Then try the very new Miner's Patti-Pac Cake Make-Up. It evens the tone of your skin, gives an effect of delicate, fine quality and blessedly conceals little blemishes. By the time you've added rouge and powder, you understand the make-up technique for Hollywood skin beauty. Patti-Pac is easy to apply. Make-up will remain fresh and lovely for hours. It comes in three popular skin tones, and truly offers a beauty thrill. At ten-cent counters.



L'Orle fragrant deodorant, in special editions for Him and for Her.

THE perfumed deodorant is an advance step in body grooming, because the one preparation eliminates evidence of a normal function—perspiration—and adds an appealing freshness and fragrance. Preeminent among perfumed deodorants stands L'Orle Parfum L'Odorante, exquisite fragrance that assures body daintiness. Among the forty-four lovely scents are sixteen representing typically masculine freshness, as Boots and Saddle, illustrated. Stars, both male and female, find that this preparation is a means to more poise and self-confidence. Not expensive and in the better drug, department stores and beauty salons.

DAYTIME skirts remain short. Stockings must be beautiful. And still they run—unexpectedly, to our embarrassment. A little stocking-saver at ten-cent counters will rescue many a pair and your poise, as well. It's called Run-R-Stop. It comes in a little compact container, just right for bags. So when you feel the tingle of a beginning run, out with your Run-R-Stop, apply a drop at both ends of the run, and the day is saved. The liquid will not stiffen stockings, doesn't show, and is truly a find.

IT'S time for new shoes. If they're a tiny bit tight or too loose, corns and callouses may result, agony to bear, unsightly to behold. Mosco, in salve form, is a reputable remedy that quickly relieves you of these foot burdens. Beautiful, trouble-free feet mean composure of face, good posture, graceful movement; in fact, they're a beauty "must." Mosco will solve these foot problems, quickly, efficiently. Simply rub on night and morning until results are obtained. Mosco is for sale in your drug stores.



Second in a series of "perfume of the stars" is the new Joan Blondell.

IF THE bottle opposite looks familiar, that's probably because you used with delight the first edition in this "perfume of the stars" series, *Franciska Gaal*. Now you must know *Joan Blondell*, as spirited, as vitally fresh and lovely as Joan, herself. It seems attuned to Spring, a new hat, a new love! For it's an invitation with a promise, a mysterious, though light, and ever-haunting scent. An extra-well-made perfume that costs but a trifle. And if you like adventure, investigate through your five-and-ten-cent store the Joan Blondell contest for a trip to Hollywood. The winner may be you! Good luck! For here is a perfume with possibilities—appeal certainly and perhaps adventure also.



Aknasol comes to our rescue—efficiently—for every-day skin blemishes.

EVERY-DAY skin blemishes! I think there is no greater source of unhappiness to men, women and youngsters. For no one can be attractive with bumps. Your solution may be Aknasol Colloidal Sulphur Lotion, which is praised to the skies for its surface skin clearing qualities. Simply apply at night and morning over a well cleansed skin. For the girls, it forms a good powder base; for men, a good after-shave lotion. It's pleasant to use, and is suggested with confidence. We think it's exceptionally good. C. M.



## SCREENLAND'S Glamor Guides

Fashions featured on Page 65 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Frock by Horwitz & Duberman,  
498 Seventh Avenue, New York City

L. L. Berger, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Telford's, Charleston, W. Va.  
Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati, O.  
Chasnoff's, Kansas City, Mo.  
The Fashion, Madison, Wis.  
Cain & Sloan, Nashville, Tenn.  
The Gray Shop, Oakland, Cal.  
John A. Brown, Oklahoma City, Okla.  
Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore.  
Frank Murphy, St. Paul, Minn.  
Flah & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.  
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.  
Livingston's, Youngstown, O.

Flowers by Goddard & Haimes, Inc.  
60 West 36th Street, New York City

Wm. Filene Sons, Boston, Mass.  
Frederick Loeser, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago, Ill.  
Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland, O.  
Daniells & Fisher, Denver, Colo.  
J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.  
G. Fox Co., Hartford, Conn.  
Miller Paine, Lincoln, Neb.  
J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles, Cal.  
B. Altman & Co., New York City  
Lit Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Miller Rhoades, Richmond, Va.

Shoes by Geo. E. Keith Company  
Brockton, Mass.

Walk-Over Shoe Store, Cincinnati, O.  
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Harrisburg, Pa.  
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Indianapolis, Ind.  
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Madison, Wis.  
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Memphis, Tenn.  
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Milwaukee, Wis.  
Walk-Over Shoe Store, N. Y.  
Sanger Bros., Dallas, Texas  
S. L. Bird, Detroit, Mich.  
Gochaux's, New Orleans, La.  
Peyton's, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Pantie Girdle by Real-Form Girdle Co.  
358 Fifth Avenue, New York City

M. O'Neil Co., Akron, O.  
W. M. Whitney & Co., Albany, N. Y.  
Rich's, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.  
The Glove Shop, Berkeley, Cal.  
Jordan, Marsh Co., Boston, Mass.  
Boston Store, Chicago, Ill.  
Titcher-Goettinger Co., Dallas, Texas  
Wolf & Dessauer Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Gimbel Bros., Milwaukee, Wis.  
L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.  
Stern Bros., New York City  
Langston Co., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Sweater by Olympic Knitwear, Inc.  
1372 Broadway, New York City

Wm. Filene Sons, Boston, Mass.  
Carson, Pirie and Scott, Chicago, Ill.  
May Company, Cleveland, O.  
Crowley Milner Co., Detroit, Mich.  
Byrd's, Houston, Texas  
Fifth Street Store, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wis.  
L. Bamberger Co., Newark, N. J.  
Saks, 34th St., New York City  
Lit Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Kaufman Dept. Store, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Stix Baer and Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.  
The White House, San Francisco, Cal.

## It's a "Green" Girl . . .

. . . at winter sports who bundles up in clothes as thick as a mattress! Those who *know* wear outfits that aren't hampering . . . choose clothes expertly designed to protect, without being bulky!

For the same reason, girls who *know* choose Kotex sanitary napkins. Made in soft, smooth *folds* (with more material where needed . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad), the New Kotex is naturally less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers. Less apt to chafe, too . . . for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton, before it's wrapped in gauze!



**To guard pearls and pins**—some smart person designed the modern safety clasp . . .

And to guard your peace of mind, the makers of Kotex now put a moisture-resistant panel between the soft folds of every Kotex pad! Then . . . to eliminate tell-tale bulges . . . Kotex gives you tapered, *pressed* ends! Think! . . . No thick, stubby ends to make embarrassing outlines! Kotex ends are invisible (and patented)!



**Kotex\* comes in 3 sizes, too!** Super—Regular—Junior. Kotex is the only disposable sanitary napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day's needs!) . . . All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers . . . flat, tapered ends . . . and moisture-resistant "safety panels." *All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

**FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS**

**PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY**

**COMPARE ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS**



\*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"*



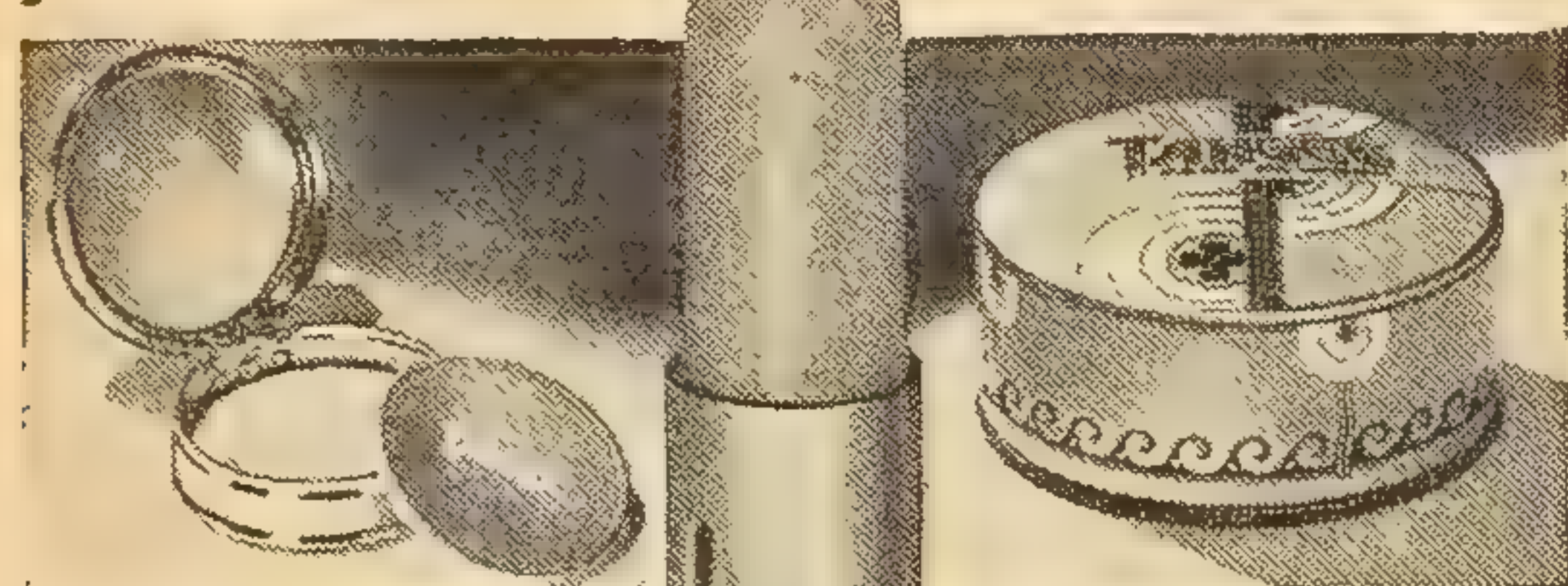
# Six Men Talk About Women

Continued from page 64



**DON'T LET YOUR LIPS SAY**  
*Fresh Paint*

**Have Soft, Smooth, Tempting Tangee Lips.** Only in Tangee Lipstick will you find the "magic" Tangee Color Change Principle and the exclusive Tangee smoothness! Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips...to the very shade of rose or red most flattering to you. Tangee isn't "paint"...doesn't coat your lips with heavy, greasy color...won't smear or blur...helps prevent chapping. Try Tangee today and see how much *prettier* and more attractive you look!



**Try Tangee Rouge to Match.** For fascinating, natural-looking color in your cheeks there's nothing like Tangee Rouge, Compact or Creme.

**Tangee "Underglow" Powder.** Also contains the famous Tangee Color Principle, to give your skin that delicate rosy "underglow".

WHEN YOU WANT MORE VIVID MAKE-UP, use Theatrical—Tangee's brilliant new red shade.

*World's Most Famous Lipstick*  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

## USE THIS VALUABLE COUPON

The George W. Luft Company, 417 Fifth Ave., New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-up Set" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). (15c in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh  
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ [Please Print]

Street: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ SU30

brown eyes. "I like eyes to look like two deep cups of coffee, so that you can't see the bottom," he says. "I guess it's the mystery of these eyes I like. You can look and look, but never get to the answer to the riddle." Mr. C. insists that to be attractive a woman must have a neat, well-put-together appearance. He always notices shoes, and is bitter about wrinkled stockings or crooked back seams. He thinks a woman should use all the make-up that makes her lovelier, but not to the point of looking bizarre and attracting too much attention.

We can't all have velvety brown eyes, but there is some beauty in all eyes that can be further enhanced by good make-up. Instead of using eye make-up mechanically, it is well worth while to study your eyes and decide upon very individual accent. For that well-put-together appearance, you may rely upon the proper foundation or girdle, providing your figure is in fairly good shape. There is nothing like a light foundation of some sort to give you that really finished figure look. No matter how beautiful your figure, don't think you can clothe it well without some under-restraint. You simply can't.

Mr. D. is torn in his allegiance to beauty. He was a great admirer of Marlene Dietrich for many years. It was her exotic quality. He says she knows the art of masculine appeal. But when Bette Davis loomed high in stardom, he switched. "I don't think Miss Davis is beautiful," says he, "but she has a force and vitality in her face like a strong magnet. I like the direct look in her eyes, the force of her small, severe mouth. I feel that every word she says is important. I like, too, the fact that so small a person is so strong in spirit."

With Mr. D., you can see that personality makes a stronger appeal than physical beauty. We, too, believe that eyes that look straight at you, fearless and frank, have charm and attraction. We think, too, that a mouth like Bette's is expressive and interesting, but a beauty tip for girls with

this type of mouth is to make the upper lip a little fuller than natural and more curved. For this purpose, you will find those new fountain lip brushes just the thing. In fact, they're just the thing for any lips, because they give that definite, clear, Hollywood mouth line.

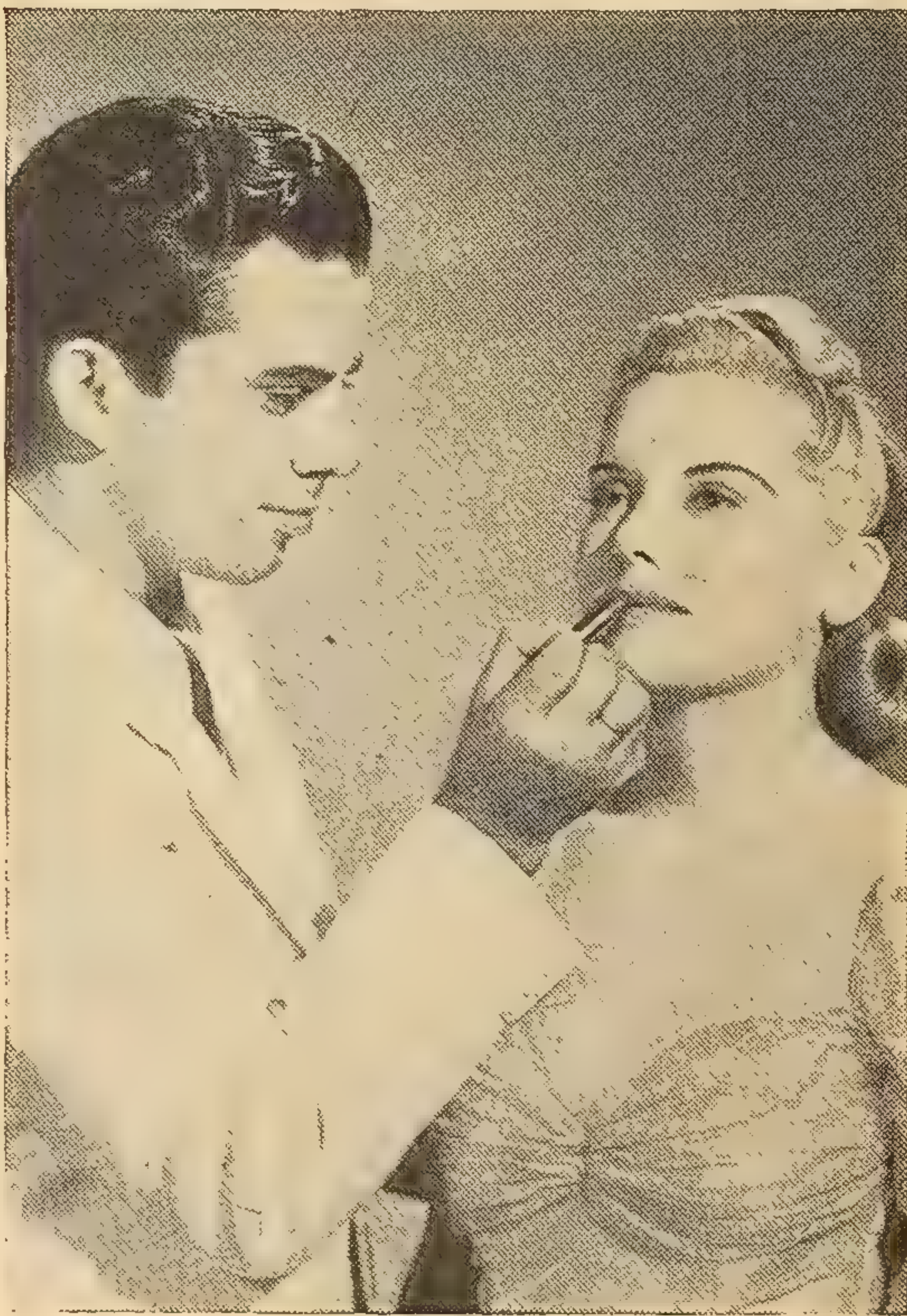
Mr. E. is a young man, still looking around. His heart is still his own, and so he says with conviction, "I like all types of girls." We need more men like you, Mr. E. "I like girls best who wear high heels, have pretty hands and not too red nails. I like girls to make up their minds when I ask for a date. I want a definite yes or no. I like a girl to be ready when I call for her, so I don't have to sit and talk to her father a long time. When I take her home, I like her to be brief in breaking away—well, not too brief. I like girls in bright colors, and I like some powder and lipstick. I like them to use perfume, but I don't like funny eyebrows." Funny eyebrows, as defined by Mr. E., mean exotic lines that dart upward like a swallow's wings.

It would seem reasonably easy to please Mr. E., and his points are all well taken. He, also, dislikes to see girls smoking on the street. Priscilla Lane ranks high in Mr. E.'s mind; in fact, she'd do perfectly. You do feel, too, that Priscilla would be a very regular sort, and not break dates or keep a chap waiting too long.

Mr. F. has conservative tastes, but he sparkles at the mention of Claudette Colbert. He thinks it's her eyes, because eyes impress him more than any other point in a face. He, too, likes direct eyes, enough make-up and lipstick for prettiness, but does not go for very red nails. "I like a girl to look natural," he says. "I like simplicity in dress and manner. I don't like fancy clothes. Perfume is agreeable to me if it is light; too much suggests that the person is careless—at least, she's careless enough to use too much. If the general effect of a girl's outfit were pleasing, I don't think I'd know whether it was new or old, black or white, but I'd notice instantly if she had a run in her stocking, if a white thread clung to a dark dress or if it needed pressing. Maybe my tastes are just neat and tidy. You see, I've never had much time or opportunity to think about such things."

For a gentleman who hasn't, you've done very well, Mr. F.

It seems to me that our critics are not too severe; that their viewpoints simmered down amount to good taste. It seems to me, too, that since men, in many cases, are our protectors and providers, that it would be nice of us to consult them now and then about our new clothes, hair-dos and what-nots, whether or not we have the slightest intention of falling in line with their tastes. We probably haven't, but we can be angels and ask them what they think.



Buddy Westmore, one of the famous Westmore brothers, who comprise the House of Westmore, adds finishing touches to Brenda Joyce's lips on the set of "Little Old New York."

## A NEW POWDER FOR SPRING

New make-up seems as necessary as a new hat or a new perfume for Spring. And so a lovely box of powder, by a famous maker, is our gift-of-the-month. The March bulletin of beauty, fashion and good times tells you how to get your gift, and how to present your loveliest face for Spring. Send a three-cent stamp for the bulletin to Courtenay Marvin, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.



## PERSONAL

Jim: What is the trouble? I've tried to be a perfect wife and mother. Where have I fallen down? At least be fair enough to talk things over. Your silence is cruel. Please phone. Love. Margaret



# To Jim—with Tears

Domestic tragedies may often be caused by

## ONE NEGLECT

that destroys Romance

"LYSOL" helps avoid this

YOU've often read those little messages in the "Personal Notice" columns which tell of once-happy marriages that have "gone on the rocks".

It's a sad fact that a woman can be above reproach as a homemaker—and still be guilty of the one neglect that may kill a husband's love. More women ought to use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene.

"Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal. Using it regularly for intimate personal hygiene will give you a sense of immaculate cleanliness that adds greatly to your charm.

If you are in doubt about feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol". Probably no other product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose. Today (and for more than 50 years) "Lysol" enjoys the confidence of hospitals,

clinics, doctors, nurses. Here are 6 good reasons for using "Lysol" for feminine hygiene.

### 6 Special Features of "LYSOL"

**1. Non-Caustic**... "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. **2. Effectiveness**... "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

**3. Spreading**... "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy**... Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. Costs about 3¢ an application. **5. Odor**... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stability**... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

... PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD! ...

### What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.

Dept. S - 403, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1940, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



## Preview of Your Future

Continued from page 59



*Try Flavor-Town's  
delicious gum  
and don't be tense  
when crises come*

... for Beech-Nut Gum is always refreshing and restful. There are 6 delicious kinds to please your taste — Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of candy coated BEECHIES, Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin. Below is the "flavor" town of Canajoharie, N. Y., famous for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.



## Beech-Nut Gum



on the lips of every studio employee from Louis the prop boy to Louis the Mayer.

After setting up Miss Baronova's horoscope, I discovered that she was born in the water Sign of Pisces, which includes everyone whose birthdate comes between February 19 and March 20 of any year. It is very interesting to recall that the late Jean Harlow was born in this sign, and that she was given her first big chance at the same studio. Will Baronova have a great career or will she be just another forgotten importation in another year?

It is interesting to trace Miss Baronova's career. She began early as a ballet dancer, and met with such sensational success that she was soon elevated to one of the greatest honors possible of attainment in the field of the ballet. She was made première danseuse of the Ballet Russe. It was in that capacity that the eagle eye of M-G-M spotted her, and as a result, she is making her film début in "Florian," with Robert Young and Helen Gilbert.

Will American film audiences acclaim her as enthusiastically as lovers of the ballet have on two continents? This is a question all of Hollywood is asking. According to her horoscope, Miss Baronova will prove a great success in this picture and many more to come. She may not absolutely startle the world, but her work will be of such an inspired quality that it cannot help but win her a permanent niche in the hearts of film goers. She is here to stay, that is, if Hollywood can succeed in permanently luring her away from her beloved ballet.

1940 holds great surprises for Miss Baronova, as well as for YOU if Pisces is your birth sign. These changes are not only in regard to the finances, but also in connection with travel, and the home. There is a possibility of change of residence, and happier conditions in the personal life. Although it is somewhat difficult for Pisces persons to mix career and marriage, in the case of Miss Baronova, I feel she will be able to do so easily, for she represents the highly intelligent type in this sign who can be happy in marriage even when a career takes up so much time.

This piscatorial sign also produced Louis Hayward, who made such a hit in "The Man In the Iron Mask." Mr. Hayward is truly coming into the great cycle of success that awaits most persons born in Pisces. Currently cast in "My Son, My Son!" he will win a somewhat delayed acclaim by the fans. Hayward's wife, Ida Lupino, was born in the Sign of Aquarius. This sign is astrologically incompatible with that of Pisces, so I cannot honestly guarantee the permanence of this union. However, all of us in Hollywood who love this vivid couple hope that their happiness may last.

Among the newcomers, Patricia Morison is the most representative of Pisces. Although she was reared in the midst of luxury, and never dreamed of becoming an actress, she, too, experienced a financial setback. (This seems to be the destiny at one time or another of the children of Pisces.) When her father lost all his money in the stock crash, Patricia did not let it become a stumbling block to her ambitions. It was the impetus that caused her to fulfill the ultimate destiny shown by her horoscope. Stardom is in the offing for this beautiful young Pisces lady.

As a rule, early romance and marriage claim most persons born in Pisces. Take the case of Joan Bennett, who was married very early in life. That marriage was

doomed from the start, owing to incompatibility, but those of you born in this sign need not experience the heartaches that sometimes come to Pisces persons. You can learn a lesson by studying the lives of the movie stars born in Pisces who have known unhappiness in love and marriage. These include the late Jean Harlow, who attracted great unhappiness in love; George Brent, who has known more than one unfortunate marriage, Madeleine Carroll, and Franchot Tone, as well as Joan Bennett. This proves that the Sign of Pisces is one that must observe the greatest caution to avoid unhappiness in marriage. As for Miss Bennett, she will find happiness eventually. It is only a question of time before she knows her own mind in regard to romance. Her chart shows that 1940 is an excellent year in which to find the culmination of her romantic dreams in a lasting marriage.

We saw the disastrous results of a marriage between signs that are not compatible in the case of Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford. Franchot is a Pisces, and although Joan was attracted by his mental qualities, she confused fascination with emotional fulfillment. That they have remained friends proves what I have always said about these two signs, Pisces and Aries. Their attraction to each other is so great as to be almost irresistible, but the close relationship of marriage brings up problems that are not always easily solved by such diametrically opposed natures. It is a strange thing how fire and water signs attract each other. You will do well to study the compatible signs for this sign and use it as a guide in choosing friends in the future.

The compatible signs in friendship, business, romance and marriage for the Sign of Pisces are: Cancer, June 21 to July 22; Scorpio, October 23 to November 22; Taurus, April 21 to May 20; Virgo, August 23 to September 22; and Capricorn, December 22 to January 19.

If Pisces is your birth sign, you may well wonder when conditions will begin to improve for you. There have been afflictions during the past year or two that have brought you more than your share of burdens. You now come into a cycle of prosperity, and your stars will shower you with better fortune. This applies particularly to business affairs and the home. More money should come to you through business contacts. Investments, real estate deals, signing of leases and contracts are favored in the coming months. As for romance, those of you who are still single may face a choice between two persons who are interested in you. 1940 will bring marriage to many born in Pisces.

Those of you not born in Pisces have various aspects of the planets to contend with that bring you varying degrees of good fortune. Study the section below dealing with YOUR particular birth sign, and see what the stars predict for you this month.

### Aries—March 21 to April 20

Take aggressive action in business and romance this month. You will find opportunities for artistic expression. If you are interested in art, music, acting, etc., make the most of the productive vibrations from Venus at this time. Money comes from two sources; debts should be paid, obligations for the future should be avoided. Social vibrations come from Jupiter and Venus, bringing one or more new friends into your life. Romance is favored. Make



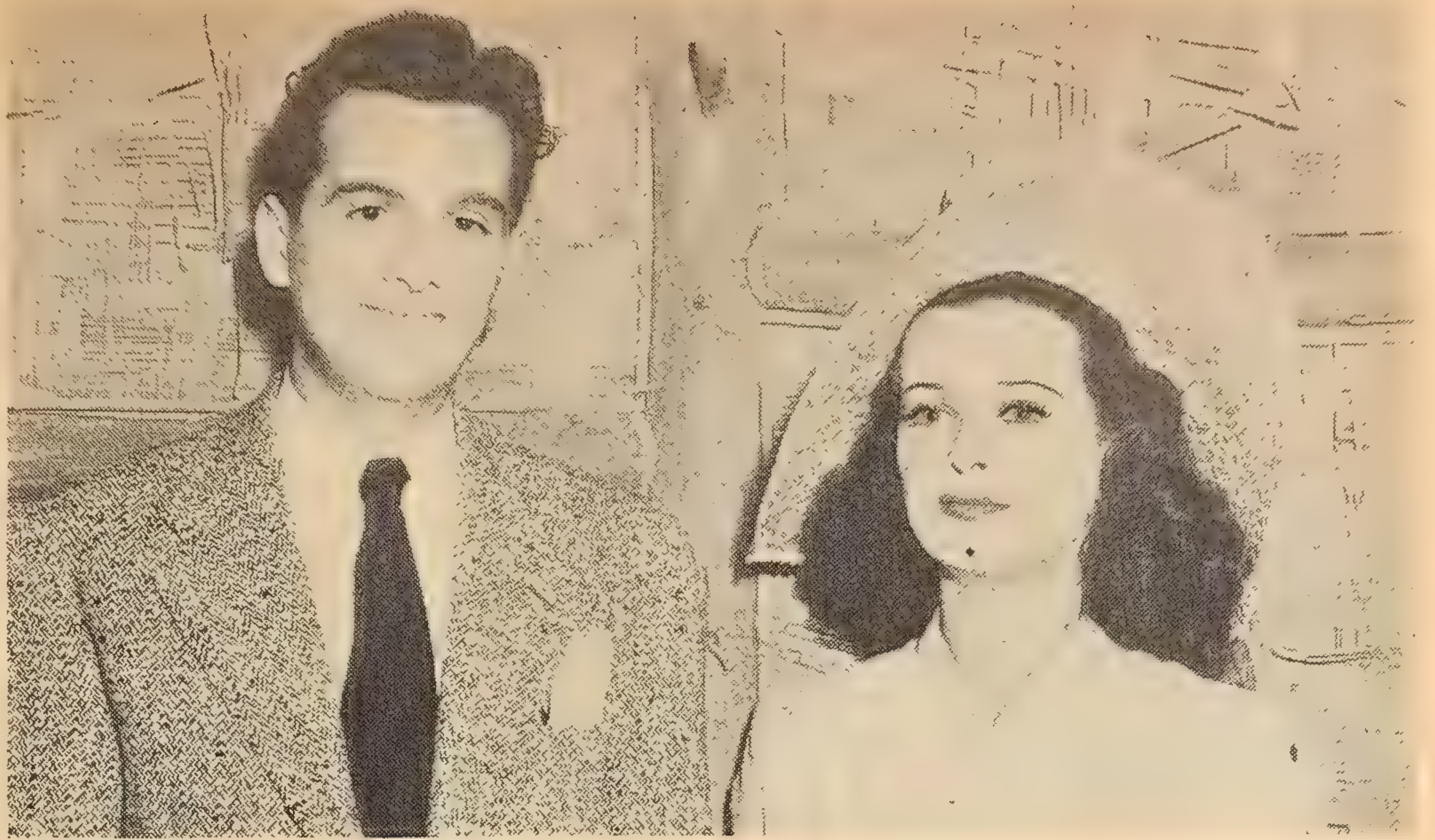
no radical decisions or changes in love or marriage, but wait until somewhat better vibrations prevail. Travel, visit relatives, engage in business where you deal with the public. Do not sign important papers without consulting an attorney. On the 4th and 15th, avoid controversy, and involvements with other persons. The favorable days are 1st, 3rd, 7th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 18th, 21st, 22nd, 24th and 28th. The other days are somewhat negative, good only for routine affairs. Avoid danger, and watch the health.

#### Taurus—April 21 to May 20

You are going through a transition this month; Uranus brings strange forces into your life. Some doubt and confusion may arise in personal affairs. Avoid taking chances, be cautious in finances; watch out for secret enemies, and be careful of what you say or write. Jupiter brings money from a venture of long standing. Inventions, writing, music, acting, are favored. Relatives may impose upon you. Avoid quarrels with friends, and superiors in business. On the 3rd, 7th, and 12th, ask favors, seek promotion or raise in salary. The home comes under better aspects after the 15th. Romance continues as it is; an old love may appear on the scene, but do not make a decision regarding it. Those married come under some influence of Mars that may cause disturbances. Avoid separation and talk things over. The following days are positive and favor all progressive action: 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 8th, 10th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 26th, 27th and 28th. The other days are neutral; remain calm, watch the health, avoid excitement, and watch finances.

#### Gemini—May 21 to June 20

Mercury favors business this month,



You can relax and smile now, Joan Bennett. Norvell (shown here with you) says that 1940 is an excellent year for you to seek a happy, lasting marriage.

especially work where you use the head and hands. Push all personal affairs, and be aggressive. Do not worry, and avoid assuming new debts. You are in for a cycle of prosperity, and if you are temporarily depressed, it will pass. Real estate ventures are favored; stocks, and other speculative matters come under fairly good aspects. Important messages will come through letters, telegrams or telephone calls. The home is under better aspects than formerly. Love thrives, and even though you may consider a change in romance, you stand a better chance of finding

happiness than before. Good month for engagements, marriages, and buying a home. Not good for hasty action in separating, or seeking a divorce. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 5th, 8th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th. Watch the health, avoid accidents on the 2nd, 7th, 13th and 28th.

#### Cancer—June 21 to July 22

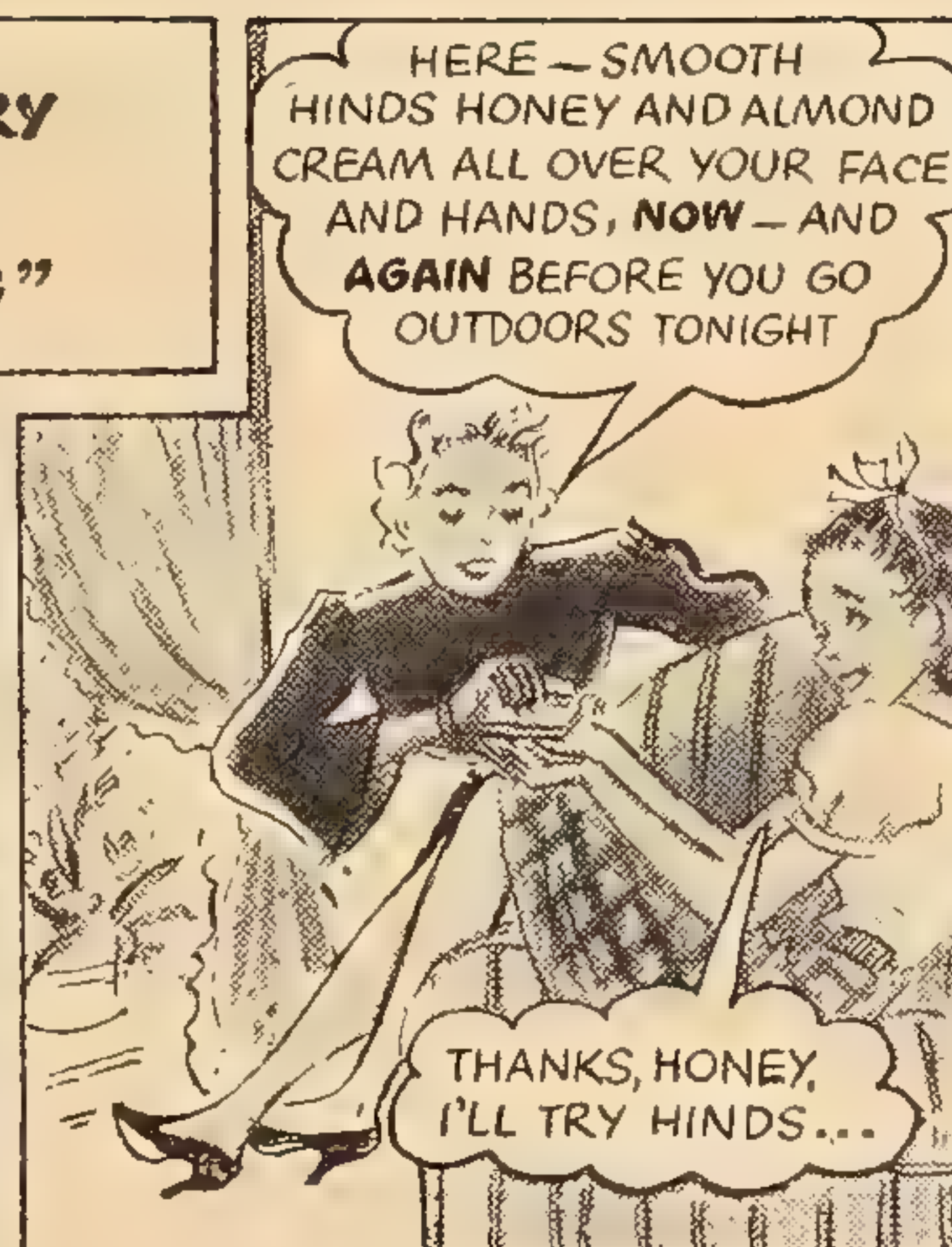
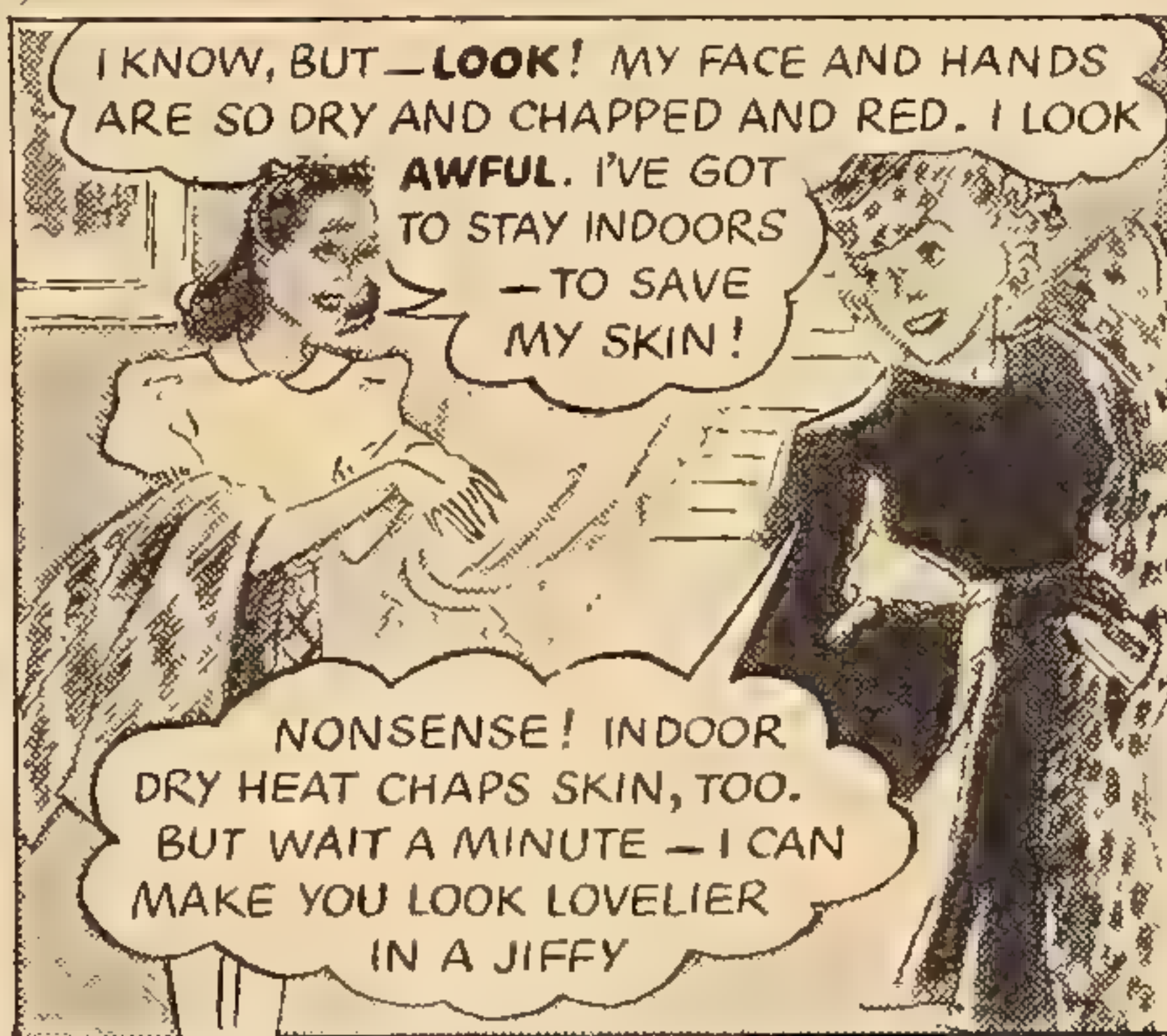
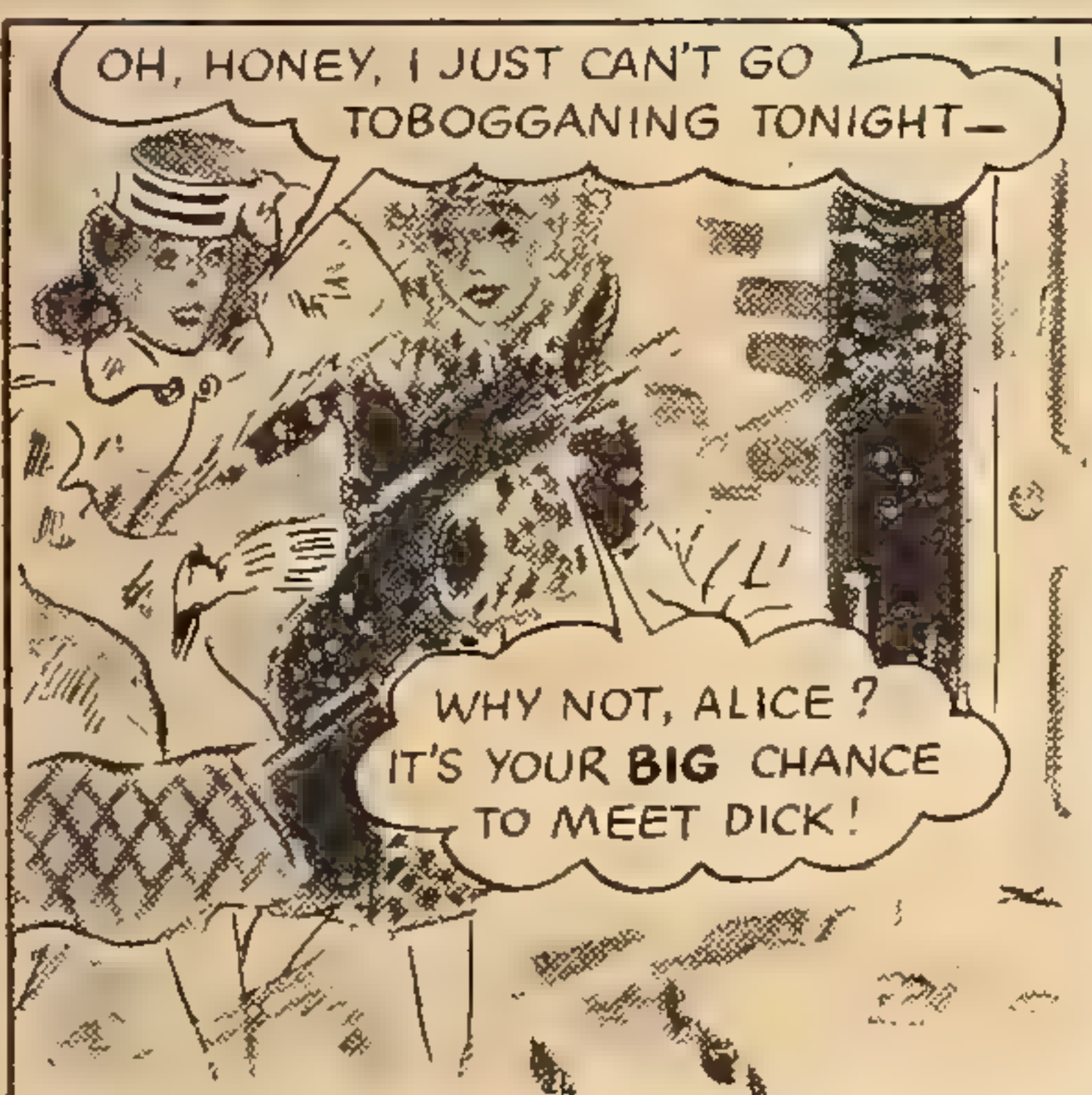
This sign is under steady vibrations at this time. You have the strength of Saturn giving you courage. Attack your problems with energy and confidence. Seek help of

# Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR

says

**"YOUR SKIN GETS EXTRA DRY  
IN WINTER —  
NEEDS EXTRA SOFTENING"**



#### WANT THRILL-SOFT HANDS?

**N**O matter how tough the weather or how hard you work, you can have the soft hands that thrill a man. Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream to ease away chapping—help tone down redness. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening. Coaxes back the softness that cold weather and indoor heat take away! A grand powder base, too—not sticky. Contains Vitamins A and D. \$1, 50¢, 25¢, and 10¢... **TRY Hinds Hand Cream. NEW!** Quick-softening, fragrant, not sticky. In jars, 10¢ and 39¢.



Wednesday Night's Fun Night with  
**BURNS AND ALLEN**

GRACIE SAYS: "I USE HINDS, TOO!"

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# LIPSTICK PARCHING



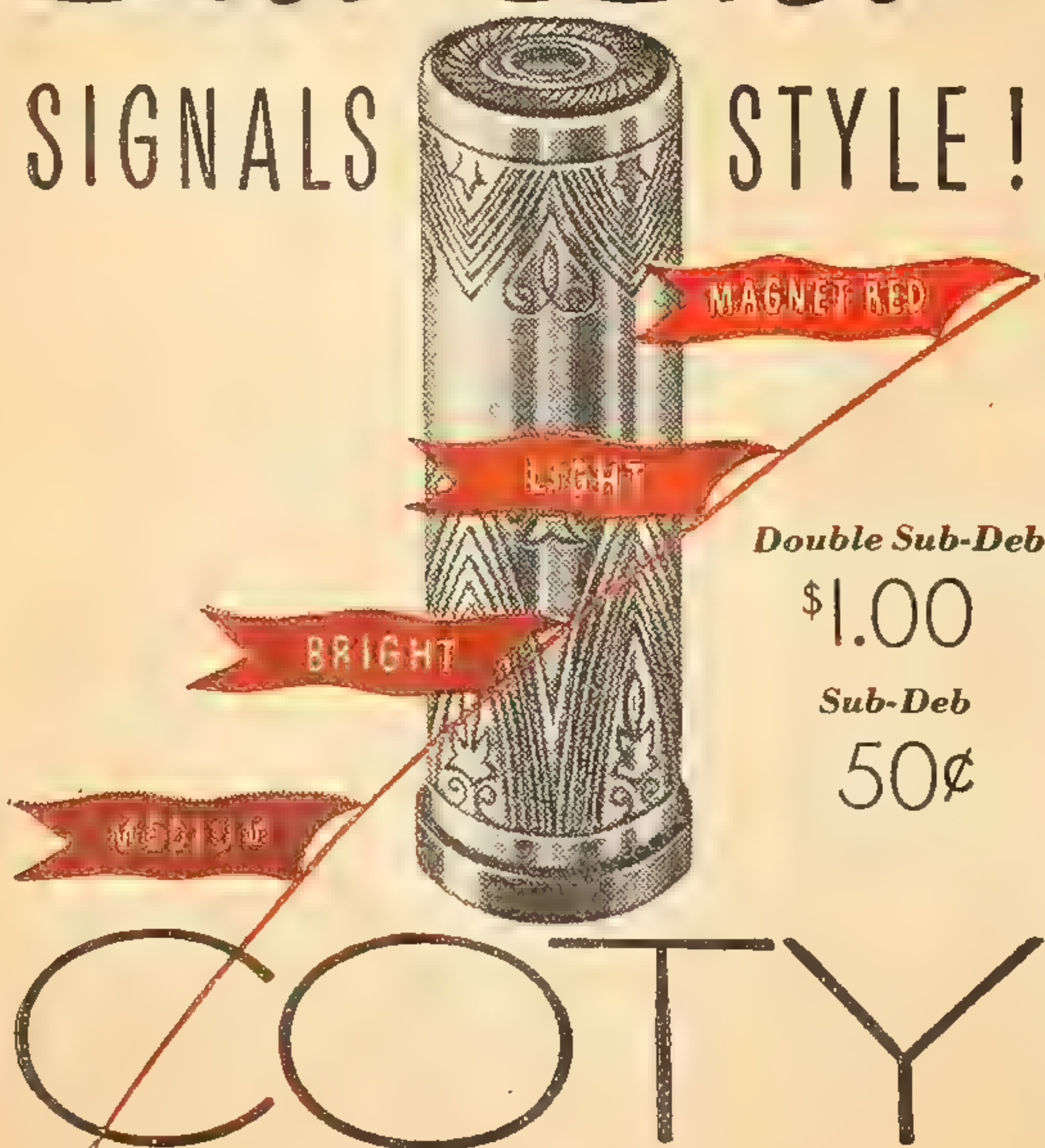
“The brighter the righter”...is fashion's latest color advice on lips. Coty “Sub-Deb” responds with ringing new shades—bright, clear, rich, *red!* And you get these high-style Coty colors without fear of Lipstick Parching! To help you avoid chapping and roughness, “Sub-Deb” contains a special softening ingredient—designed to protect your lips!

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Double Sub-Deb  
\$1.00  
Sub-Deb  
50¢

superiors in business; ask for promotion. Deal with public organizations and large corporations. Sign contracts, leases, or other legal papers. Adverse publicity should be avoided. New friends will come into your life; a new romance may end unhappily, so be cautious about becoming involved with one who might prove fickle or jealous. The home prospers; change of residence may take place. Marriages this month are favorable. Neptune brings news from abroad, possible travel on or near water. Do not sell or buy real estate, but conserve your money and wait for better aspects. The favorable days are: 2nd, 4th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 27th and 28th.

#### Leo—July 23 to August 22

This brilliant sign has good aspects this month for financial affairs. You should tackle any and all business problems with utmost confidence. Dare to promote yourself and your interests, for someone you will meet will become vitally interested in helping you in the completion of some project. Social events are excellent at this time; enjoy yourself, attend dances, parties, bridge games, etc., and meet people. Be cautious in regard to romance, for there is a tendency to hasty action. Watch your tongue, and say nothing you will regret later. Two persons may claim your affections. The Sun gives you popularity this month, and you will be able to find romantic happiness, if you have not already done so. Those who are married may have some disquieting experience, but it is not of a serious nature, and can be easily overcome. Favorable days are: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 10th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 25th, 27th and 28th. The other days favor general business routine.

#### Virgo—August 23 to September 22

You can make this month favorable if you are alert, aggressive and avoid being critical and too particular. Situations may arise that do not suit you, but you must overlook them. A trip may engage your attention. Money may be delayed and cause annoyance. Avoid assuming debts and burdening yourself. Inventions, gold mines, oil wells, and other speculative ventures should be curbed, for there is danger of losses. A relative must watch his health. Avoid nervousness, worry and overwork. Watch the diet on the 3rd, 8th, 12th and 18th. The love life presents one or more obstacles and there may be a change imminent. Conditions are not favorable for sudden action in marriage. Be patient and ready to forgive. Better aspects prevail in the last two weeks of the month. Favorable days: 1st, 4th, 5th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 22nd, 24th, 27th.

#### Libra—September 23 to October 22

You may have one or two romantic problems to contend with this month. Avoid seeking out another romance until you make up your mind one way or another about a present love affair. It would seem wiser to break off at present, for Venus brings a new romance into your life, and it might complicate matters if you hold on to the old love. No decisions should be made regarding engagements or marriage. The coming weeks hold changing conditions in all departments of your life. If business conditions do not please you, attempt to change them. A man brings you advancement in business. Curb extravagant habits this month, and avoid long trips, unless absolutely necessary. Social affairs are favored, and a new friend may come into your life who will mean much to you in the future. Sign legal papers, deal in real estate, merchandise, insurance, stocks, etc. Avoid adverse publicity, and watch the diet and health. The

vibrations from Uranus bring unconventional vibrations, so avoid entering alliances. Favorable days: 1st, 2nd, 5th, 8th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 28th.

#### Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

You face better vibrations for health this month. Mars brings you aggressiveness, courage, and vitality to fight against any disturbances that may arise. There are apt to be disquieting experiences in regard to the love life. Avoid quarrels and do not try to dominate the loved one, for this causes trouble. Romance is favored, although there should be no radical changes, or decisions made regarding the breaking off of an old romance. Wait until you come under more peaceful vibrations.



Len Weissman

By the time you read this, Jeanette MacDonald, shown here with husband Gene Raymond, will be on another concert tour. Though this is only her second tour, she is already considered the fourth most popular concert star in America. Nice going, Jeanette!

Money matters are extremely important this month. Attempt important deals, promote your welfare, seek advancement and help from executives. Advertising, writing, publicity, these are all favored. Avoid dark places late at night, or over-indulgence in food and drink on the 1st, 4th, 8th, 15th and 21st. Favorable days: 2nd, 5th, 6th, 9th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 28th.

#### Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

Your sign favors business affairs this month. Jupiter brings you favorable vibrations for a change in position, or advancement in your present one. Debts should be paid and extravagances avoided. Venus brings social affairs, a tendency to over-exertion; watch the health, avoid confusion, bad temper, and excitement. A secret enemy might cause gossip and concern. A man who has been quite prominent in the past might come back into your life. Relatives are warned against indiscretions, assuming obligations, and to watch the health. All musical, artistic, and creative efforts are encouraged this month.



Study, improve yourself, and learn control. Romance may cause some concern, but do not worry if you break off an old attachment. Marriage relationship is apt to be under a strain, but avoid making decisions about separations, divorce, etc. Favorable days: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 25th, 26th and 28th. Other days neutral.

#### Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

Better vibrations exist this month than last. You should be coming out of your financial tailspin. Saturn gives you some aid now, so that you need not worry about obstacles that present themselves. Other persons will prove helpful this month. Seek advancement or raise in salary. Continue in old established places if there is a possibility of improving yourself. Working conditions improve. Those without jobs are favored by Jupiter. You may consider changing residence. Love affairs of long standing only are favored. Otherwise there are apt to be rapid changes. Engagements and marriage come under better aspects this month. Favorable days: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 27th. Other days are neutral and favor routine action.

#### Aquarius—January 20 to February 18

You face many vital decisions and changes in business affairs this month. You have been through distressing experiences in the past year or more. Now the Sun smiles on you and brings you prospects of a better future. Inventive, musical, literary, and artistic matters are especially favored. A good time to promote a job, or interest in some independent project you contemplate. Travel, visit relatives or friends in other cities or states. Uranus brings you sudden and unexpected changes, mostly for the better, so be alert, progressive and aggressive. You have been sitting back too long waiting for fortune, instead of going out and courting fortune. Social contacts are good, and through influence of a powerful person in public work, you may come into a very interesting position. Avoid conflict in the home, especially if married, for Mars brings a tendency to disturbances. Those unhappily married may seek a separation or divorce. Those single have good vibrations for continuing an existing romance or making a change. The health should be watched until the 15th of the month. Favorable days: 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 22nd, 23rd, 26th and 28th.

#### Pisces—February 19 to March 20

Your sign is under agreeable aspects of Neptune, Venus and Jupiter this month. This favors your personal affairs, brings interesting conditions in romance, and promises you some relief from the distressing conditions you have no doubt known in business and finances. Although new love is favored above the old, what we have already said about Pisces people must be remembered. They have a tendency to romantic disturbances; and should avoid making hasty decisions about marriage. The same applies to divorce; if unhappily married, try to alter the situation and overcome the difficulties before going through with a divorce. Your home thrives this month. Good for children, moving into new locations, and social events. Favorable days: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 21st, 23rd, 25th and 27th. Other days favor only routine affairs.

There are other interesting revelations from the Stars for each sign of the Zodiac, and if you want to know more about yourself, your character, your romantic and marriage possibilities, be sure to consult your own individual horoscope for 1940.

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make LOVE more wonderful,"**  
says  
*June Lang*  
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to help Prevent disappointing  
Rough, Chapped Hands**

**M**OST GIRLS' HANDS need extra help these days to keep them adorably soft and smooth. Your hand skin so easily loses its natural beautifying moisture!

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New! For smooth, kissable complexion—Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Its Vitamin Blend helps against unattractive dry skin. Try it! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



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**HAPPY RELIEF  
FROM PAINFUL  
BACKACHE**

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

**A Kid With a Camera**

Continued from page 63

they wouldn't stay in their chairs that day. Spot was just a mongrel, but Husky is a police dog. He's not really our dog, but he thinks he is. The people who own him buy him a collar and a license, but he runs off and comes to us.

"A few weeks ago we had to get rid of some of the animals—there were such a lot of them and they took so much time. So now we have just Rex and Moose—and Husky when he comes over. Princess was so big and such a bother to take care of. She looks like Buck, the dog used in 'Call of the Wild.'"

The little star handed me a picture of a young man and two dogs. "That's my brother-in-law with Rex and Princess. He was always taking pictures of me, so I got even by taking this one of him. He was really awfully serious as a picture-taker. He had his own dark room and everything in the old house, but he hasn't fixed up his new one yet."

She paused to select another print or two. "These are the horses we had. I love riding horseback, and I wish I still had a horse. But Babe loved to buck and my mother was always expecting me to break a leg. Dobbin isn't a bucking horse, but she side-steps and they say that's dangerous, too. In 'Out West With the Hardys', they gave me a few lessons in riding—I went twice a week for ever so long, but it was mostly to learn to rope. I love that."

"This picture of Babe is good—she's light against dark, like they tell you. The drugstore man gave me a book about how to take good pictures that day I was all broken up about my three rolls of film, and that's one hint it gave. This one I took of Dobbin and Sylvia, my sister, is pretty horrible. She has sort of red hair, Mother calls it blonde, and it looks black here. But it may be the film. You must buy a certain kind, the book says."

"This is our car, with George on the side. He always wears that awful snow hat when we go for a drive. I can drive, but my mother won't let me. I always start the car and warm it up and bring it around, though. I could drive on the ranch if there were any place to drive, but if I went out the police might stop me, if Mother didn't. I wish I had a car of my own—I'd like a Bantam or a Baby Austin or one of those racing cars they rent out on tracks to kids. Some of those cars will



He looks a bit like Clark Gable, doesn't he? He's John Carroll. Because of his love scenes with Ann Sothorn in "Congo Maisie," he is being hailed as the next big star.

go at 35 miles an hour, for little kids five and six years old. Oh well, Mother, I wouldn't go but five or ten miles an hour, if I had one. My mother always expects me to break a leg! Do you know, I only got a bicycle a year ago, after I'd pestered mother ever since I was three that I wanted a bike, but she wouldn't let me have one—thought I'd break a leg! Even now I can only ride it around the ranch, and it's too sandy to make good riding."

"You ride on Sundays," her mother reminded her.

"I know. Mother and I get up at five o'clock every Sunday and go out on our bicycles for a real ride," Virginia admitted.

"There's no traffic then, and I'm at hand to watch over her," said Mrs. Weidler.

"But once a week is so little time," objected her daughter. "I want to ride every day!"

Her restless glance was caught by a bag of marbles lying on a desk nearby. "Do you care?" she murmured to the owner of the desk, and sank down on the floor with the marbles. "I used to be able to shoot a swell score. Look, I've forgotten the knack. You have to hold your fingers this way. Oh, I've missed again. See if you can do it."

We all tried. Virginia's mother did better than the rest of us, which seemed to discard the practice theory.

"I've got a picture of our goats in that bunch," said Virginia, when marbles were not so absorbing. "Audrey and Nancy, their names are. We got them because my niece was just born and had to drink goat's milk. She liked it, so I thought I'd drink it, but after the first it got so it tasted like goats' hair—know how it smells?"

"If we get through talking here, we are going shopping. I want to go to the sports sections, where they have ski things and stuff for winter. Here in California we can go up into the snow, if I can get off for a day, and have any sports stuff. I wish I had skis or a sled. Or anyway, ice skates. My mother doesn't want me to have ice skates; she thinks I'll—"

"Break a leg," finished her mother, amiably. "You can go ice skating when one of us is with you, Virginia. But you won't go more than once a year or so—"

"So why buy ice skates when you can rent them?" grinned Virginia. "That's just it. If I had a pair, I could go two or three times a week, maybe. Anyway, I'd love to go in for Sonja Henie stuff. Next thing you know, it'll be summer again and no more snow."

"I hate perfume counters. I look at the stuff and smell it and say: 'How much?' and they say: 'Only \$21!' and that's the end of it."

"Here's Virginia beside the swimming pool—our home-made pool," offered her mother, smiling. "Her brothers built it."

"You have to pump the water out by hand—it takes six hours," confided Virginia, looking up from shooting aggies. "I love to swim but I've never dived except off the side of the pool. We haven't got a diving board. When I was making that picture at Universal, I had to wear my hair in curls. At noon I'd go swimming, and I'd wear sixteen bathing caps and a chamois, and still my hair would be wet and the director wouldn't be pleased."

She gave up the marbles, having mastered her former art, and rose. "When I get my new camera, I'm going to try some tricks with mirrors and then you can see the results," she promised. "My brother took a picture of me by flashing mirrors for light so that my feet were white and so was my face, and the rest of me was black. It was swell. I can think of a lot of interesting shots I can make, using mirrors that way. When I get my new camera, I mean. I feel lost until I get it."



## Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

### BORSCHT

Ingredients: Good stock (beef, veal or chicken) 5 large uncooked beets, butter, salt, pepper, sour cream.

Wash and clean beets and shred finely. Melt butter in pan and, when hot, add beets and cook for about 20 minutes. Then stir in a little hot stock and when this is absorbed, stir in more stock and repeat until the beets are tender. Pour into another pan containing hot stock, chop the beets and simmer for half an hour and strain. Three or four spoons of sour cream are stirred in just before serving.

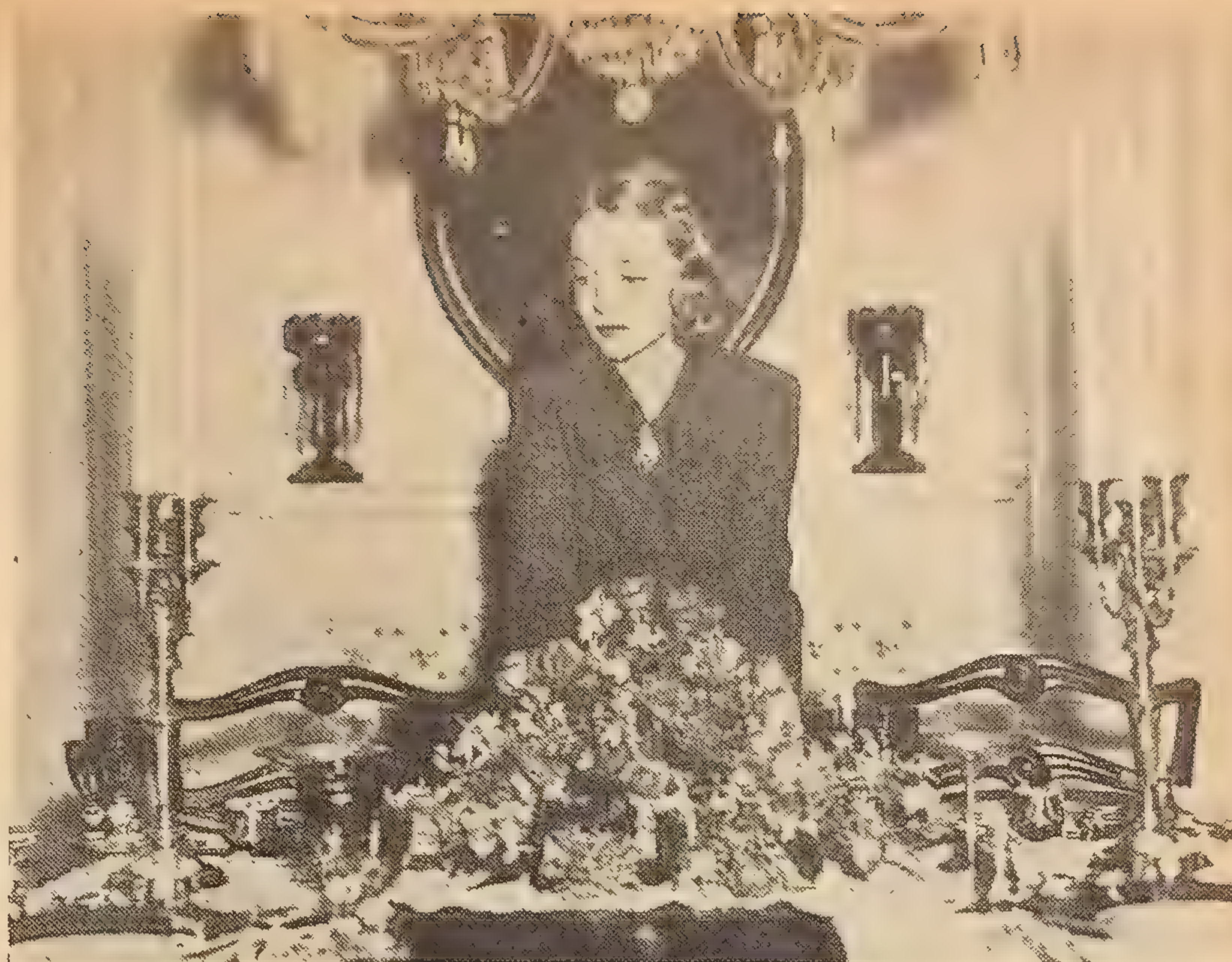
"Then we had Japanese fried shrimp. Everyone who tastes it is mad about it."

### JAPANESE FRIED SHRIMP

Use either fresh or canned shrimps—fresh are better. After shelling them, leave on the little tuft at their top. Roll them in flour, then in slightly beaten egg and then in flour again, but lightly. Fry in deep fat (*Wesson oil*) and be sure to fry at precisely 375° F. Supply individual dishes at each plate, in which you pour some soya bean sauce which has been heated with a little lemon juice. The technique of eating is to seize the shrimp by its little tuft, dip it into the sauce and pop it into your mouth. The hotter they are eaten, the better.

"After that, we had chicken, Southern fried chicken, and some with Spanish sauce. Mac always serves it like that, both on the same wide platter, so guests can

If you can set a dinner table the way Virginia Bruce does, you'll be made socially, and how! Yes, the dinner table at the right is perfectly set. See how charmingly simple it is?



choose. Mashed potatoes—of course they belong with chicken—and carrots and asparagus. Mac always manages to get one vegetable that is out of season; he loves to do that."

### SPANISH SAUCE

1 tablespoon minced lean raw ham  
1 tablespoon chopped celery  
1 tablespoon chopped carrot  
1 tablespoon chopped onion  
2 tablespoons Crisco  
2 tablespoons flour  
½ cup stock  
½ cup tomato juice  
½ teaspoon salt  
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Melt the fat; add the ham and vegetables and cook until they are brown.

Make a sauce of this mixture and the flour, salt, pepper and liquid.

"Mac always makes his salads in a mold. This time it was cucumber and pineapple; tonight it's to be avocado and grapefruit."

### CUCUMBER AND PINEAPPLE SALAD MOLD

2 tablespoons Knox's gelatine  
1 cucumber cut fine  
2 slices pineapple (Dole) cut small  
Salt and pepper  
2 stalks of celery cut fine  
1 onion chopped very fine  
Few springs of parsley  
Color with green vegetable coloring  
Dissolve gelatine in cold water and then add a cup of boiling water. Add

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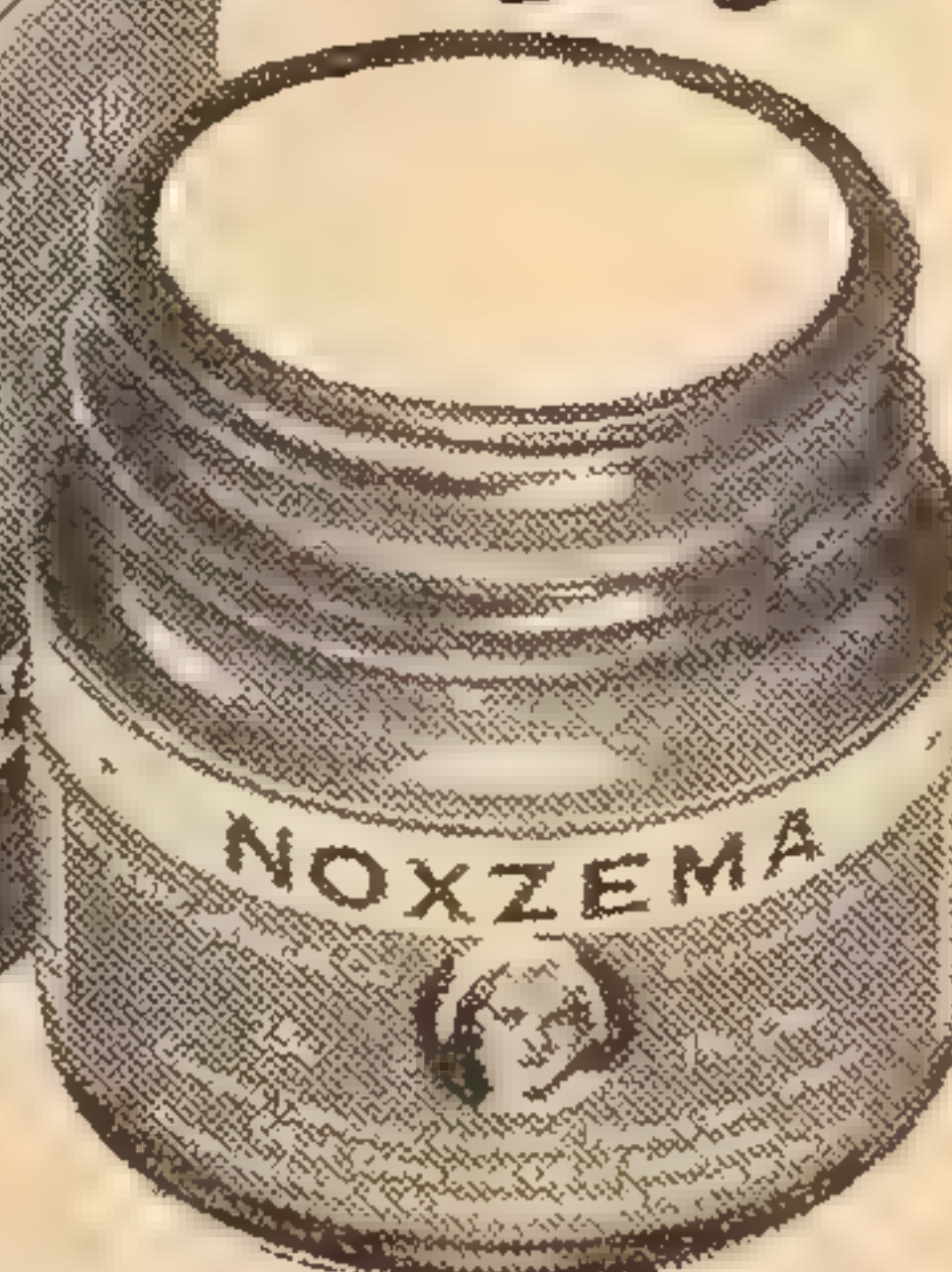
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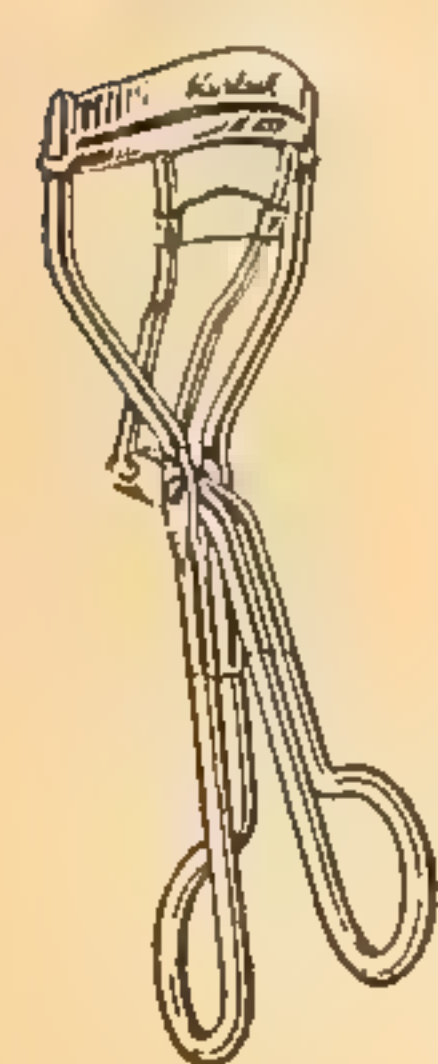


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Pinkham's Compound positively contains no opiates or habit forming ingredients—it is made from nature's own wholesome roots and herbs each with its own special work to do. *Try it!*

Note: Pinkham's Compound comes in liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).

coloring, and as gelatine cools, add the other ingredients and put into a mold. Set in the refrigerator.

"Mac makes delicious ice-cream, and that night he chose crushed strawberry ice-cream with devil's food cake. He has another luscious dessert made of chopped cherries, nuts, and marshmallows. And there's a lemon pie that has a cheesy flavor in the crust. Also a lemon cheese pie. He studied cooking at Columbia University and Columbia should take a bow. I'm proud of all my servants—they are all such darlings!"

### DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

Mix in top of double boiler:

6 tablespoons ground Baker's chocolate

1 cupful brown sugar

7 tablespoons milk

Stir and cook until smooth and then add 2 slightly beaten egg yolks and stir and cook three minutes. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and cool.

Beat  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter to a cream; add  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup brown sugar and beat smooth and creamy; beat the yolks of two eggs until thick and beat into them  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup brown sugar. Beat two minutes and add to the butter mixture. Continue beating and beat in the cooled custard mixture 3 cups of Swansdown flour sifted with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon soda and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sour milk. Beat two minutes and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Bake in floured and buttered tins, cool on a wire rack and spread with marshmallow filling.

### MARSHMALLOW FILLING

Place in a sauce pan 1 and  $\frac{1}{3}$  cups sugar, 4 tablespoons water and 2 drops lemon juice; bring to a boil and boil until it spins a thread. Add 1 dozen marshmallows cut in small pieces and stir until they are melted. Beat the whites of 2 eggs stiffly and beat in slowly into the boiling mixture. Beat until lukewarm and spread on cake.

### LEMON CHEESE PIE

4 eggs

$1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar

1 lemon

2 cups cottage cheese (Sealtest)

Beat the yolks of the eggs with the sugar until light and creamy and beat into them the grated rind and juice of the lemon and the cheese that has been rubbed through a sieve. Add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and pour into

a pastry-lined pie tin. Bake in a moderate oven until firm.

"I don't know the first thing about cooking. All I can make is fudge, and I'm not very good at that. I made some last night but Mac beat it up for me. It was creamy, but not really cooked long enough."

We had crossed to the living room by this time, a white-walled, green-carpeted room with flowered chintz drapes and a white-tiled mantel with roses painted on the tiles. Virginia perched on the fireside seat before the open fire, where the fire's light did things to her fair hair that made her lovelier still. On the baby grand piano is a picture of Susan Gilbert, Virginia's small daughter, when she was even smaller. Today she's old enough to enter first grade. She slipped shyly through the hall, a fair little girl with pigtails tied with red ribbons, carrying a schoolbook.

"Her first report card was all S's," confided her mother, proudly. "S means 'Satisfactory' and is the highest mark they give at her school. We were delighted. I suppose it's a relief to all parents when the offspring make good in the first school. She's so young she hasn't much social experience. The other day, my brother's wife and her mother called while I was out. Susan entertained them very sweetly for a time, then suddenly said: 'Will you please excuse me? I must run upstairs for a moment, but I'll be back.' Up she went and vanished for the afternoon. I suppose she'd had enough of social life."

The library, or den, is a real man's room. Two walls, lined with books, a severe fireplace with a hunting print above it, other hunting prints above a huge, masculine-looking desk. There's a comfortable small chesterfield before the fireplace where Virginia serves coffee after her dinners, and a combination chess, checkers, and backgammon table.

"I'll give you a lesson in chess," promised Virginia, setting up the board. "It's the only game Mr. Ruben likes. He says that in all card games, as in checkers or backgammon, luck is all you need, but with chess you must use the brain. How's yours today?"

Not so good!

Mr. and Mrs. Ruben share one great enthusiasm. "After dinner, every night that we're alone we take a long walk over the hills with the dogs," reported Virginia. "And it is wonderful! Stars or moon or clouds or fog—it's wonderful! That's the kind of wild Hollywood life we really lead."



Brian Aherne must do some splendid acting to keep up the pace set by his wife, Joan Fontaine, and he does in "My Son, My Son!" with Josephine Hutchinson.



# How Allan Jones Licked the Nelson Eddy Jinx!

Continued from page 61

Joan Crawford and Fred Astaire. In those brief, tiny bits which flashed so quickly on and off the screen, Nelson Eddy had had no opportunity to prove himself as an actor.

If Allan Jones had been able to go to Hollywood the moment Mr. Mayer gave orders to sign him, there is no telling what might have happened. So inscrutable is Fate and so dependent are actors on good rôles that Allan Jones might have become M-G-M's most successful singing star, and Nelson Eddy might have been forced to seek success at another studio.

By the time Allan freed himself from his contract by paying \$20,000 for it, Nelson Eddy was appearing opposite Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta," and that picture made him a star overnight. Because of his success in that picture, Nelson became one of M-G-M's most valuable box-office stars. All of us movie fans grew lyrical about the Eddy-MacDonald team; we demanded more and more of it in pictures, and M-G-M naturally gave us what we wanted. But what about Allan? It was a cinch we weren't demanding him because most of us had never even heard of him, even though he had been singing in concerts and operettas for years.

"When I arrived on the Coast," Allan told me, "Metro stuck me immediately into 'Reckless,' with Jean Harlow and Bill Powell. I was supposed to have a good part and to sing three songs, but it all dwindled down to my standing up in front of a piano and singing one song while Jean Harlow danced. The camera flashed once or twice to me to establish the fact that I was singing the song; but it all was over so quickly that if you closed your eyes for a few seconds, you didn't know I was in the picture.

"Then I sat around for some time, and finally Metro sent me out on the road with the Marx Brothers in their comedy, 'A Night at the Opera,' which was to be made into a picture later on. Perhaps the idea of sending it out on the road was to find out how audiences liked it.

"At any rate, there were executives at Metro who probably didn't think I was good enough for the picture, for my agent heard that they were seeking someone else for the part. Being an exceedingly shrewd person, he knew that there was an excellent way to handle that situation. He called up the studio and told the executives that I refused to do the picture because I felt the part wasn't good enough for me.

"That did it. 'You mean Allan Jones is complaining about the rôle?' they blustered. 'You tell him to report to work right away.'"

So Allan Jones did "A Night At the Opera," the picture in which, as one critic cleverly put it, the Marx Brothers made "a monkey house out of the opera house and a monkey out of opera." It was a mad, idiotic comedy—the best picture the Marx Brothers ever did, possibly because it was the maddest—and in it Allan Jones sang his first big song hit, "Alone," and scored what seemed a great hit. One reviewer said of him, "In Allan Jones you'll find a newcomer already soaring toward a lustrous spot in the film firmament on wings of song. Appearance, personality and voice provide him with a passport to picture fame."

At that moment, Allan Jones looked a cinch for future stardom, and there didn't seem to be a reason in the world why he

shouldn't become as great a star in his way as Nelson Eddy—no reason in the world except that Nelson Eddy had got there first.

Over at the Universal Studio, they were having a great deal of difficulty finding an actor to play the rôle of the dashing, handsome *Ravenal* in "Showboat." For *Ravenal* not only had to be a romantic figure, with a great deal of fire and personality, but he had to be able to sing as well. The rôle was one of those parts—like the rôle of *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone With the Wind" or the rôle of the prize fighter in "Golden Boy"—which require an elaborate search before the right person for the part can be found. The Hollywood story is that Carl Laemmle and James Whale, the director, had tested 32 people for the rôle of *Ravenal* without finding the right person for the part, and that finally Carl Laemmle, worn out by all the futile discussion and endless testing, went to see "A Night at the Opera" in order to relax, saw Allan Jones and realized that at last he had found the ideal *Ravenal* to play opposite Irene Dunne. Allan played the rôle magnificently and again it looked as if he were on the verge of success.

But over at M-G-M, he was still playing second fiddle to Nelson Eddy, and this is proven by the fact that at the very time he was making "Showboat" at Universal, on his days off he had to report to the M-G-M studio, where he was given a tiny bit in "Rose Marie," starring Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald.

Naturally, Nelson was given the best breaks, for the public was demanding him, and not Allan Jones. Allan had nothing to do except to appear in a couple of operatic sequences. "I appeared before a firing squad in the execution scene from 'Tosca' and in the death scene in 'Romeo and Juliet,'" he told me. "I was killed off in both those sequences."

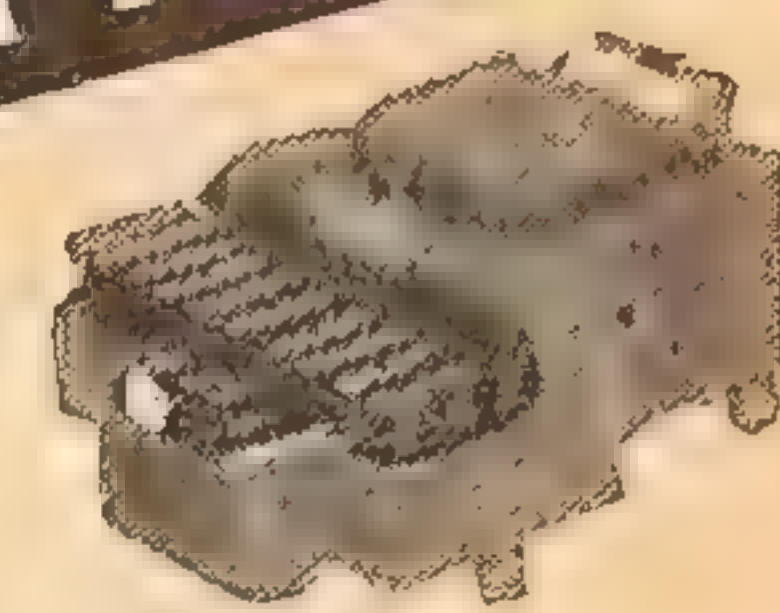
Allan chuckled, but as a matter of fact, he was gradually, slowly, but none the less actually being killed off. For nine months after his triumph as *Ravenal* in "Showboat," he was kept idle—and there is no surer way of killing a player than that.

"All this time," Alan told me, "I was being paid; I was making an excellent salary; but that didn't satisfy me, for I wanted a chance to act. Finally the executives told me they were putting me into another Marx Brothers picture, 'A Day At the Races.' This time I really didn't want to appear in another Marx Brothers picture; I didn't feel it would get me anywhere.

"Metro had promised me 'Firefly,' a picture in which I would be co-starred with Jeanette MacDonald. Now I was told that if I didn't make 'A Day at the Races,' they wouldn't give me 'Firefly.' So I gave in, made the Marx Brothers picture, and got 'Firefly,' my first big rôle at Metro, co-starring Jeanette MacDonald and myself. (That was the picture in which Allan sang the famous "Donkey Serenade.") The picture made a lot of money, and I thought, 'Now I'm going places. Now they're really doing things for me.' I expected a grand picture next."

But the old Nelson Eddy jinx was still pursuing Allan. Although "Firefly" was successful, nevertheless the Eddy-MacDonald team had so captured the imagination of the public that ardent Nelson Eddy fans resented Allan Jones as an interloper when he appeared opposite Jeanette. It made no difference that Allan was

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charming, good looking and an excellent singer; we didn't really want him teamed opposite Jeanette any more than in the old days, movie fans wanted anyone but Charles Farrell to play with little Janet Gaynor.

So once again Metro faced the same problem of finding rôles for both Nelson Eddy, a top box-office star, and Allan Jones, who still had to prove himself tops. And the problem was just too much for everyone.

"Instead of the grand story I hoped for," Allan went on, "Metro handed me an awful script called 'Everybody Sing,' in which I was to play an Italian chef. I told the studio that the picture would do no good for me or for them, that I couldn't possibly be convincing in such a rôle. They in turn got very angry, and said that I had to make the picture—or else. I was appearing on the air at the time with Metro's permission, but they took me off the air and suspended me. They cut off all my sources of income, and so I was compelled to make 'Everybody Sing,' with Judy Garland. It turned out to be a fair picture, which was good for Judy Garland and gave Fannie Brice a chance to do her stuff, but which was very bad for me.

"During the four years I was at Metro, again and again I had gone to the executives and begged for my release. Each time they had refused me. Again and again, I had pointed out that they could save themselves money by getting rid of me—that in the rôles in which I was appearing I couldn't possibly be worth the fantastic salary which they were paying me, a salary which in the course of four years, ran into six figures. I wanted to earn that salary, and I begged for the chance to do so. Since it was only natural that they should put Nelson Eddy into the best singing rôles available, I asked for a chance to make a straight dramatic picture—but apparently they didn't believe that I was a good enough actor to get away with that.

"Finally, at the end of four years, when musical comedies were believed to be on the wane, so that I could no longer be considered dangerous competition to Nelson Eddy, they dropped me, when my option came up. Even then I would have been kept on, I heard, if I had been willing to accept a reduction in salary. But what I wanted just then, more than anything else in the world, was the chance to play the kind of rôles into which I could set my teeth."

Sometimes an actor is taken for granted at his home studio, particularly if four years pass, during which he plays few important parts and thus never gets to be an outstanding box-office attraction. In such a case, of course, it's the most natural thing in the world for him to seek an outlet for his talents at another studio. At Paramount, the old Nelson Eddy jinx could no longer pursue Allan Jones—and at Paramount there were people, important people, people in control, who believed in Allan Jones and in his destiny.

"And so," he told me chuckling, "they gave me a dramatic rôle—the very thing I'd been begging for at Metro without success—in 'Honeymoon In Bali' as Madeleine Carroll's unsuccessful suitor. Oh, sure, I sang an aria or so, but I practically threw it away; the important thing was that Paramount gave me a chance to act. When I had pleaded with Metro for a dramatic test to show what I could do—when I had suggested that they could salvage the money they'd invested in me by putting me into straight dramatic rôles, they said, 'You can't act. It's impossible.' But over at Paramount, first crack out of the box, they gave me the second lead in 'Honeymoon In Bali.'

"Then," he went on happily, "came 'The Great Victor Herbert.' Although everybody in the business had been saying that musicals were all washed up again, Paramount put Mary Martin and myself into a musical."

He didn't add, "And it's cleaning up." But that's the truth. All over the country, wherever it has played, "The Great Victor Herbert" has drawn people into the theatres.

I said, "But what can we tell all the people all over the country who've struggled as you have for success, but who haven't got there yet? When things were looking desperate, what kept you going?"

Allan Jones' blue eyes were thoughtful; then suddenly they shone as though a lamp had been lit behind them. "Deep in my heart," he said, "I always felt that something good would happen to me. I never lost sight of that. And today, I believe that when times are the hardest, it's for a real purpose, to prepare one for better things.

"Do you realize," he said confidently, "that Metro did me a favor? Why, they endowed me with a grand scholarship. By paying me a fine salary and putting me in only an occasional picture for four years, they stretched my years of earning power. During all that time, I was taking dramatic lessons and voice lessons, and constantly improving myself. My four years at Metro gave me a new perspective on my work. I used to try too hard; now I know that I can do a better job with a more relaxed attitude. If I had been more successful at once, that success would probably have been short-lived. Now perhaps I can last a little bit longer in pictures—all the more so because my work at Metro didn't use me up much.

"I've also discovered," he went on, "that faith has a lot to do with getting good breaks—your faith in yourself; other people's faith in you. At Metro there were people who didn't have the power to give me good rôles but who helped me by telling me that they believed that some day I would get a break. My wife, Irene Hervey, believed in me, of course; and naturally her faith in me was a tremendous help.

"Frankly, I wanted to work for the money I got. I didn't want to have it handed to me for nothing. And she believed that somehow, somewhere I would get my break."

"Did you ever think of quitting pictures when the going got very bad?" I asked.

His eyes flashed.

"Never," he said. "After all, I was bound and determined that I was not going to be kept out of pictures. That was what I fought for; that was what I kept on fighting for.

"When my work at Metro was going very badly, I took my mind off it by going in for a hobby. Robert Young and I bought a Riding Academy at Bel Air, where we trained horses, boarded horses and bought and sold horses. We weren't concerned principally with making a lot of money out of the Riding Academy, but we have succeeded in meeting expenses and keeping a lot of people employed who might otherwise be out of jobs."

Because Allan Jones has always been like that, thousands of people today are glad to see his faith and courage rewarded. But Allan himself realizes that the reason his courage was rewarded was because he had faith.

"You know," I said, "I think you're right. I remember reading somewhere, 'There's no such thing as a lucky pessimist.'"

"That's it. That's it, exactly," he said, his eyes shining. "If you want to be lucky, you have to stop being a pessimist."



# Their Boss Tells on 2 Smart Girls!

Continued from page 25

some quality in the girls themselves, there has never been any hint of rivalry between Helen and Deanna. One or the other may be given an extra fifteen minutes for lunch, depending on the heaviness of their day's schedule. Otherwise, no distinction is made between them. Or for that matter, between the principals and other children on the set. Davis and Hopkins may feud, Shearer and Crawford wind up in each other's hair. Durbin and Parrish are close friends. Helen goes home to dinner with Deanna as often as not, which is all the more noteworthy, since Deanna shares her intimacy with few.

"Yet they are so different," says Koster, "that it would be impossible to find two girls more different. Come on the set, you will see Helen doing some nonsense, she can't keep still for two minutes, she is full of those animal spirits that have to come out. Deanna is quiet. She knits or she reads or she talks with somebody, you don't hear her, you don't know she is there. When we made 'First Love,' Helen had discovered some new dance—booms-a-daisy or I don't know what—they hit their hips, they hit their hands—have you ever seen that insane dance? I saw it all day long. The minute they stopped working—Helen and Bob Stack and Lewis Howard—they went in a corner and did booms-a-daisy, but with so much concentration as if somebody would pay them a dollar each boomp. Deanna? She watched them and smiled and shook her head, as if she didn't understand how people could be so young.

"Then with work, Helen is first on the set, and last to leave. She is ambitious, Deanna not. She will work hard always, because she has that here—inside—which drives her. Deanna doesn't want fame or glory or money. She likes to sing and to have fun on the set. But I think she wouldn't mind a bit if she made no more pictures. Tell Helen she is through, she would think her life is over. She is so eager, she will go straight to the top. Not as romantic lead. She is naturally a heavy. At twenty-two she will be one of our

best character actresses. I am sure of it.

"Deanna is successful by talent and personality—" (and by Koster and Pasternak, which he neglected to mention). "Helen will be successful by those, but also by what she will do for herself, which Deanna never could. She dreams of her name in lights over the marquee, but it is charming, for she babbles openly as a child. She gets all excited when something is printed about her, shows it to everybody, pastes it in a book. If she knew I was here, talking about her now, she wouldn't sleep all night for pleasure. Once she came to me with big eyes, terribly serious. 'You know, Bobbie, very little has been written about me. Does that mean I have to go out and get myself some scandal?'

"But Deanna—if you told her she would never have another interview—then maybe she would do booms-a-daisy—but all by herself in her own room. And this is not because she is temperamental." The smile faded from his kindly eyes, and his cheerful round face turned grim. "Excuse me, there is one thing which makes me mad—when they write in the papers that Deanna is temperamental. I never read more nonsense. She has her own ideas. Naturally. What is she, a dumbbell? But she has them for reasons. Give her better reasons, she will take your ideas. Why she doesn't like interviews is because she is shy, she is sensitive, she has that dignity of the child, that when you find it in children, you must touch it gently, or better, don't touch it at all. Yes, she is eighteen now, but she had it always.

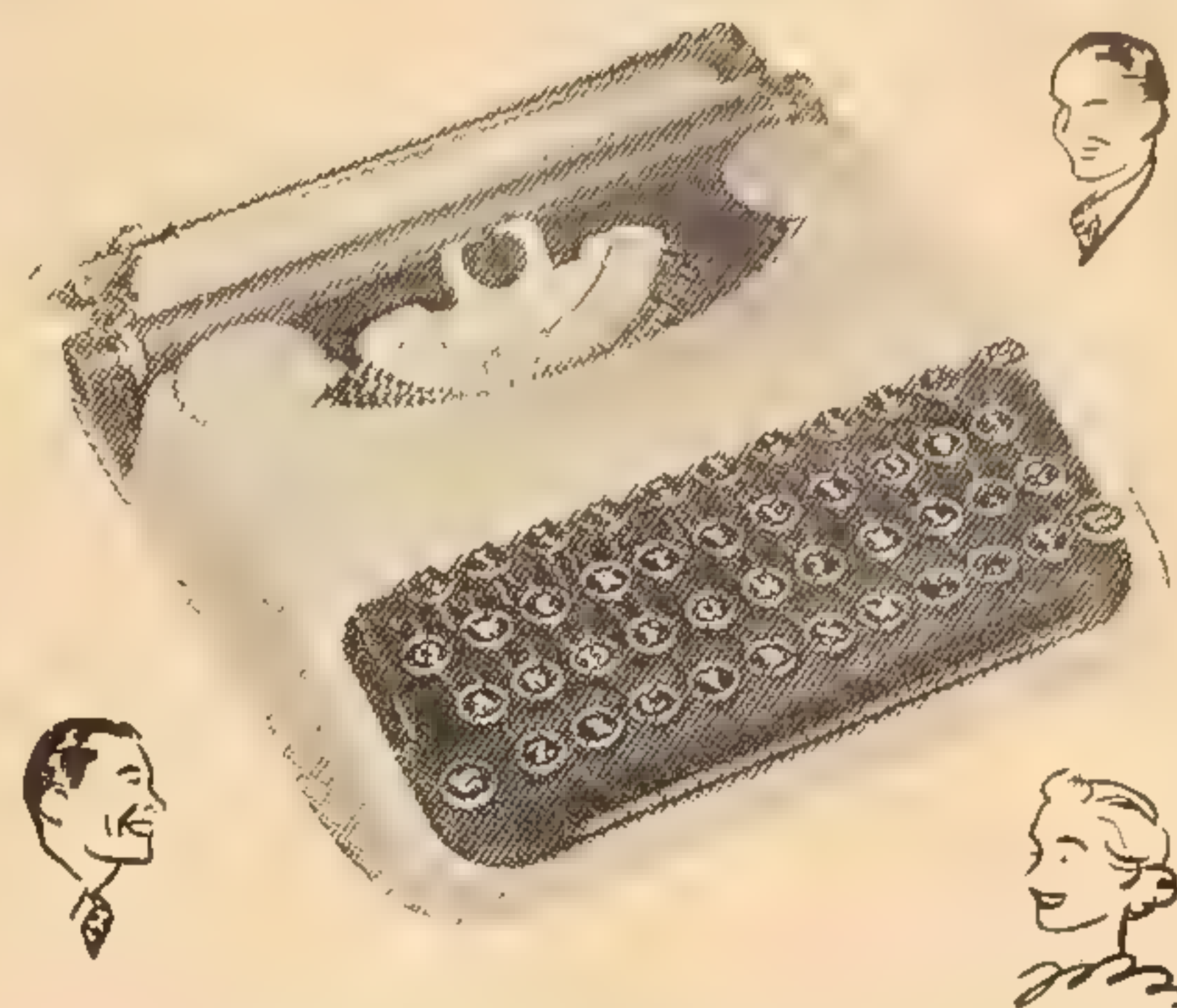
"Let me tell you what happens. I say, 'Look, Deanna, you must talk to these people.' She says, 'All right, I will.' She cannot be gay and easy with them, as Helen could be, because first, she is more reserved, and second, she is more afraid. But she answers questions. She always answers questions unless either they do damage to somebody else, or she gets embarrassed.

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teen questions which no girl of twenty-five could answer? This whole business with Vaughn Paul, for example. Here are a boy and a girl who like to go out and dance together. Why not take it for the natural thing it is and leave it alone? Why try to make more of it? What's so striking about it? Why embarrass a child because they must make news for the paper? I was there when they said, 'Did you kiss Vaughn Paul?' She looked at me. Tears came in her eyes. Because she didn't kiss him prob-  
ably, and if she did, she didn't want to talk about it. What could she do? She didn't want to cry in front of everybody, so she ran out. Then they say 'Deanna's getting temperamental.' Which is very un-  
fair. Because if somebody isn't tempera-  
mental, it's Miss Durbin.

"She is—well, if I tell you what I think, you would call me a softie." He shrugged caution off with a grin. "Call me a softie. —she's a wonderful kid. There will never come anything out of her in bad taste, never anything cheap, never a remark about somebody, never that she dislikes some-  
body.—I wish I were as good as Deanna." It should have sounded strange, coming from the lips of an adult sophisticate, but because it was said so matter-of-factly, it sounded like the truth. He took off his glasses, held them to the light and pol-  
ished them. "She knows," he concluded, "that I am her greatest fan."

The spectacles were back on his nose, and amusement back in the eyes behind them. "Now if some newspaper man would ask Helen the same question, she would not run out probably. If I know my Helen, she would look this newspaper man in the eye and she would say, 'What do you think?' Because Helen has this coquet-  
tishness of a girl. A girl, mind you, not a woman. She is easy to look through, like a clean window, and just as pleasant. For instance, her one and only dream at pres-  
ent is James Stewart. He made 'Destry' while we made 'First Love.' Every day we had lunch together—Jimmy, Pasternak, George Marshall, the director, and I. So while we are sitting with Jimmy, Helen would come over. 'Bobbie, what dress am I going to wear this afternoon?' This dress, you understand, was decided long ago. But I think hard, and I say, 'Well—the green one.'

"All at once she spies Jimmy. Surprise. 'Oh, hello, Mr. Stewart.' 'Hello, Helen.' We all make deadpans. 'Well—is there anything else you want to tell me, Bobbie?' 'No, Helen, thank you. That's all just now.' 'Hm—this cafe's very crowded, isn't it? Would you—d'you think there's room for me at your table? I hate to eat alone.'

"Everybody jumps up, everybody is de-  
lighted, everybody makes a place for her. Jimmy leans over. 'You look very pretty in that dress, Helen.' Helen blushes. 'This?'" Koster flicks an imaginary crumb from his pants. "Oh, this is nothing in particular. Just one of the dresses from the picture.—Have you ever been on our set, Mr. Stewart?" He was there once, and if somebody knew it, it was Helen. He says, 'Yes, but I'd like to come again, if Mr. Koster doesn't mind. This after-  
noon maybe, if I get time off.'—'Oh, Bob-  
bie wouldn't mind, would you, Bobbie? It would be so interesting—for Mr. Stewart, I mean—to see how you work and every-  
thing.' Then all afternoon Helen looks at the door. And Jimmy doesn't come be-  
cause he is busy. And I am at last wicked enough to ask, 'What are you waiting for, Helen?'—'Oh, nothing—I wonder where my stand-in is—I can't find her any-  
where.'

Koster chuckled. He thinks youngsters are harder than grown-ups to direct, but much more fun. He worked for Pasternak in Europe, when the latter was making pic-



Robert Stack kissed Deanna Durbin on the screen, but escorted Helen Parrish, her co-worker, to a preview. She's a coquette, her director says.

tures there for Universal, and Pasternak's glowing reports brought him the offer of a Hollywood contract. Still in his earlier thirties, he is charged with a vitality and an enthusiasm which he knows how to communicate to his players. And he works by original theories, which he has trans-  
lated brilliantly into practice. For one thing, he never permits an actor to see the daily rushes. "In the projection room are allowed only those few who have defi-  
nitely to correct something—the technical men. What has to be corrected as far as acting is concerned, is my business. I want no actors around—that is for both, grown-  
ups and children. For the rest—with grown-ups, I talk the scene over, I tell them what I want. I don't have to put Mr. Gene Pallette in the mood. With youngsters, I work always on the basis of moods. These kids are not actors; they are—I don't know the word—*feelers*. They feel it, then they do it. That's why I have the writer on the set. If there is some-  
thing which disturbs the mood of the scene, I rewrite the dialogue.

"The children don't know the story. They have no script. Before each scene, they are given their lines to memorize. It is perfectly simple because, if you will notice, we never have a scene which is longer than four or five lines, then it cuts to a close-up or whatever it is. If they ask me what comes next, I tell them I don't know myself. This way they have no preconceived ideas, they must concentrate on what I tell them. I want absolute control. I don't want anyone to think about the part but me. Imagine I would give Helen Parrish her part to study. She comes in next day, thinking, 'Now I will be very mean.' But her idea of being very mean might be different from mine. So I would have to break down before building up. I avoid this.

"When we made 'A Hundred Men and a Girl,' Deanna knew only that she was the daughter of a poor musician and that she was trying to get Stokowski. As usual, we shoot the picture like a jigsaw puzzle—this is for technical reasons—the last first and the middle in the end. Besides, she knows nothing about those scenes where she doesn't appear. So it is confusing, what really happens with that girl. When the



picture was over, I said, 'Come in the projection room; I'll show it to you.' She got so excited, not about herself, but the story. She started talking of herself in the third person. 'What are they doing to this girl?' When I said, 'How do you like yourself?', she answered, 'I like her very much,' which she would never have said if this girl on the screen was Deanna Durbin to her.

"That is what I try for—to make them forget self-consciousness, to keep their freshness. That's why I don't object when they play around and do nonsense all day, because the more pep they have, the nicer the picture will look later. In the midst of fooling around, I call them to make a take for me. They come and we shoot, and they have the same breathlessness and high spirits as ten minutes ago when they were trying the booms-a-daisy."

But he doesn't leave the mood to chance. Creating it is part of his technique, and his method such as would endear him to any youngster. "I come in the morning, and I tell them I learned how to make animal noises. Then I make for them a rooster, a sheep, a cow, and they start laughing. You remember the scene in 'Three Smart Girls Grow Up,' where they are getting undressed, going in and out from the bathroom, fighting with pillows? I made a bet with them for ten cents that they are not strong enough to throw me down on the bed. So they all jump, Helen sits on my chest, Nan grabs my arms, Deanna my feet, only she has to drop them, because she is laughing so much she rolls on the floor. Then when their eyes are shining and their hair is all mussed up, I yell, 'O.K., you win. We have to work too or we get fired here. Now the scene where you throw Deanna on the bed.'"

"But I don't play games or tell them stories or make jokes when they have to do a serious scene. Suppose I have with Deanna a scene where she has to have a crying fit or a nervous breakdown, I don't know what. I take her to a corner and I talk with her. This might seem obvious, but remember, she doesn't know what we work on today. Besides, we are friends, and quite often we sit and talk together. Then something will come out. Did she hear the news on the radio? These poor people in Poland, in Finland. Then she will ask me questions about Europe. Helen might come over, she listens too. Did they give some money for Finland? Yes, they did. So did I. We must do what we can, however little it might be. Then, 'Come, let's forget it and work a little.' But they don't forget it. The children who have nothing to eat will be in Deanna's next scene."

"Now you might tell me it is wrong to make a child purposely sad for the sake of her work. I would agree with you. But then you must start from the beginning and ask, is it right that a child should lose so much of childhood by going on the screen at all? Once I took Deanna to Philadelphia to record music with Stokowski. She was sitting in the hotel room with her mother and her agent and her secretary and the whole entourage, and she said she would like an ice cream soda. If we send for it, the fizz will go out. She wants to sit by the counter in the drugstore and drink it with the fizz. Every kid wants this. When we go downstairs, they crowd so much around her with autograph books that she cannot get her ice cream. You might say such things are not important by the side of the money she earns. I will not argue it now. I only say, if you accepted this, then you must accept the rest that goes with it."

There's one other thing, besides the necessity of making them sad, that he dislikes about directing children. "One thing that kills me," he says. "The children grow up."

## "Grapes of Wrath" Makes 'Em Great!

(Henry Fonda)

Continued from page 30

going off half-cocked, his twisted smile working out of a dry sense of humor, his plain manner carrying its own conviction of sincerity. Seeing was believing him.

His spoon now was placed thoughtfully in the saucer. "An actor, I believe, should stick to acting. That's his business, and very few actors know how to do anything else. But what is called the public won't let them keep to acting on the screen or the stage. It wants them to be acting all the time. This is the way it sees and expects them to be, so I admit I'm wrong. If actors don't do what is expected of them, if they lead normal lives like other human beings—and that's all I confess to doing—the public thinks them abnormal because of the very fact they are normal. So to prove they're not abnormal some actors never stop acting when talking and accordingly are accepted as normal."

In his confessions of a human being, it was apparent that the discerning Fonda viewed these phenomena with tolerant good nature. Yet to the wary suggestion that actors, as a rule, might talk too much for their own good, he made the discreet correction: "Not as a rule, perhaps. But some have suffered, and suffered disastrously, from the way they have been made to appear in print. A notable example is Katharine Hepburn. All she wanted was to be left alone to act. But she was not allowed to do the one thing she wanted to do. I think it was bad publicity that put Katharine Hepburn off the screen—and it's a crime. Jimmy Stewart is another person who has been completely misrepresented by his publicity. As bashful, as shy as I am"—and here was Fonda confirming conjecture—"Stewart in print has been made not only brashly assertive but actually bumptious—poor retiring Jimmy, of all people! John Garfield has had pretty much the same sort of experience, with things put in his mouth that anyone who knows him at all knows perfectly well he never would say. There may be actors who believe that any publicity is better than none at all, but for my part I can't see it."

It seemed not improbable Fonda had held this strong opinion from the moment he thought of being an actor. "But I didn't think of being an actor," he quietly protested, again with that twisting smile. "If I had, it would only have been to think I'd be bloody awful. Acting was thrust upon me. At the University of Minnesota I studied journalism. But once out of college at twenty, I took the first job I could get because I needed one. It just happened to be in a little theater in Omaha. What I discovered there was not acting, but the theater. I chased 'props,' painted scenery, swept out, did anything to make myself useful. It never occurred to me to be an actor until they suddenly put me into 'Merton of the Movies.' They probably thought I was just sappy enough to be Merton. But the part, as I saw it, had nothing to do with me. I still feel that way about any part. No matter what it may be, it never shapes itself into my own image. I don't think of myself in dramatic terms. I don't like to act strictly along emotional lines. For there are times when people do not show their emotions. Even in a great crisis, they appear physically to be dead to them. After all, it's the character that the audience sees, not what's going on inside the actor, so all I think about is what the public will think of the way I'm doing the thing—and I always think the worst."

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With that frank analysis of his acting Hank gave the low-down on Henry Fonda. There was no doubting his honesty, so unblushingly a part of him as to seem almost indecent in Hollywood, whose trade-mark is ostentation and whose signature is the dollar-mark. There was further proof of his modesty when he was asked whether he would be the star of "Grapes of Wrath."

"I hope not," he hastened to say. "Anyway, 'Grapes of Wrath' is not a star picture. It's a picture of people as a whole, a definite and significant class, not of any one particular person. *Tom Joad* is of no more importance, even less perhaps, than the others. But playing him is a swell chance for me not to do all the things I've always wanted to get out of doing—not to be an actor. This time I don't feel I am one, and that's a great relief. It's an easy part for me, because it's real. Another good thing about it is that for the first time I'm using no make-up. We're all doing without it. Make-up's only used in other pictures to make you look prettier—and I'm no pretty boy. There's not a single movie face—that is, the made-up kind—in the whole picture. Seeing that *Joad* family together, you'll see they don't look like movie actors. In fact, they soon became so real to us that we forgot our own names and just called one another Pa and Ma, and so on. So far as that goes, we've had with us for weeks a family of real Okies from a Hoover camp—the King family, father, mother, daughter and four sons. Altogether, it's a real experience for me, not acting, but living."

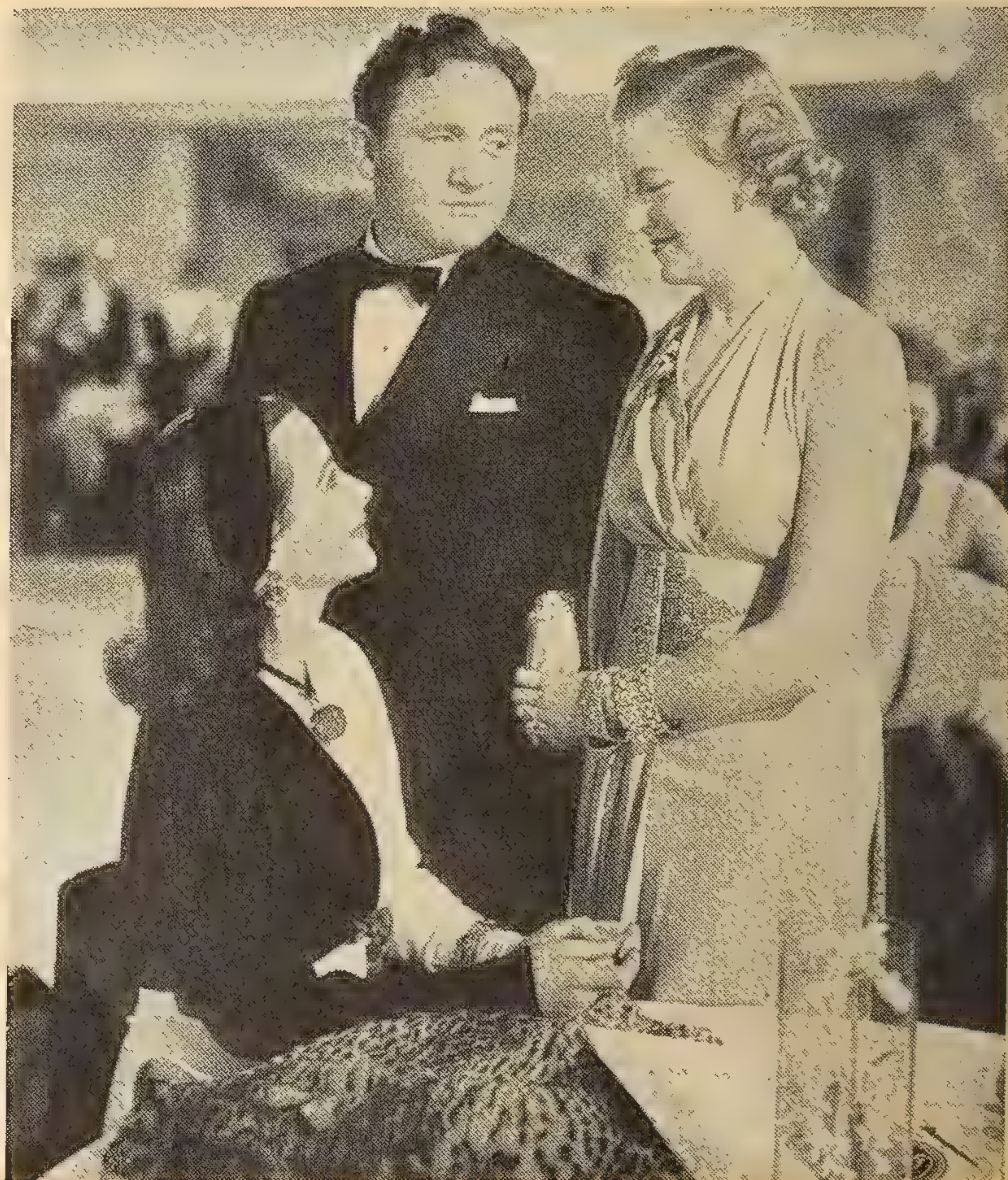
This brought up the question as to whether Fonda had ever slept in a ditch. "No," he grinned, "but I've slept on park benches. The first time I did it was in Chicago. I'd gone there with George Billings and \$27 from Omaha to play Secretary John Hay in an Abraham Lincoln sketch Billings and I had written for vaudeville houses. When we got there we found our billing had been postponed for two weeks. Loafing around town, I came to a jewelry store where an auction, something I never was able to resist, was going on. I went in, and they 'took' me. The auctioneer had put up a wrist-watch. But what caught my eye was a big diamond ring flashing on his fin-

ger. Bids were so slow that he got terribly mad, or made out he was, and said he would put in the ring with the watch. That was where I got busy. I wanted that diamond ring, and got it—for \$25. As the clerk at the back of the store started to wrap up my purchases he said he'd sell me a really good watch for \$5 more. I told him that all I was interested in was the diamond ring. He just laughed. That made me a bit suspicious. Opening the package in my hotel room, I found that my diamond was just paste. That discovery moved me so strongly that I threw both the ring and the watch out of the window. Then for two weeks I lived in the open air and on orange juice."

What Fonda had lived on during a later park-bench interlude in New York came out with: "Rice! A five-cent bag of it would last for more than a week. After a walk-on job in the Theatre Guild production of 'The Game of Love and Death' I was out of work. Then I went to a florist's shop—Goldfarb's, at Third Avenue and Fifty-seventh street—advertising for a young man needed during Easter week. There were fifty other young men ahead of me, and the thing looked hopeless. But there I gave the best performance of my life. First I told Mr. Goldfarb I had been associated with the stage only to find it a precarious means of livelihood. Then I went into my big scene with the line that I had studied floriculture at Columbia, loved flowers with a consuming passion, and wanted, more than anything else in the world, to learn the florist business. Overwhelmed, Goldfarb deeply regretted he would be unable to pay me anything like the fabulous salary I no doubt had been drawing in the theater, but apologetically added he would be glad to give me \$30 a week. I nearly fell on my face, then sneaked around reading the names of plants on tags, all completely new to me."

Even with that windfall, Fonda remained interested in the theatre. "But as a young fellow I wasn't interested in a part unless it had guts in it, and it's the same with me now that I'm thirty-four. Lincoln, it goes without saying, is the biggest part that has come my way. A Lincoln picture was sug-

Hedy Lamarr has the last laugh on people who said she couldn't act, that "I Take This Woman" was such a bad picture, it would have to be shelved. New scenes have been shot for it; it has been remade. Scene, right, shows Hedy with co-star Spencer Tracy and blond Verree Teasdale.





gested to me several years ago, but I felt I couldn't do it, wasn't up to it. That same feeling persisted when 'Young Mr. Lincoln' was proposed. It was partly cowardice, for I was afraid to play a character known to everybody. Finally the writer of the scenario came to the house, and as he read the script both my wife and I cried."

His confession of emotion was so unexpected that I asked if anything in "Grapes of Wrath" had made him cry. "One scene," he admitted, then added, "but not a scene I was in. It 'got' me when I saw it in the rushes. I watched them to the point where Pa goes into a little restaurant to buy a loaf of bread, then cried like a baby. John Ford did that to me. It was his simple human method getting in its work. He always has both feet on the ground as a director—a real guy. He made it possible for me to play Lincoln. It was none of my own doing, simply the feeling. 'If Ford thinks I can do it, I'll try it.' Now 'Grapes of Wrath' will mean three pictures in a row with John Ford, after 'Drums Along the Mohawk,' and that's a break for any actor. I'm sure John Steinbeck will feel the same way about the picture Ford is making of his book. It's rather odd they've never met, because they're both alike—absolutely real. But Tom Collins, to whom the book is dedicated—'To Tom, who lived it,' you know—has been working in the picture with us as technical aid from the start. Collins worked with those people in camps for years, and Steinbeck lived with him. So far as I'm concerned, Steinbeck is my favorite writer, just as this is about the most interesting picture I've been associated with in all my time on the screen. It's dynamite, not in the controversial sense, but in the fact that every word of it is loaded with meaning. My most difficult scene is the one in which I say goodbye to Ma, not only for the words but because of the thoughts behind them. Steinbeck must have felt something of this same difficulty himself, for at first he told Collins, 'I can't do it—it's too big a story.' Of course, all of it couldn't be crowded into a film, but they've used the meat of the book, and haven't pulled any punches."

(Jane Darwell)

Continued from page 31

"Do you always have such a clear conception of your rôles?" I inquired.

"Yes, I do," was her prompt reply. "I hate to have anybody tell me anything about the part until I've read the script for myself. As I read I see the woman I'm going to be. I know just what she looks like, the clothes she would wear, how she would feel about whatever happens, even the gestures she would use. Sometimes, of course, the director doesn't see the part as I do, but as a rule they let me do it my way."

Perhaps that accounts for the fact that all the cooks, housekeepers and such that she has played, small rôles most of them, stick in the mind. The woman behind has given them life and personality.

"She's not a bit as I had expected she would be," had been my first reaction on meeting Jane away from the studio. I found her well-dressed, assured in manner, and for one moment I could not help thinking, "This woman has been miscast as the simple, understanding mother, aunt, nurse or what have you and all this time she should have been playing 'grand dames.'" But after talking with her a few minutes, looking into her humorous, undeceived blue eyes, hearing that warmly contagious laugh of hers, I knew that it was all a matter of clothes and make-up. For she herself possesses in abundance the friendliness, the sympathy, the forthrightness so largely responsible for the honesty and genuineness

of her acting. She confesses to no curiosity about others, and indeed she betrays none, but her keen eyes surely are observing and storing away for future use the voice, the gestures, the walk, all those little characteristics which distinguish one person from another. It must, indeed, be upon such a storehouse that her vivid imagination calls, for Jane's own life has been cast in very different surroundings.

Born Patti Woodard in Palmyra, Mo., at the summer home of her parents, Jane was denied nothing from the start. Her father, who adored her, was a railroad president, a man of position and means and, after her mother died, when she was only thirteen, he sent her East to various exclusive finishing schools. It was at Dana Hall in Boston, the last of these, that Jane had her first taste of the stage, for she appeared in many of the school productions, usually as a boy. Then came a period of travel abroad where, incidentally, she made use of this new advantage to go on with her study of voice and dramatics with top figures in one European capital or another. At this time Jane had not seriously considered a career of her own, although she had always had a strong dramatic streak.

"As a child they would take me out and put me on the backs of my father's horses—he loved horses and kept a stable of thoroughbreds. I used to sit up there as they were led about and imagine myself a bareback rider in the circus. I would wave and throw kisses at an imaginary audience by the hour. In fact, it was the only way they could keep me quiet. I was just as restless and full of energy then as I am now," and Jane chuckled at this memory of herself as a very small person. "My brothers were much older and I was left to play alone a good deal. I had a tent and I used to imagine myself a pioneer woman going through untold hardships. For some reason, I was always tragic. Never did I imagine anything nice happening. It was always heartbreakingly sad. I used to play 'visiting' with my mother and I would have the longest, most tragic tales to tell of my children, my husband, my servants. I can see my mother now, putting her hand up to her face to keep me from seeing the smile which she couldn't keep back. It was all very serious to me and I would be furious if anyone laughed." Again Jane chuckled. "I'm certainly not tragic now. I've lived too long not to take life as it comes."

But, school over, the pampered only daughter of her father, Jane found life pleasant, too pleasant, perhaps, for doing anything serious on her own. Then, happening in, one day, on a stock company performance of "Sherlock Holmes" while visiting a brother in Chicago, what she had been nursing so long in the back of her mind came suddenly to the fore and then and there she decided that she would go on the stage.

She always acts on impulse. "If I try to think I just get confused," she says, and so she marched backstage and talked the manager into giving her a part in his next production. "I think I got it because an extensive wardrobe was required and I had one in those days," is her way of putting it, but I am sure that the manager sensed the latent ability in the inexperienced young girl before him. At any rate, when they began to talk salary Jane succeeded in getting him from the \$18 he first offered to the \$40 which she thought might pay for the inconvenience of having to be there every night. She played second leads for the rest of the season, incidentally bringing her salary up to \$85 a week. It was at this

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Nan Grey, whom you'll see next in "The Invisible Man Returns," proves that checks can have sex appeal. Over a pink and blue checked gingham playsuit she wears a pink terry cloth hooded robe, lined with the same type of checked gingham.

time that she adopted the name of Jane Darwell. "My family was so opposed to my going on the stage that I felt I couldn't use my own name. An Englishwoman, a friend of mine who had been married for many years, suggested that I take her maiden name, Jane Darwell—and Jane Darwell it has been ever since. My family and old personal friends still know me as Pat or Patti, but I'm so used to Jane Darwell that whenever I'm called Miss Woodward I hardly recognize it."

The Chicago season over, Jane somehow managed to get the theatre out of her system and gave herself a few more years of fun and travel. It was a good bit later, after her father's death and while visiting out in Los Angeles that she decided to see what she might do in the movies. The first day she was signed for a part, that of a Filipino woman, and at once began riding half-tamed horses and hanging over gullies and doing other dangerous things while people crowded about the open sets, curious to see what mad thing these "movie people" would do next.

Incidentally, Jane has a temper. "Once in that first picture I was trying to mount a horse which kept shying away from my advances. To make matters worse, I was wearing a long, clinging skirt, but when the director called out, 'What's the matter over there? Can't you ride him?' and the crowd laughed, I gritted my teeth, pulled up that confounded skirt and landed square on the horse's back. Still angry, I dug my heels into the horse's side and off we went, leaving the Indians and cowboys way behind."

While all this was going on she ran into the former director of the Chicago Stock Company, who was now directing pictures for Lasky, and he induced her to sign a contract with him. Thus her career began in earnest. The year was 1914 and her first picture under Lasky was "Brewster's Millions," a peculiarly prophetic title in her case, for, when I came to ask her how many rôles she had played in her long career in both silent and talking pictures, she replied, "Oh, I lost count long ago. Somewhere around 400, I should imagine."

She went on to tell me more of the old Hollywood. "There was only a store or two here and there on the Boulevard then.

In fact, Hollywood was just a village clustered around Vine and Cahuenga. Most of the players had come out from Broadway and were all old friends together and just a bit ashamed of being 'in pictures.' There were no make-up men and each person had to apply his or her own. I remember I had spread it on so thick as the Filipino woman that only my teeth and the whites of my eyes showed at all. There was a folksy, small-town air of informality which vanished when tall buildings began sprouting along the streets and the players scattered into the hills and beyond."

Her time was not devoted solely to films. For, until 1930, she shuttled back and forth between stage and screen, thoroughly enjoying both and creating a series of characterizations indubitably her own. In 1930 she returned to Hollywood to play the Widow Douglas for Paramount in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." Although since then she has been seen almost exclusively in pictures, it was really not until her appearance, some time later, as the head nurse, *Sailor*, in "The White Parade" that she came to win deserved acclaim as a great character actress and she has been in constant demand by the studios ever since, appearing most recently in "The Rains Came" and "Untamed," besides her latest rôle in "Grapes of Wrath."

Jane, who is as full of life as ever, loves to surround herself with growing things and she lives on a little two-acre ranch out in the San Fernando Valley. In addition to twelve dogs, she has cats, chickens, ducks, turkeys. With her and an older brother live their two young grand-nieces, Mary and Daphne Ogden, and upon them she lavishes much of that powerful mother complex which glows through all her rôles on the screen.

"Mary is eighteen and takes art lessons. She's really quite good." Pride lent a warmth all its own to Jane's words as she spoke of the nieces. "Daphne will soon be seventeen and she wants to be an actress—like Aunt Pat. My agent is going to see what he can do, although nobody knows whether the child has any real talent." Jane takes a personal interest in the education of these two nieces and even likes to help them with their lessons whenever she can. "Daphne and I worked over her Latin last

night—she had a test this morning—and she told me she thinks she did quite well." It might have been any mother speaking. "But this pampering isn't all one-sided, not for a minute. My brother treats me even now as though I were a child. He insists that I have a car and chauffeur to drive me about the studio lot and allows no one to disturb me at home."

The conversation veered to the house itself, that little house which is constantly expanding, a wing here, a wing there. She shared her enthusiasm with me as she told of the new stairs that were just going up, "winding directly up from the dining room into the room above," and of her eagerness to get back soon to see what progress had been made during the day.

Full of enthusiasms of all sorts, Jane loves life, the fight of life, and has no complaints on any score. "I don't attempt to reason things out," she told me. "I'm no thinker, but I do believe firmly in that simplest of all philosophies, that what you give out you get back. It seems to me somehow that most people try too hard and aren't satisfied to be themselves and accept life as it comes. I've always trusted to my impulses and they've seldom let me down."

What Jane didn't add is that she is one of those fortunate persons to whom life is always clear. Fortright and definite, she knows what she wants and she knows how to go about getting it. Worry and self-mistrust are alien to her make-up. She prefers to do well whatever she does and, knowing her own limitations, doesn't attempt anything outside them. For example, she has found extemporaneous speaking difficult—although she doesn't mind reading what is written for her, for then it's just another part she's playing—and so usually manages to avoid all public appearances. "I have been caught, though," she confessed, adding, "and I found that the things I said were just the foolish ones everybody does say under the circumstances."

Having inherited her father's love for good horse-flesh, she follows the races at Santa Anita, but seldom places a bet, "unless possibly two dollars on some sure thing." She loves motoring, too, and is a constant attendant at both prize-fights and the opera.

Although she weighs 165 pounds, she has never been particularly concerned over diets. When she works, she indulges in all the delicious, fattening things she loves, because she can always work off whatever extra pounds they bring. And then, simply by giving up desserts between pictures, she manages to stay about the same weight all the time. She's not one of your Hollywood lie-abeds. Whether busy at the studio or not, she's up at seven o'clock every morning pattering about at one thing or another. The days are all too short for the things she wants to do and many a younger star might envy her this tireless energy.

Jane Darwell has had a long career in pictures, all the way up from 1914, and during that time she has made a very definite place for herself, one that no other can fill, for no other possesses that same combination of warm sympathy and shrewd practicality. Now, as *Ma Joad*, at the climax of her career, a very fine thing has happened to Jane, one that everybody will agree is her due. In the State House at Jefferson City, Missouri, her native state, they have just hung her portrait. And the exclusive little gallery of famous sons and daughters is the richer for the company of this simple, intelligent middle-aged woman who, in her own quiet way, has steadily become one of Hollywood's most dependable actresses and has won the devotion of a large and loyal audience she has never let down.



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